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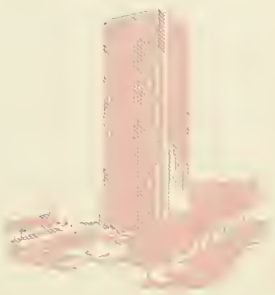

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OLD SONGS.
From the Painting by R. Poetzelberger.

THE WORLD'S BEST MUSIC

FAMOUS SONGS

PHILHARMONIC EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED

EDITED BY

VICTOR HERBERT
HENRY H. HUSS
REGINALD DE KOVEN
FANNY MORRIS SMITH
GERRIT SMITH
LOUIS R. DRESSLER
JOSEPH M. PRIAULX
LOUIS C. ELSON
HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON
AND OTHERS

VOLUME 7.

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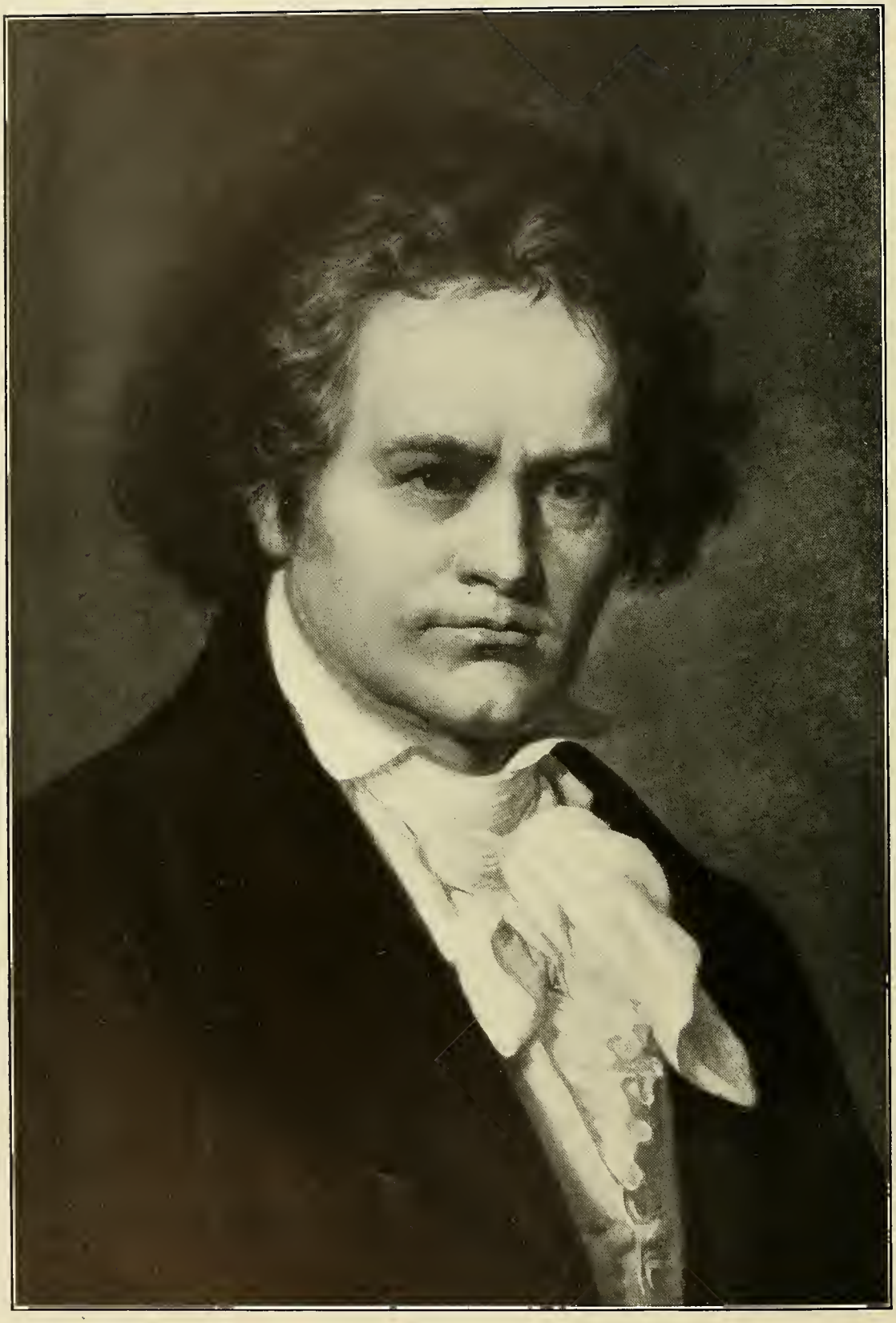
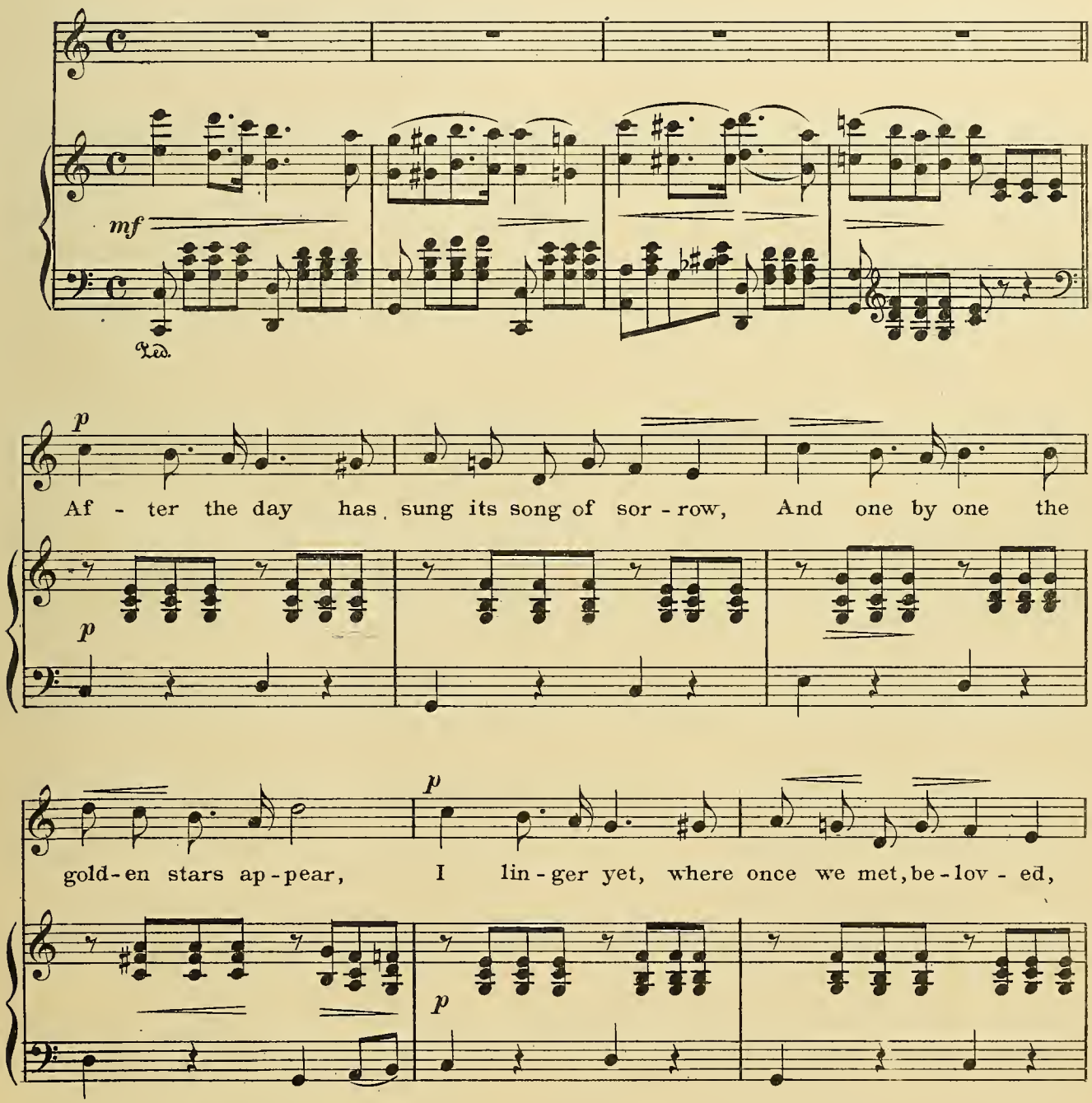


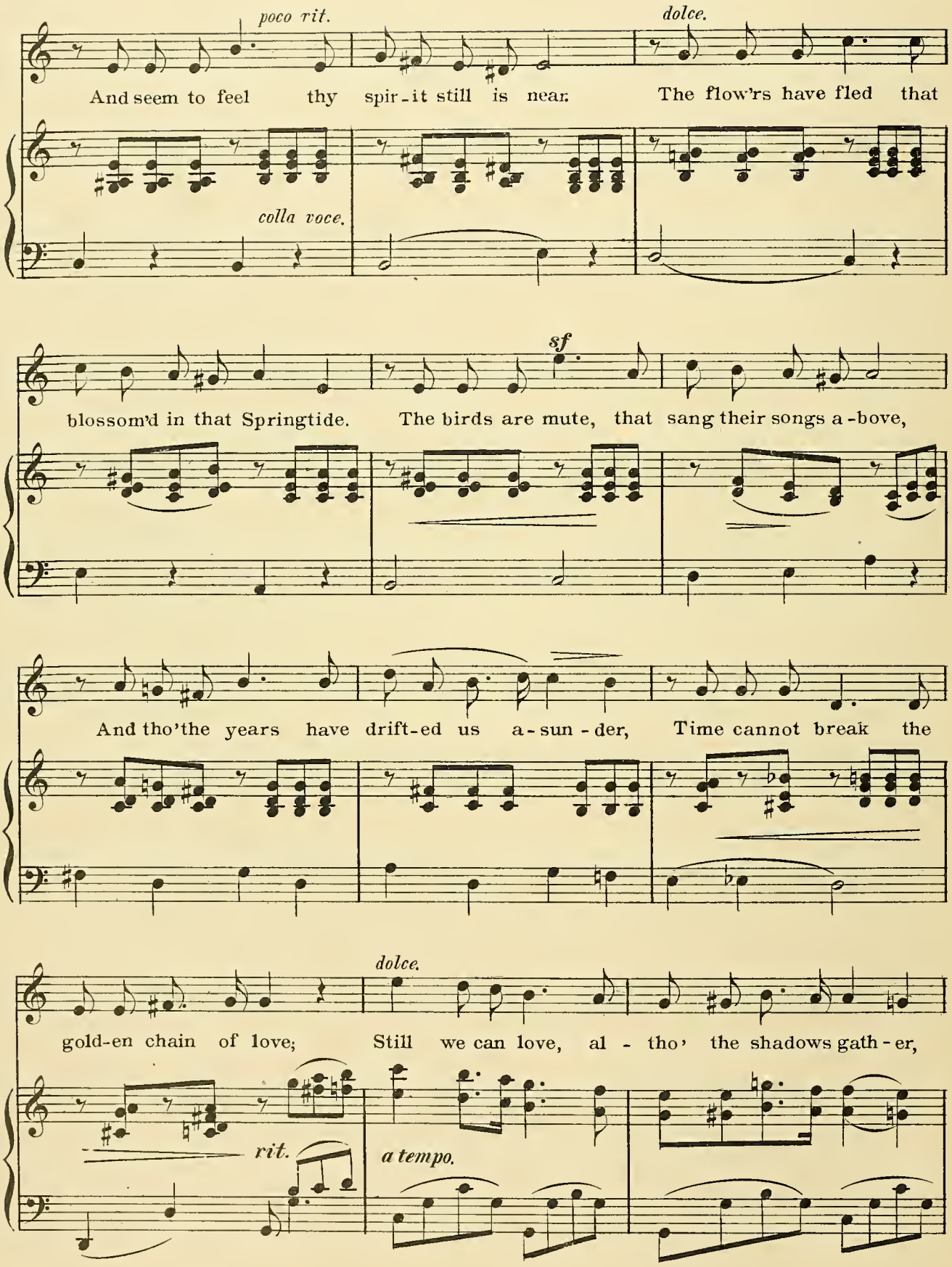
BEETHOVEN

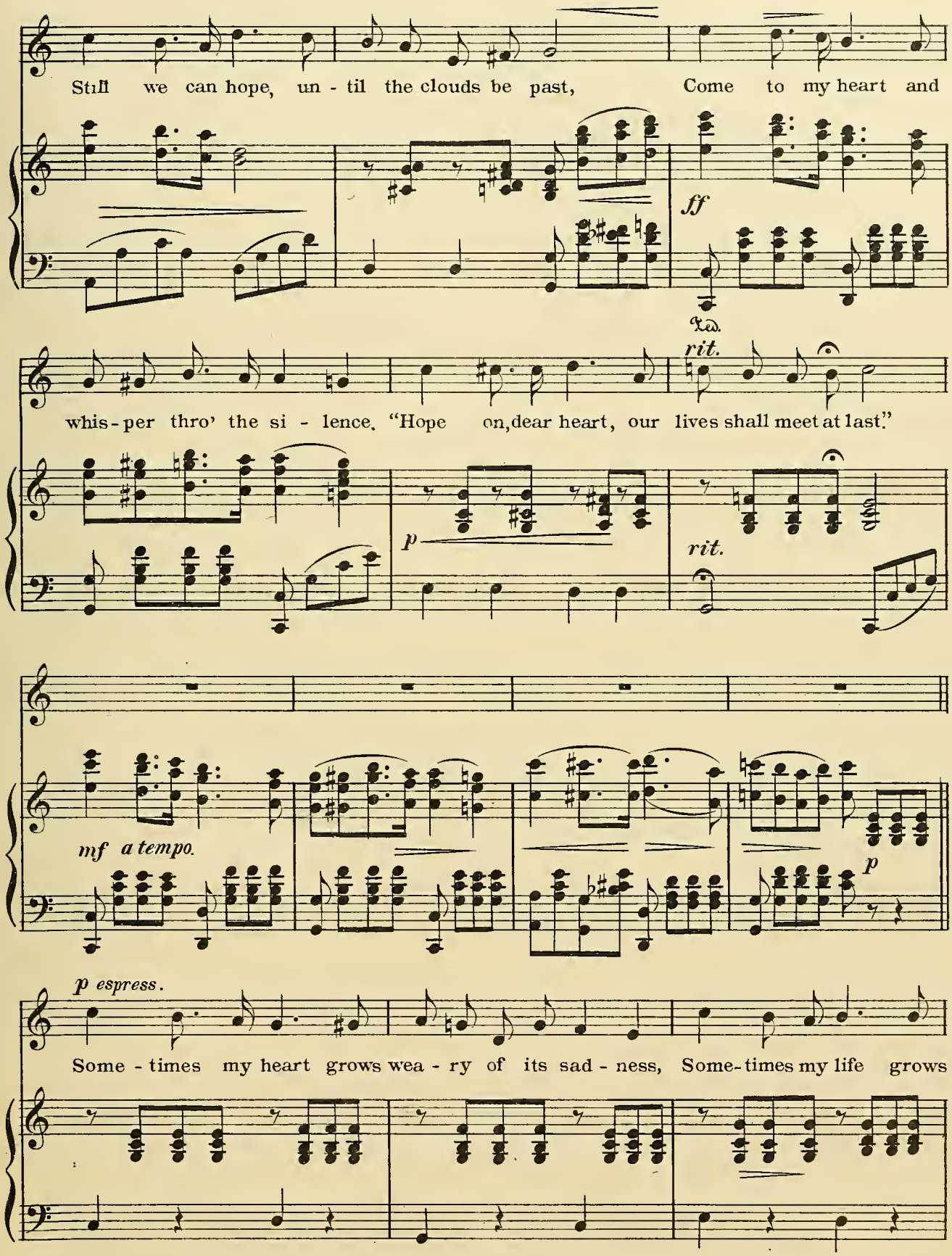
AFTERWARDS.

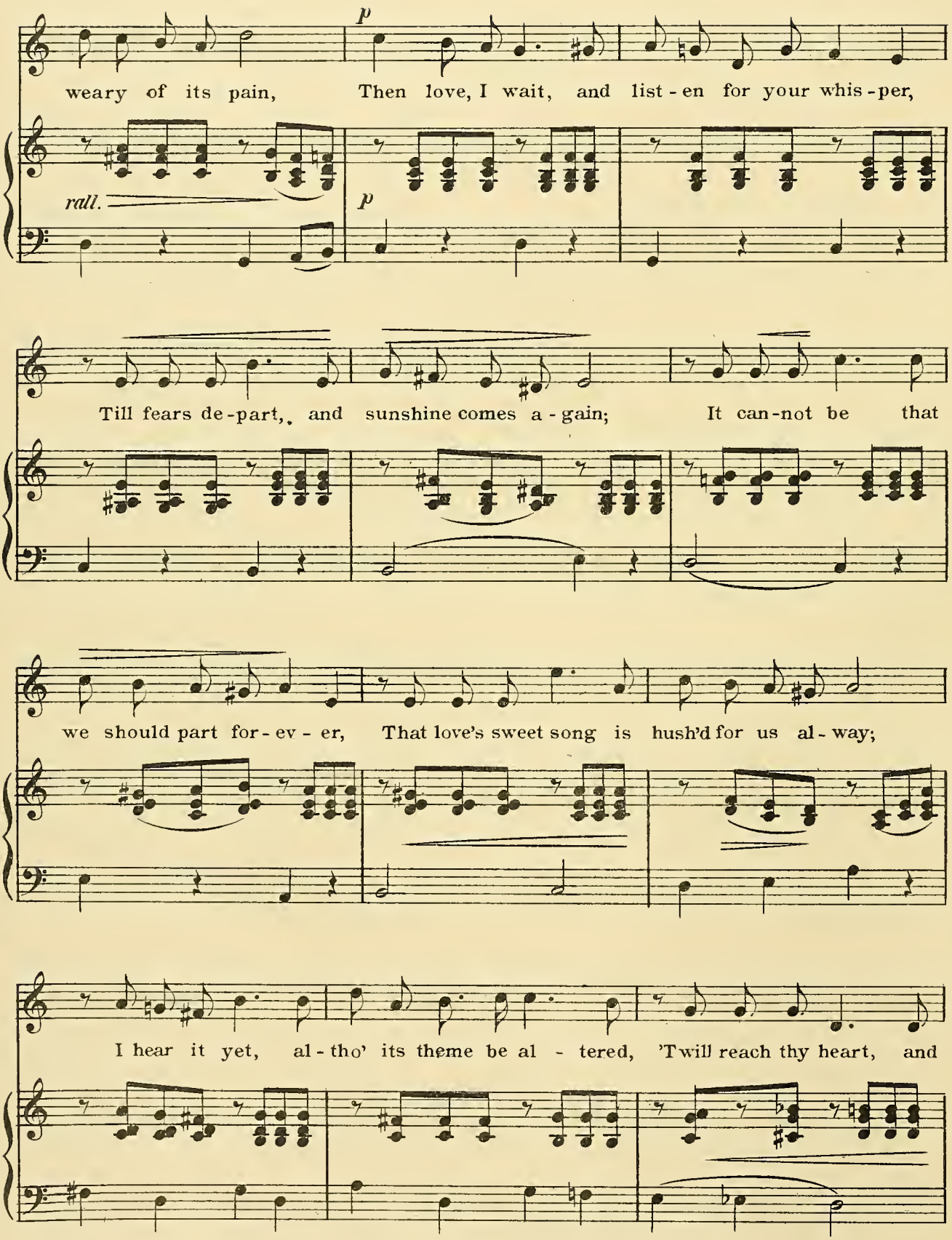
MARY MARK LEMON

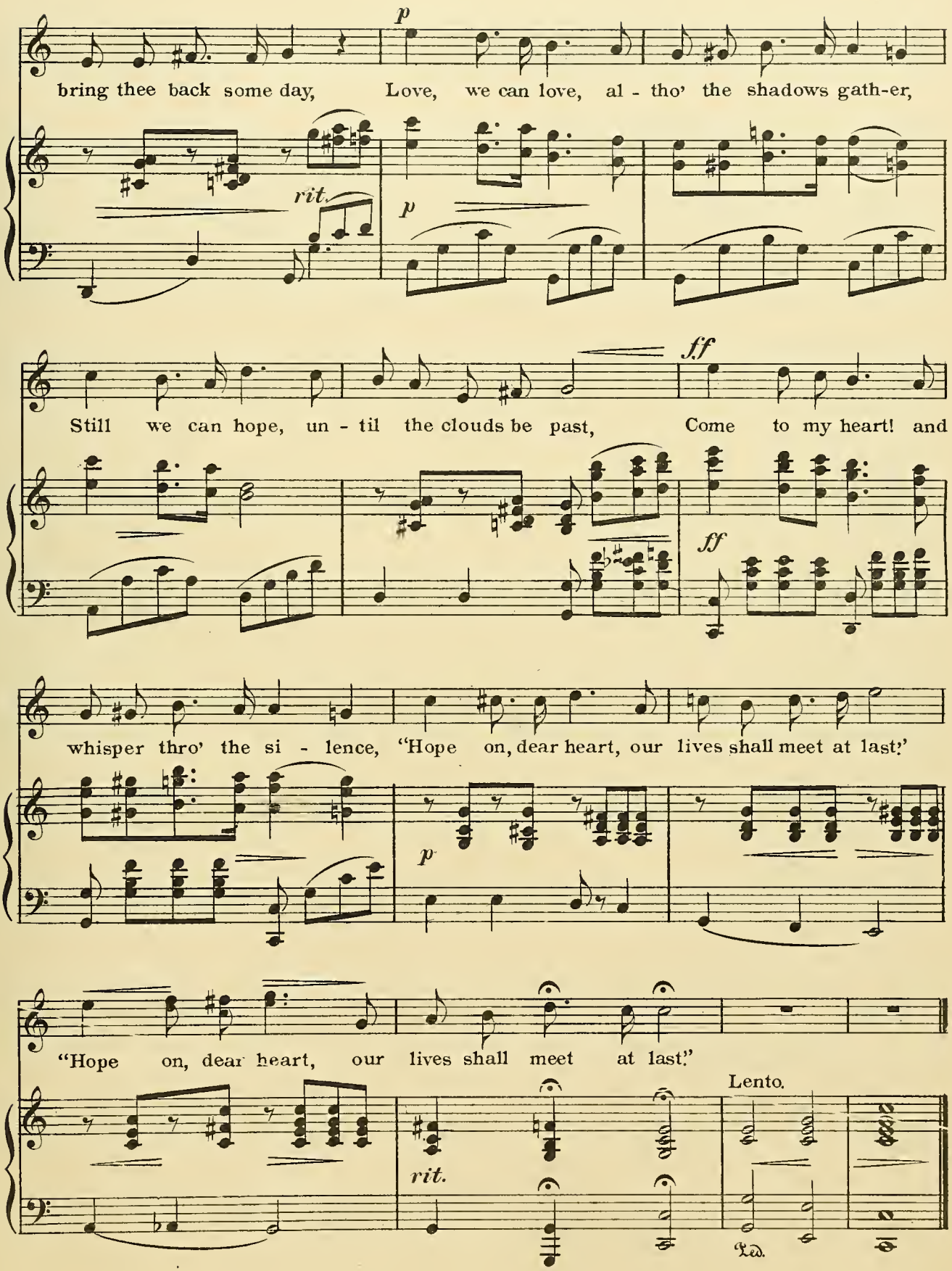
JOHN W. MULLEN




poco rit.
dolce.
And seem to feel thy spir-it still is near. The flow'rs have fled that
colla voce.
sf
blossom'd in that Springtide. The birds are mute, that sang their songs a-bove,
And tho' the years have drift-ed us a-sun-der, Time cannot break the
dolce.
gold-en chain of love; Still we can love, al - tho' the shadows gath-er,
rit.
a tempo.

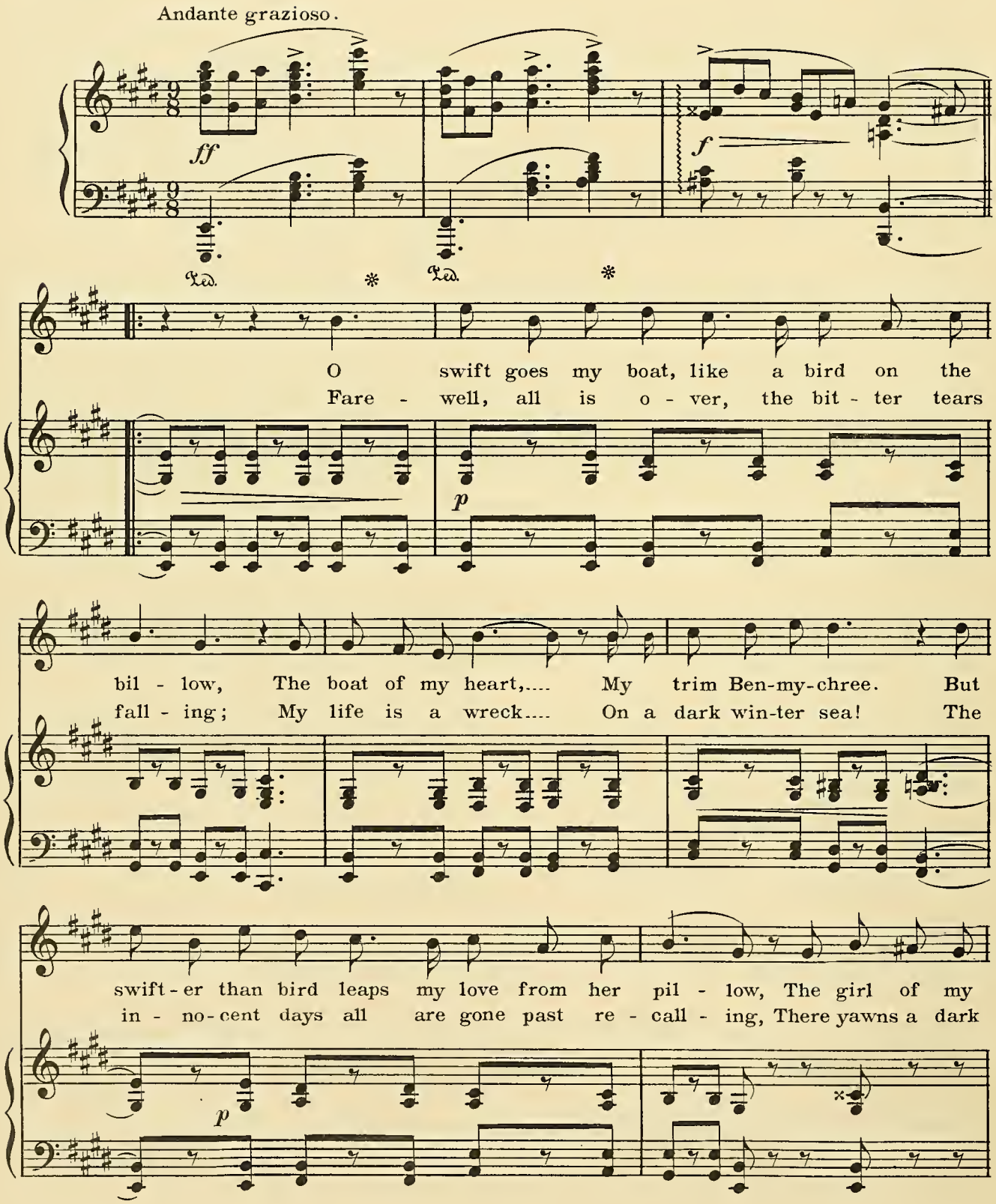

Still we can hope, un - til the clouds be past, Come to my heart and
ff
Ped.
rit.
whis - per thro' the si - lence. "Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."
p
rit.
mf a tempo.
p
p espress.
Some - times my heart grows wea - ry of its sad - ness, Some - times my life grows

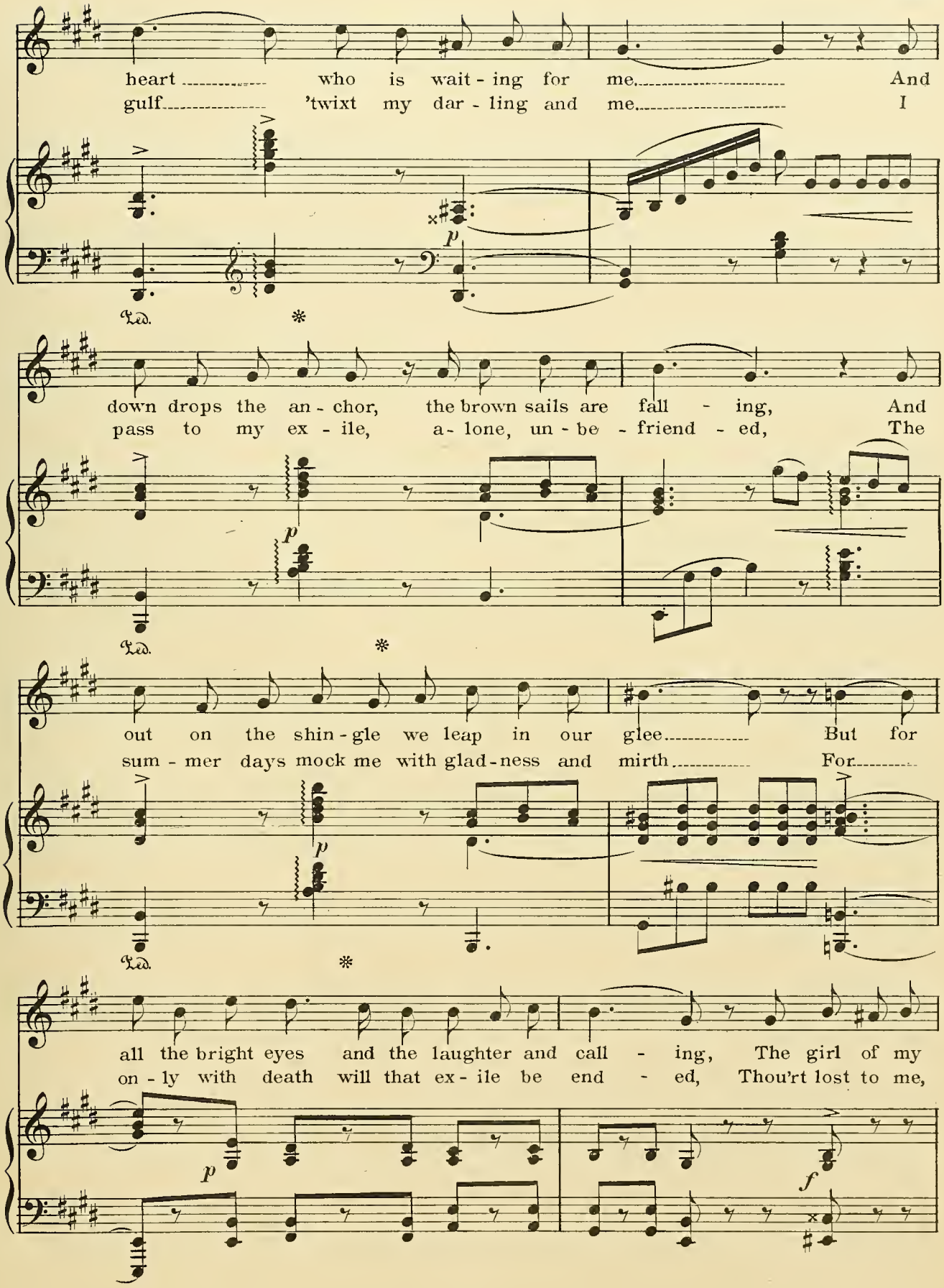

p
weary of its pain, Then love, I wait, and list - en for your whis - per,
rall.
p
Till fears de - part, and sunshine comes a - gain; It can - not be that
we should part for - ev - er, That love's sweet song is hush'd for us al - way;
I hear it yet, al - tho' its theme be al - tered, 'Twill reach thy heart, and

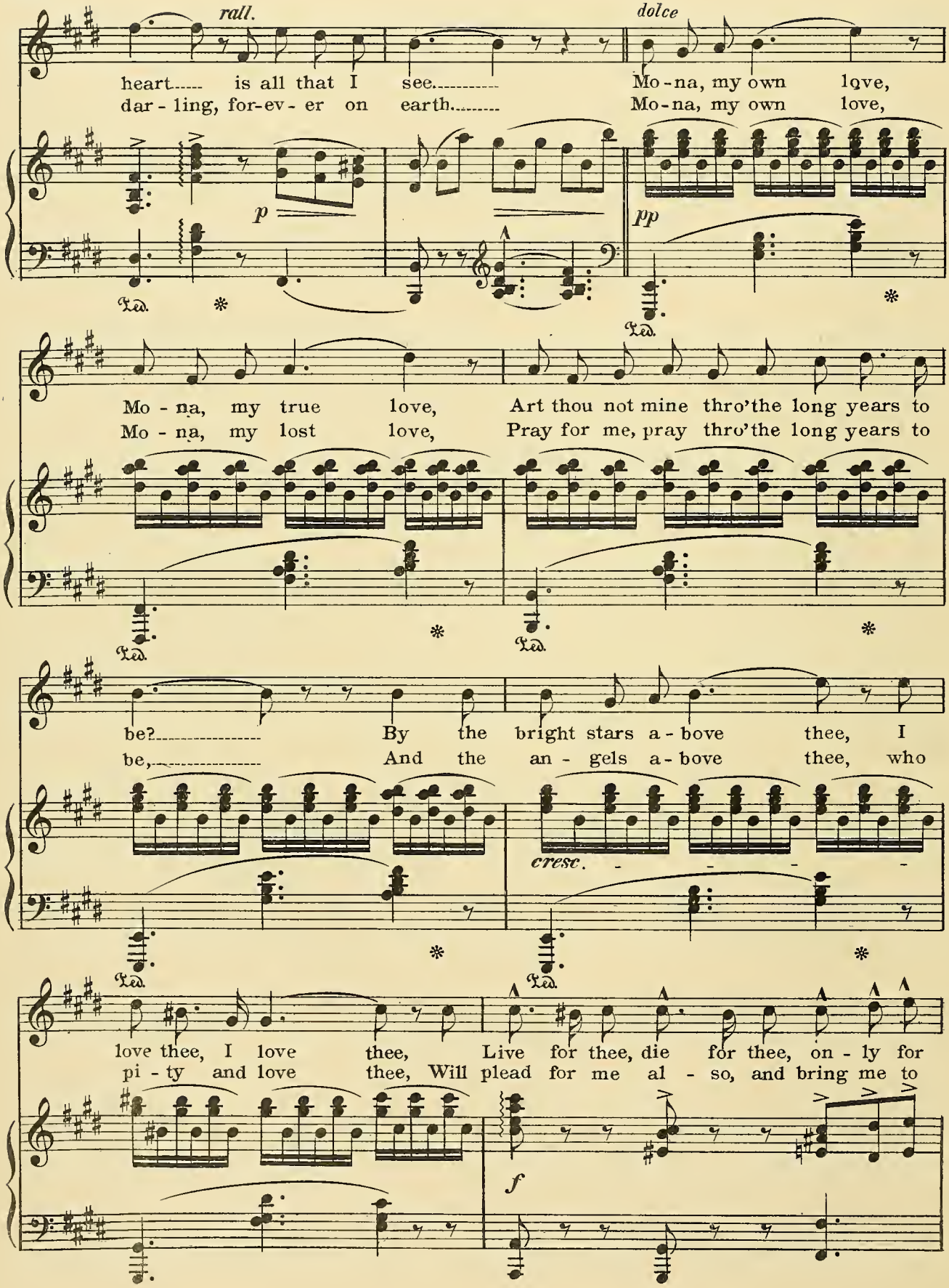

p
bring thee back some day, Love, we can love, al - tho' the shadows gath-er,
rit.
p
ff
Still we can hope, un - til the clouds be past, Come to my heart! and
ff
whisper thro' the si - lence, "Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last!"
p
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last!"
Lento.
rit.
Ped.

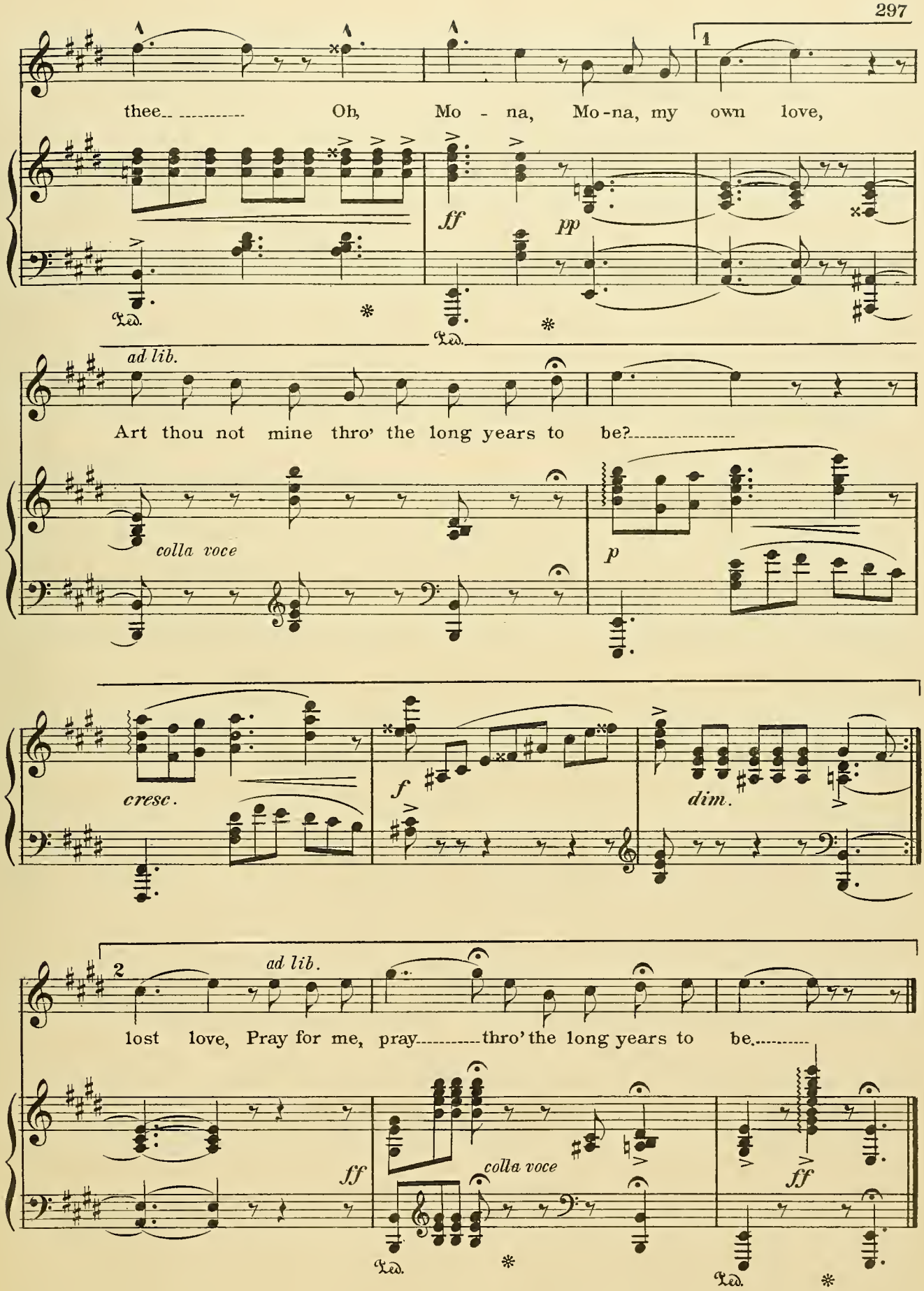
MONA.

F. E. WEATHERLY. STEPHEN ADAMS.




heart who is wait - ing for me And
gulf 'twixt my dar - ling and me I
p
Ped. *
down drops the an - chor, the brown sails are fall - ing, And
pass to my ex - ile, a - lone, un - be - friend - ed, The
p
Ped. *
out on the shin - gle we leap in our glee But for
sum - mer days mock me with glad - ness and mirth For
p
Ped. *
all the bright eyes and the laughter and call - ing, The girl of my
on - ly with death will that ex - ile be end - ed, Thou'rt lost to me,
p
f


rall.
dolce
heart..... is all that I see.....
dar - ling, for-ev - er on earth.....
Mo - na, my own love,
Mo - na, my own love,
p
pp
Ped. * Ped. *
Mo - na, my true love, Art thou not mine thro'the long years to
Mo - na, my lost love, Pray for me, pray thro'the long years to
Ped. * Ped. *
be?..... By the bright stars a - bove thee, I
be,..... And the an - gels a - bove thee, who
cresc. - - - -
Ped. * Ped. *
love thee, I love thee, Live for thee, die for thee, on - ly for
pi - ty and love thee, Will plead for me al - so, and bring me to
f

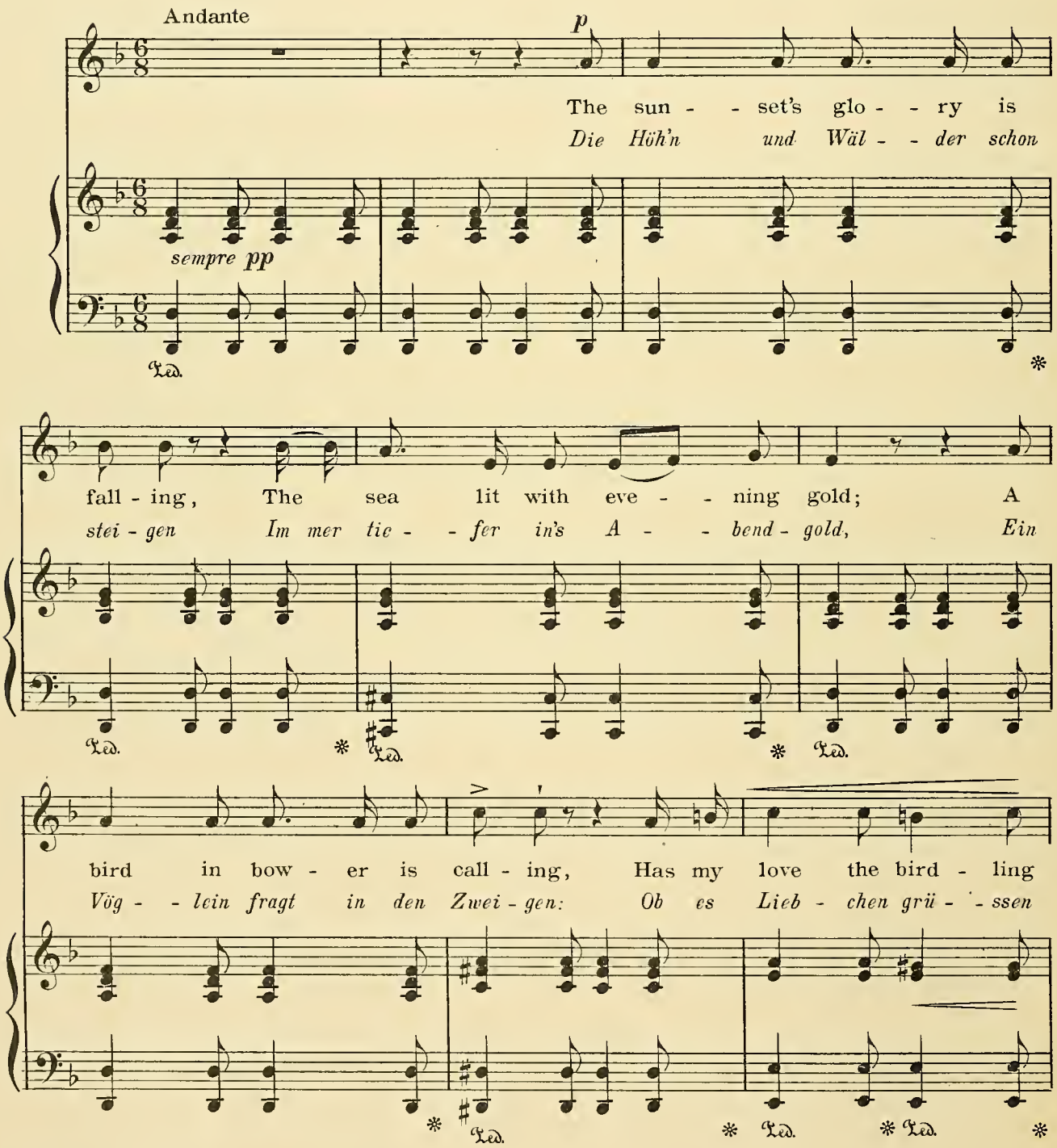

thee Oh, Mo - na, Mo-na, my own love,
1
ff
pp
Ped.
ad lib.
Art thou not mine thro' the long years to be?
colla voce
p
cresc.
f
dim.
2
ad lib.
lost love, Pray for me, pray thro' the long years to be.
ff
colla voce
ff
Ped.
Ped.

GOOD NIGHT!

(GUTE NACHT!)

English by
GEORGE COOPER

ROB'T FRANZ, Op. 5., No. 7.



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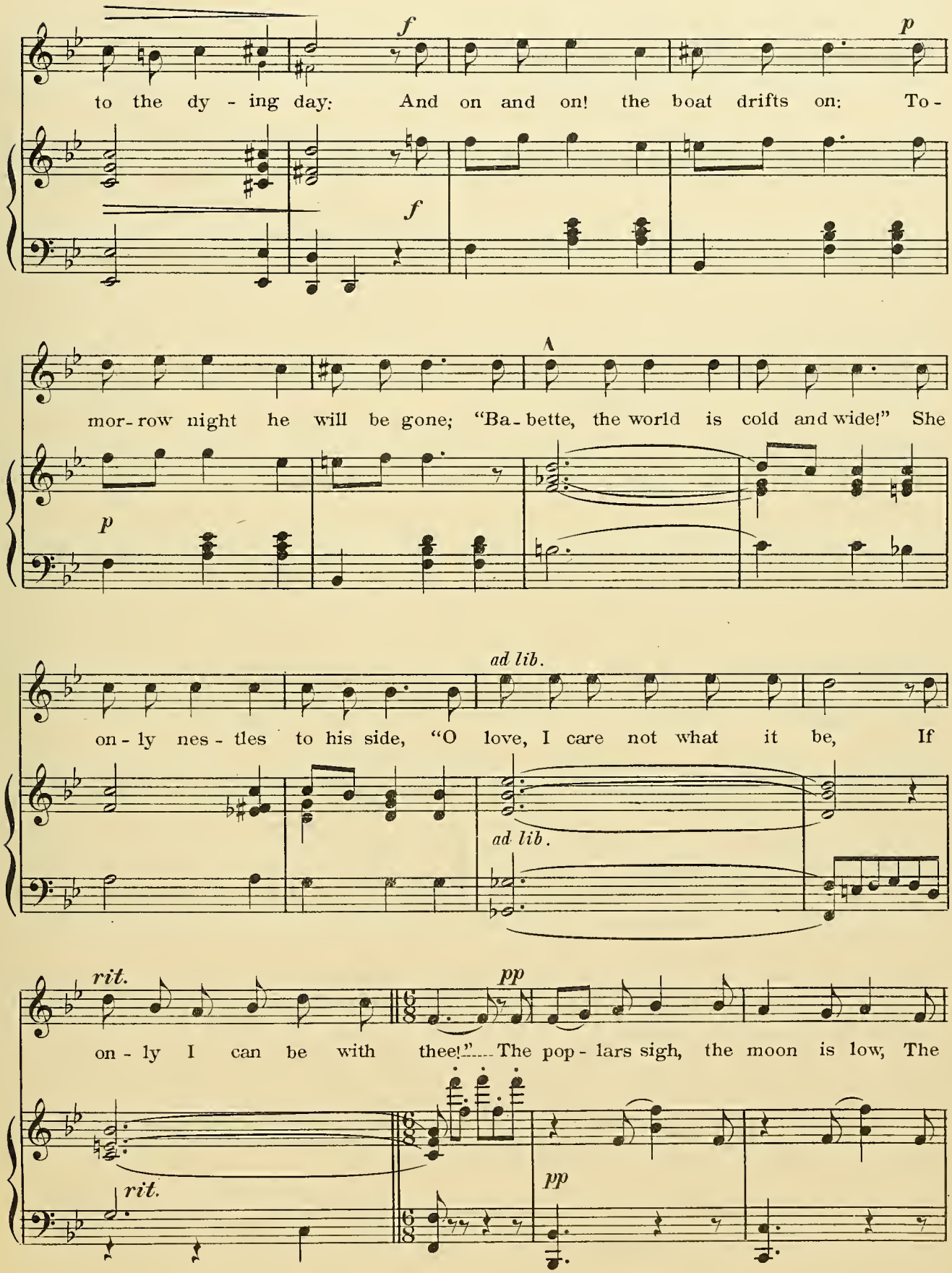
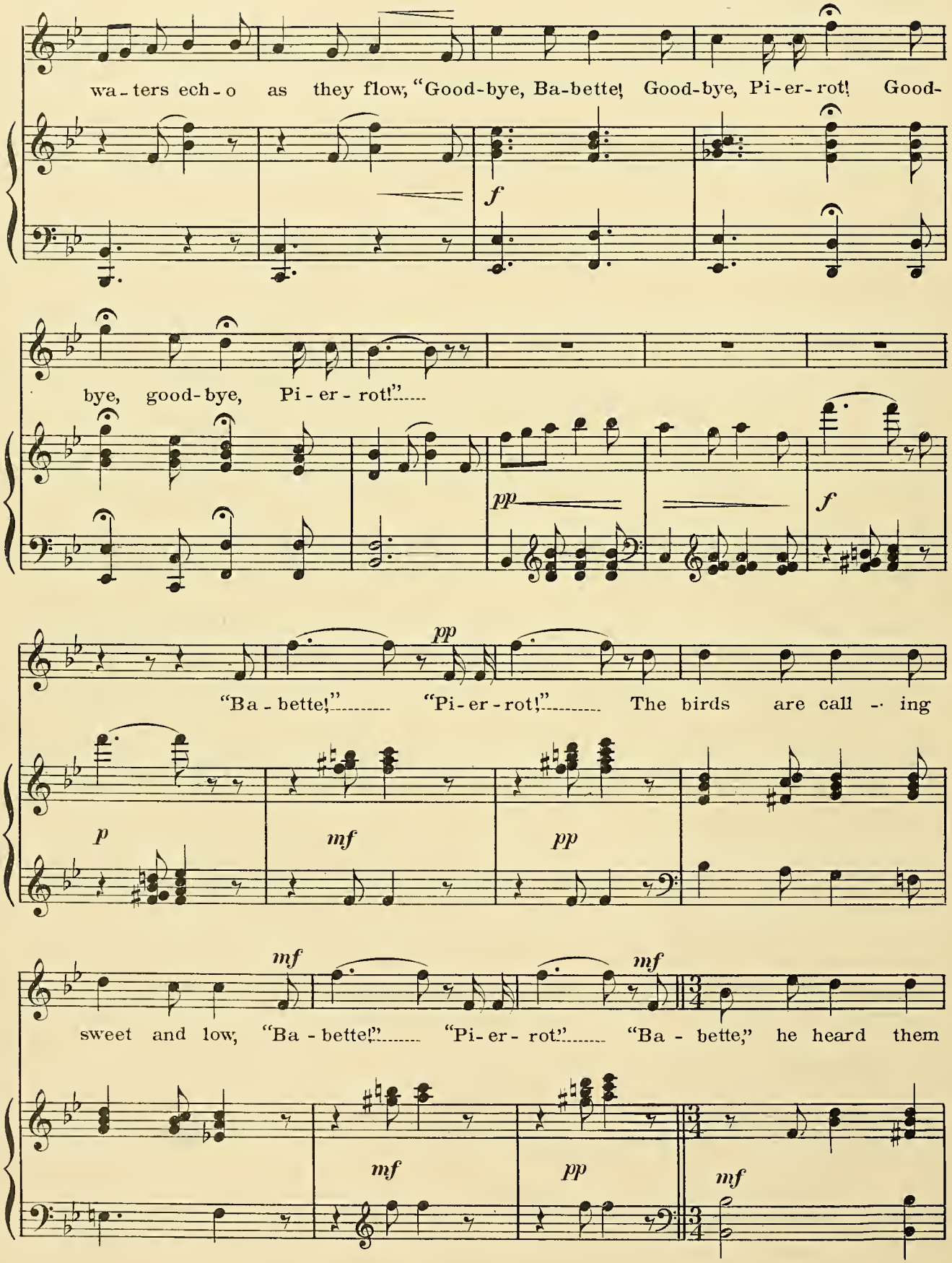
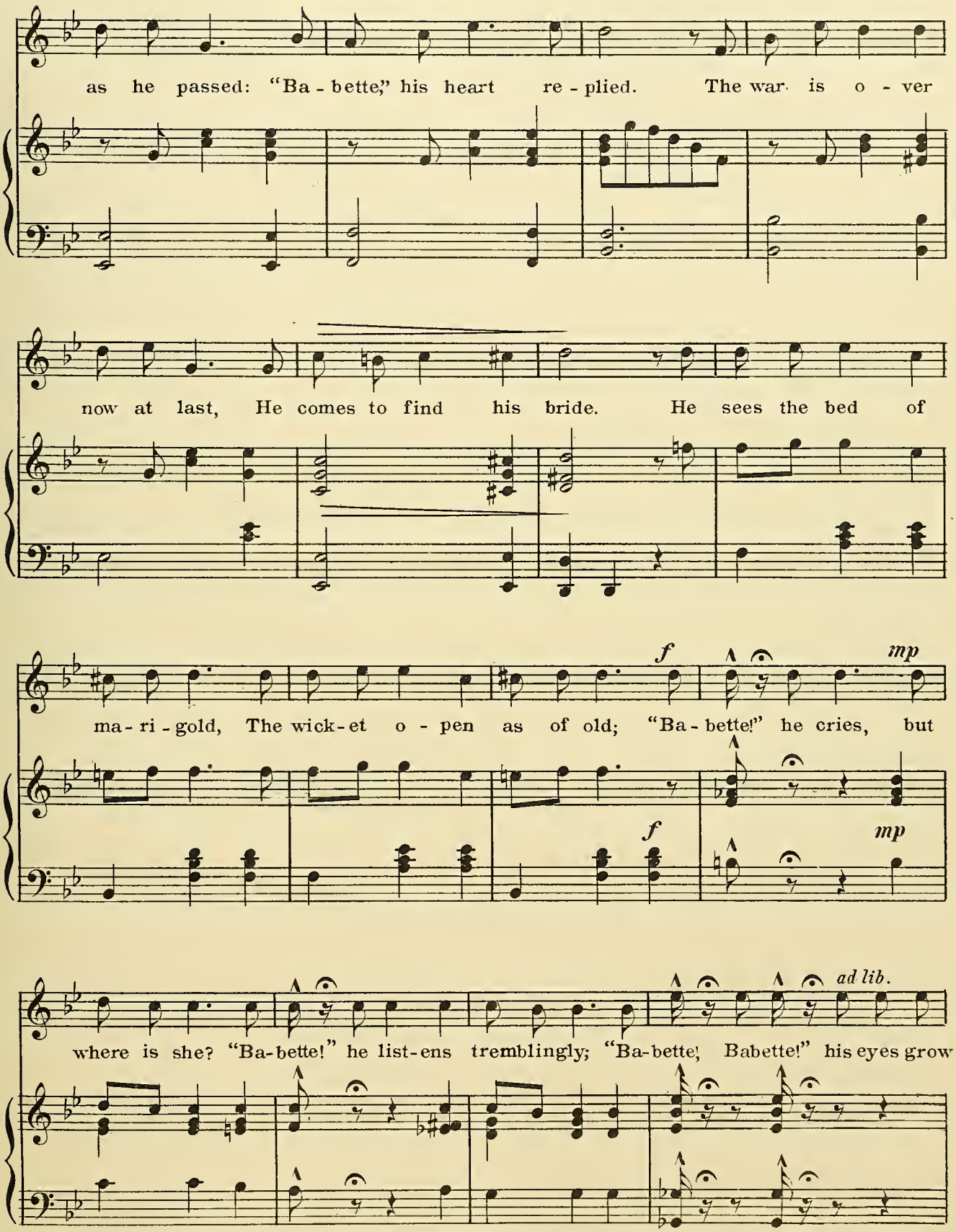
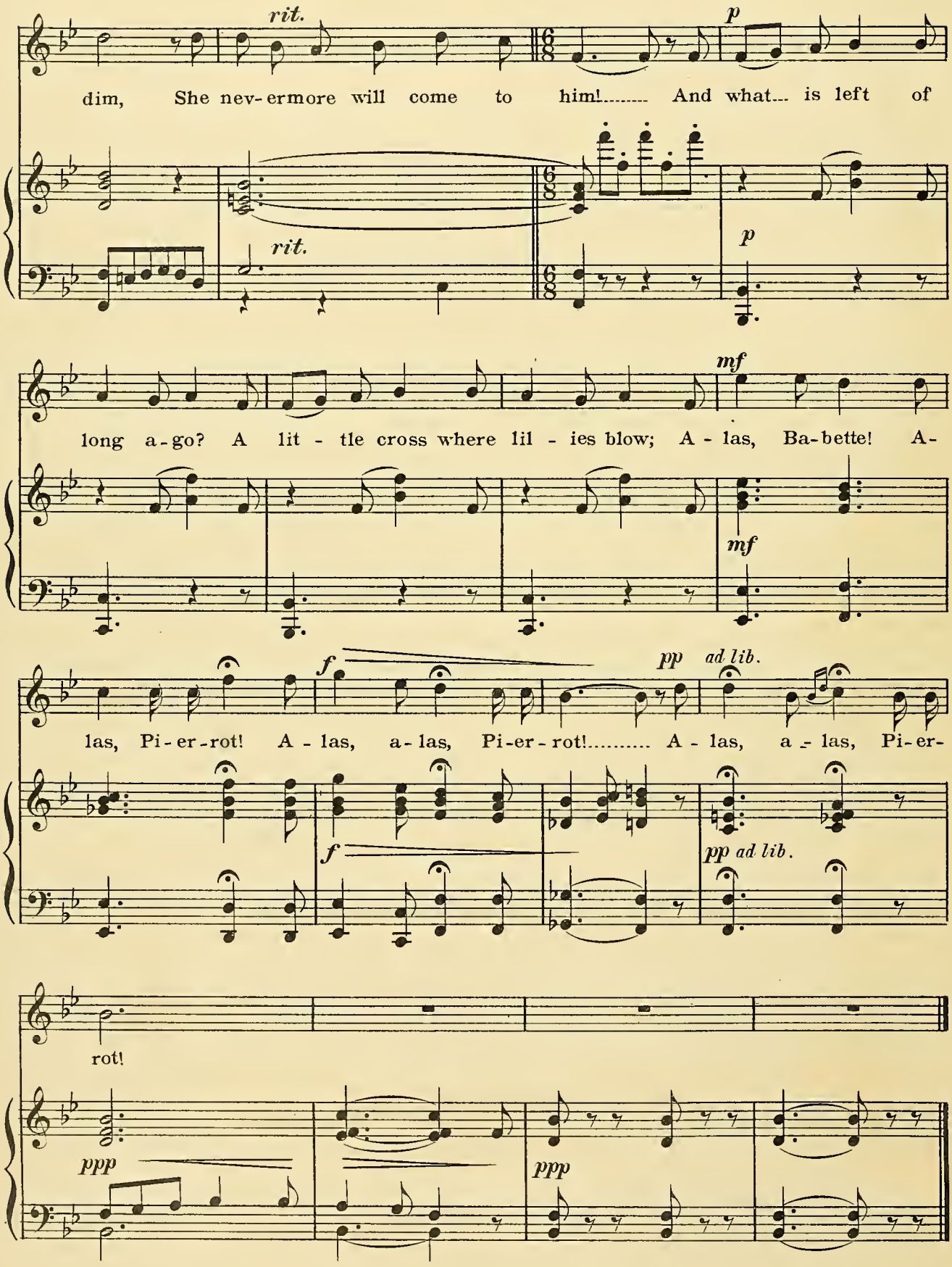

f
p
to the dy - ing day: And on and on! the boat drifts on: To -
f
mor - row night he will be gone; "Ba - bette, the world is cold and wide!" She
p
ad lib.
on - ly nes - tles to his side, "O love, I care not what it be, If
ad lib.
rit.
pp
on - ly I can be with thee!" The pop - lars sigh, the moon is low, The
rit.
pp


wa - ters ech - o as they flow, "Good-bye, Ba-bette! Good-bye, Pi-er-rot! Good-
f
bye, good-bye, Pi - er - rot!"
pp
f
pp
"Ba - bette!" "Pi - er - rot!" The birds are call - ing
p
mf
pp
mf
mf
sweet and low, "Ba - bette!" "Pi - er - rot!" "Ba - bette," he heard them
mf
pp
mf


as he passed: "Ba - bette," his heart re - plied. The war is o - ver
now at last, He comes to find his bride. He sees the bed of
f
mp
ma - ri - gold, The wick - et o - pen as of old; "Ba - bette!" he cries, but
f
mp
ad lib.
where is she? "Ba-bette!" he list-ens tremblingly; "Ba-bette, Babette!" his eyes grow


rit.
p
dim, She nev-ermore will come to him!..... And what... is left of
rit.
p
long a-go? A lit - tle cross where lil - ies blow; A - las, Ba-bette! A-
mf
mf
las, Pi-er-rot! A - las, a-las, Pi-er-rot!..... A - las, a - las, Pi-er-
f
pp ad lib.
f
pp ad lib.
rot!
ppp
ppp

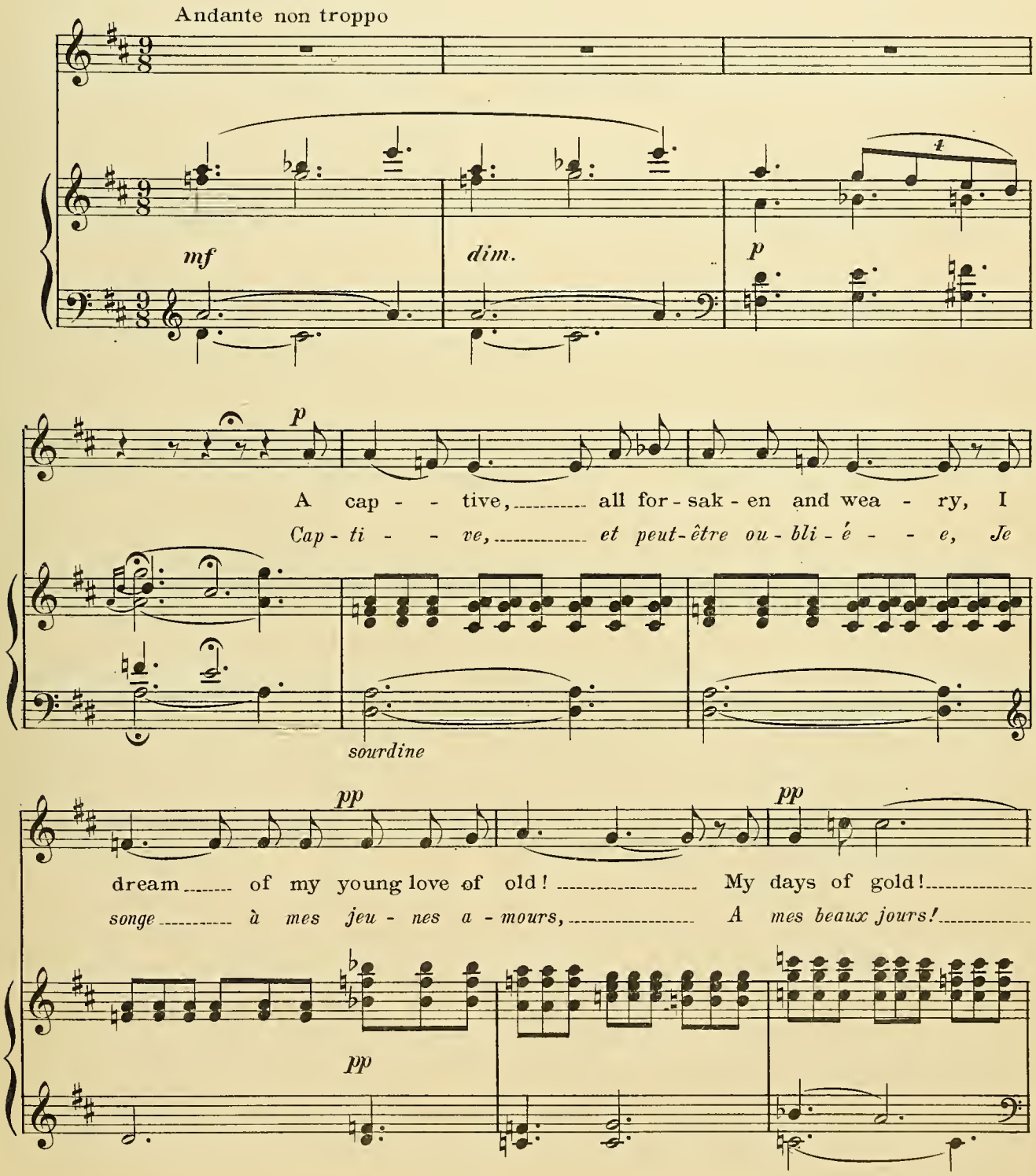
VON WEBER

THE CAPTIVE.

(L' ESCLAVE.)

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER
English by George Cooper

EDOUARD LALO



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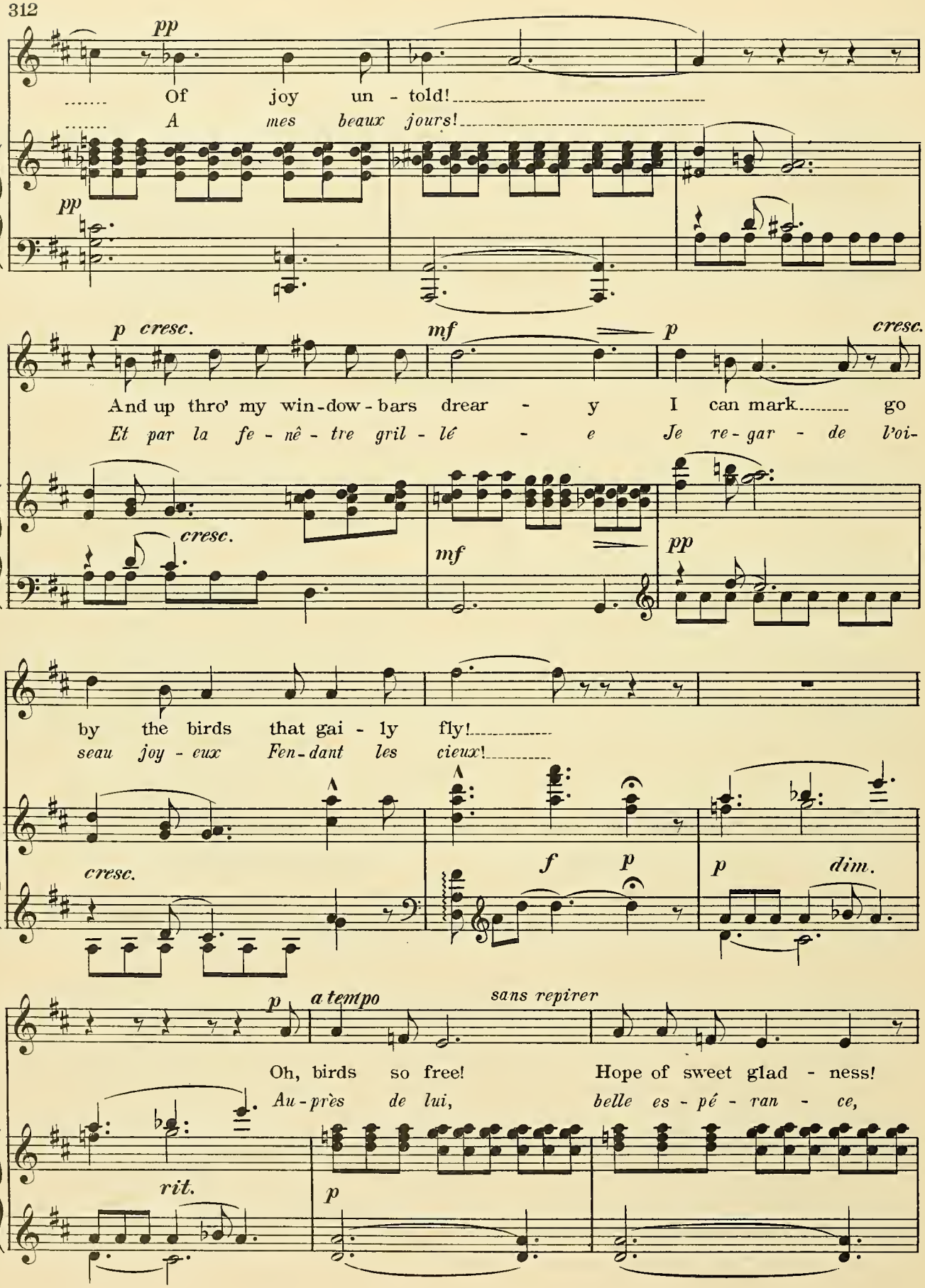
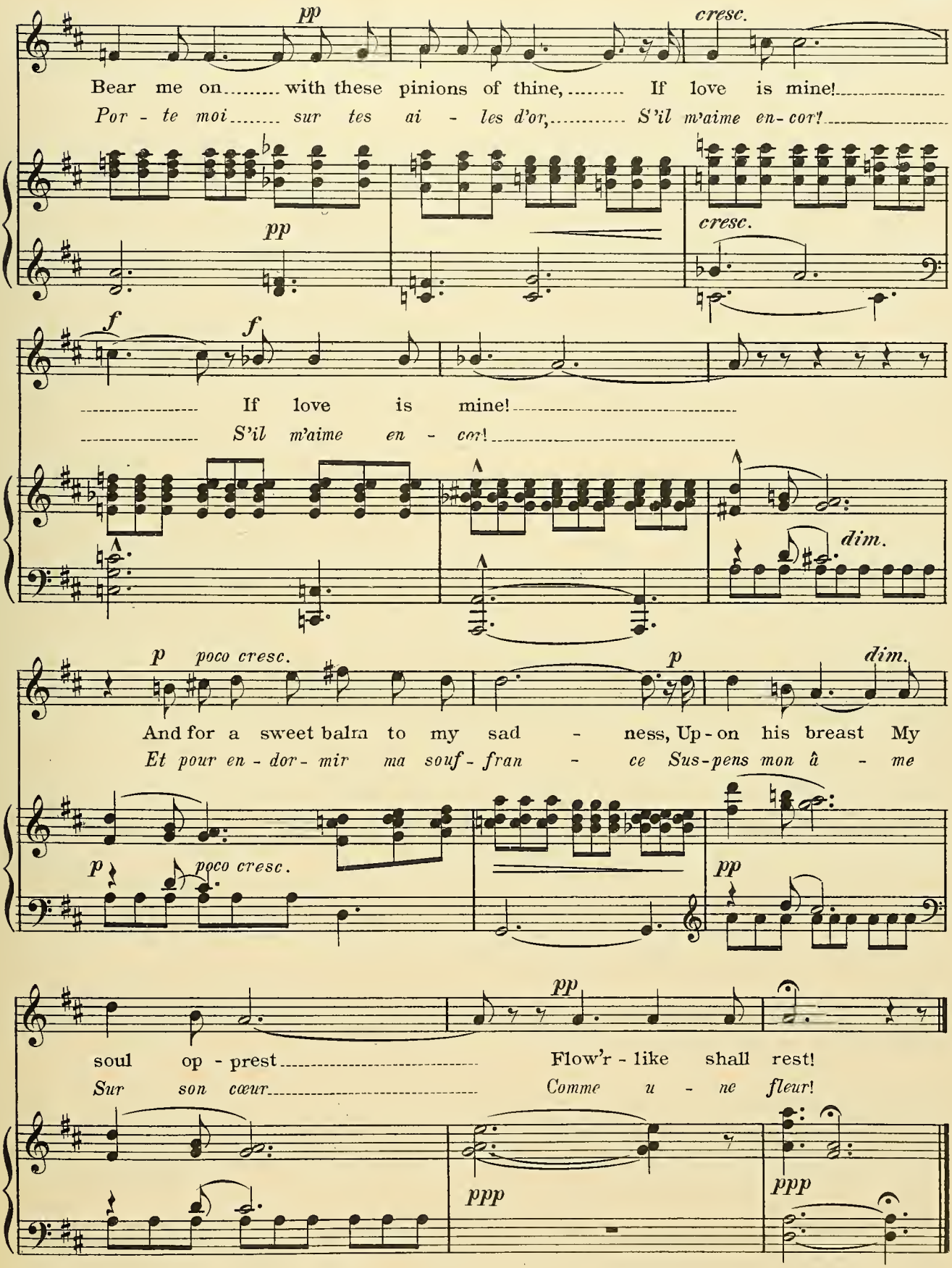

pp
Of joy un - told!
A mes beaux jours!
pp
p cresc.
mf
p
cresc.
And up thro' my win-dow-bars drear - y I can mark go
Et par la fe - nê - tre gril - lé - e Je re - gar - de l'oi-
cresc.
mf
pp
by the birds that gai - ly fly!
seau joy - eux Fen-dant les cieux!
cresc.
f
p
p
dim.
p
a tempo
sans repirer
Oh, birds so free! Hope of sweet glad - ness!
Au-près de lui, belle es - pé - ran - ce,
rit.
p

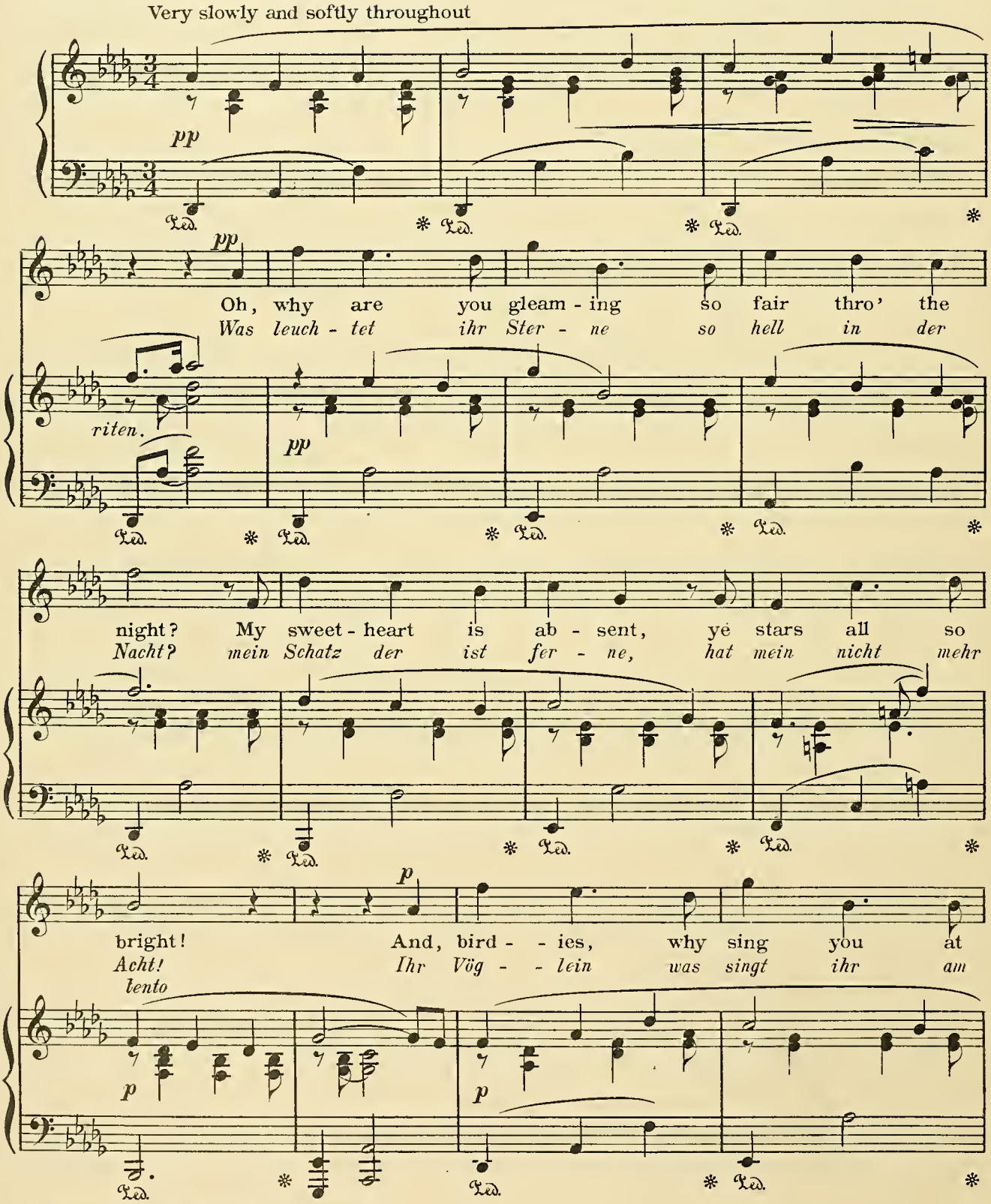

pp
cresc.
Bear me on with these pinions of thine, If love is mine!
Por - te moi sur tes ai - les d'or, S'il m'aime en - cor!
pp
cresc.
f
f
If love is mine!
S'il m'aime en - cor!
dim.
p poco cresc.
p
dim.
And for a sweet balm to my sad - ness, Up - on his breast My
Et pour en - dor - mir ma souf - fran - ce Sus - pens mon â - me
p poco cresc.
pp
pp
soul op - prest Flow'r - like shall rest!
Sur son cœur Comme u - ne fleur!
ppp
ppp

FOLK-SONG.

(IM VOLKSTON)

ANNA HILDACH
English by GEORGE COOPER

EUGEN HILDACH, Op. 13, No. 2



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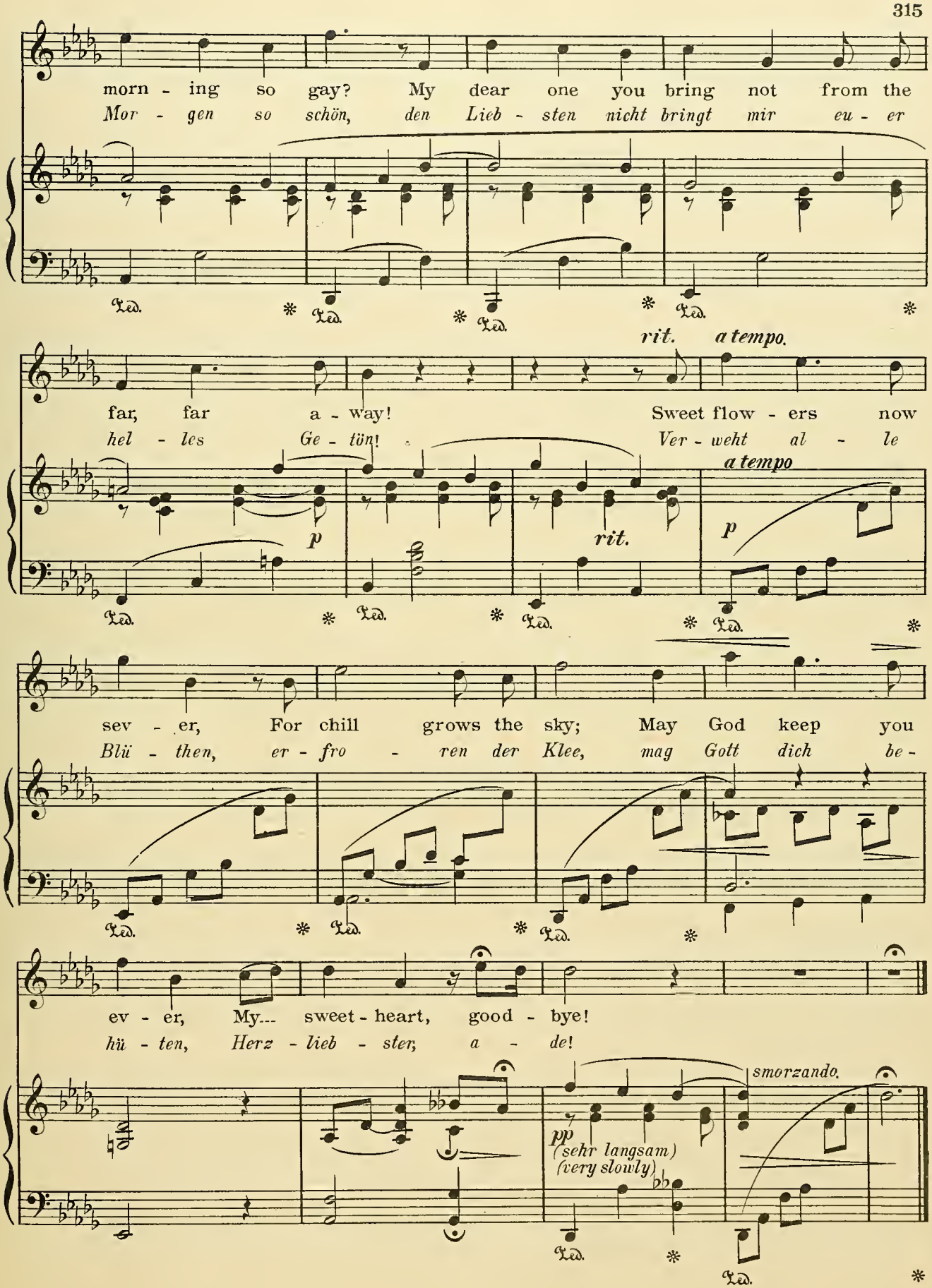
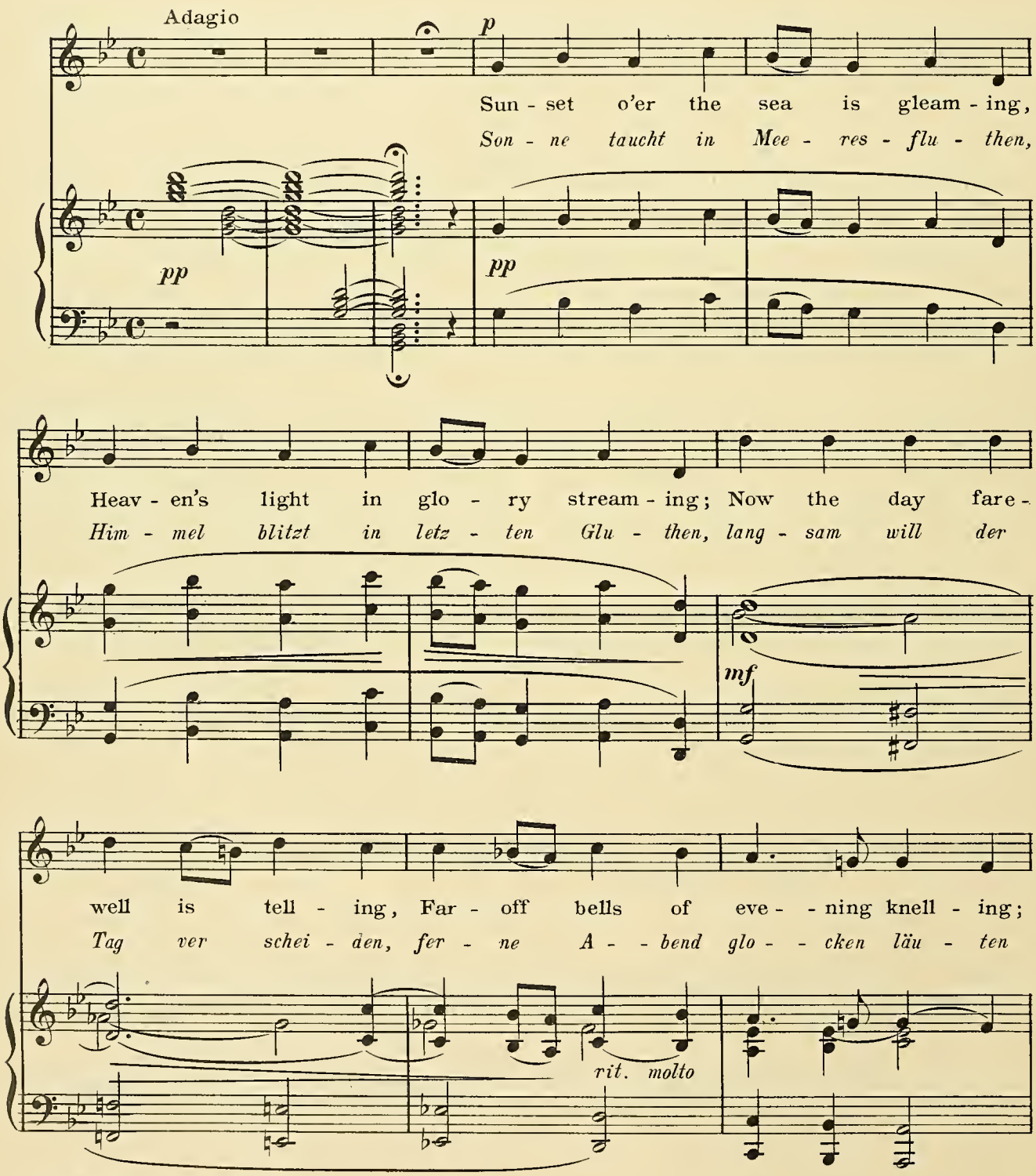

morn - ing so gay? My dear one you bring not from the
Mor - gen so schön, den Lieb - sten nicht bringt mir eu - er
rit. a tempo.
far, far a - way! Sweet flow - ers now
hel - les Ge - tön! Ver - weht al - le
a tempo
p
rit.
p
sev - er, For chill grows the sky; May God keep you
Blü - then, er - fro - ren der Klee, mag Gott dich be -
ev - er, My... sweet - heart, good - bye!
hü - ten, Herz - lieb - ster, a - de!
smorzando.
pp
(sehr langsam)
(very slowly)

THEE I THINK OF, MARGARITA!

(DEIN GEDENK' ICH, MARGARETHA.)

English words by GEORGE COOPER

ERIK MEYER-HELMUND



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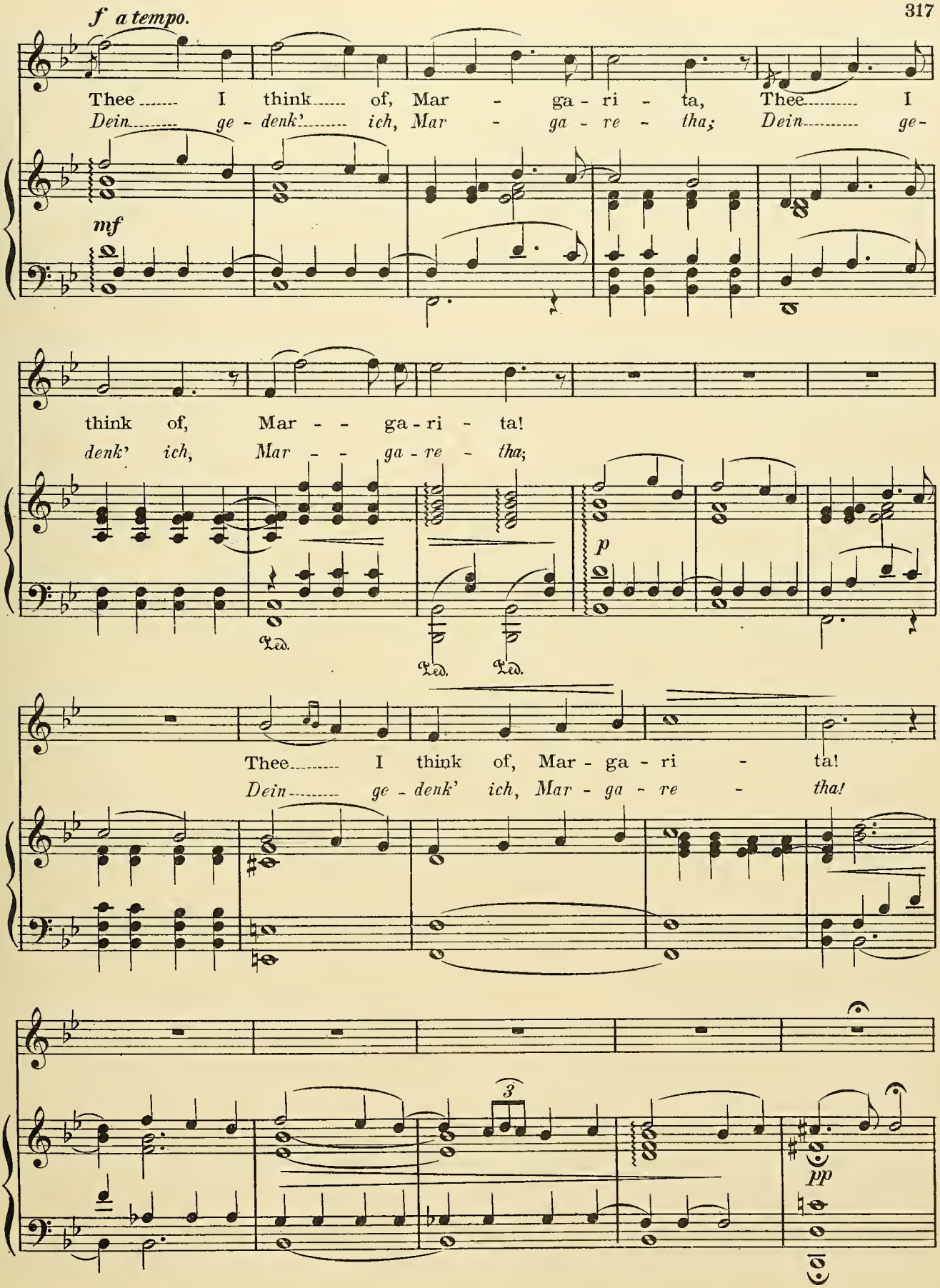
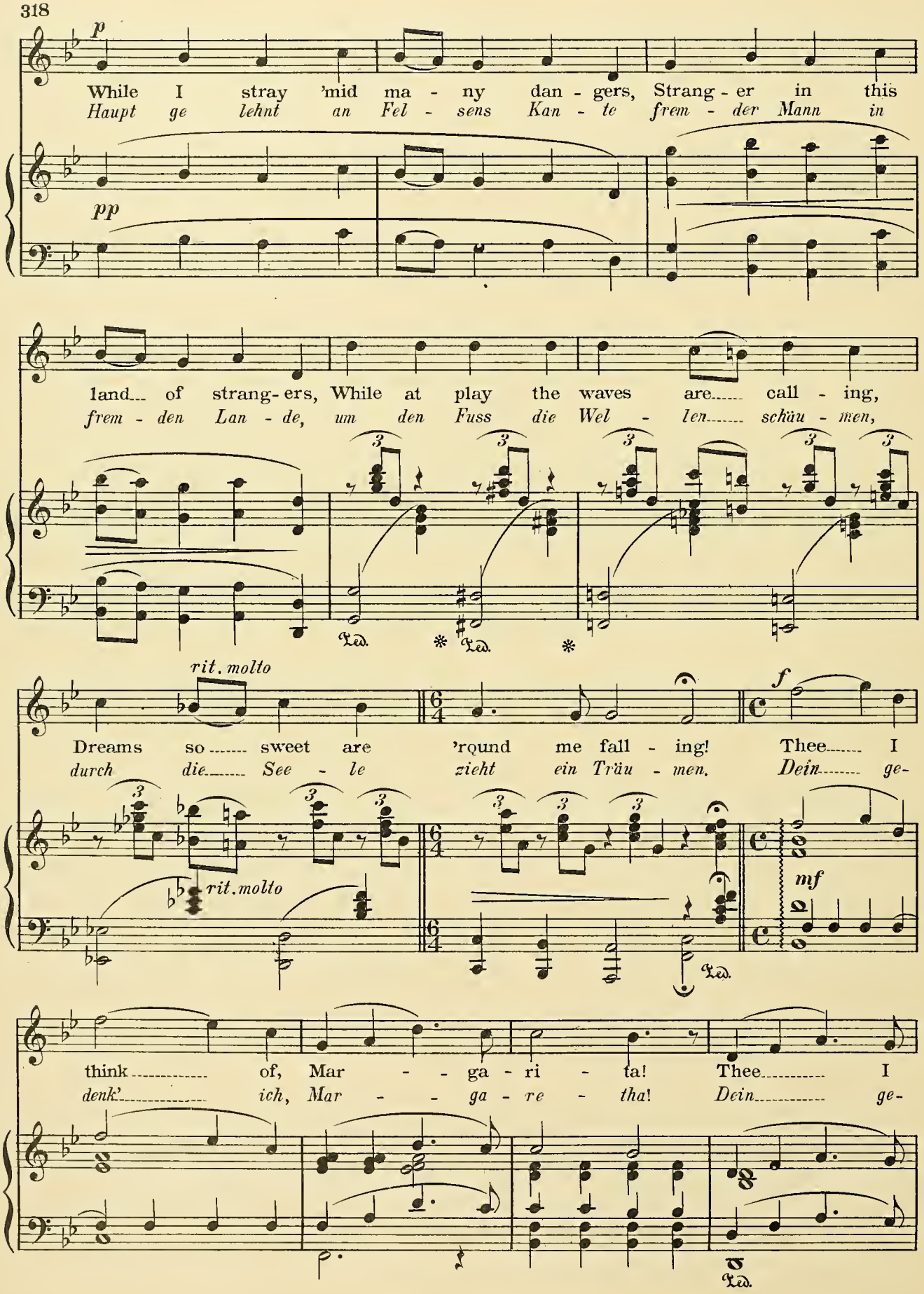
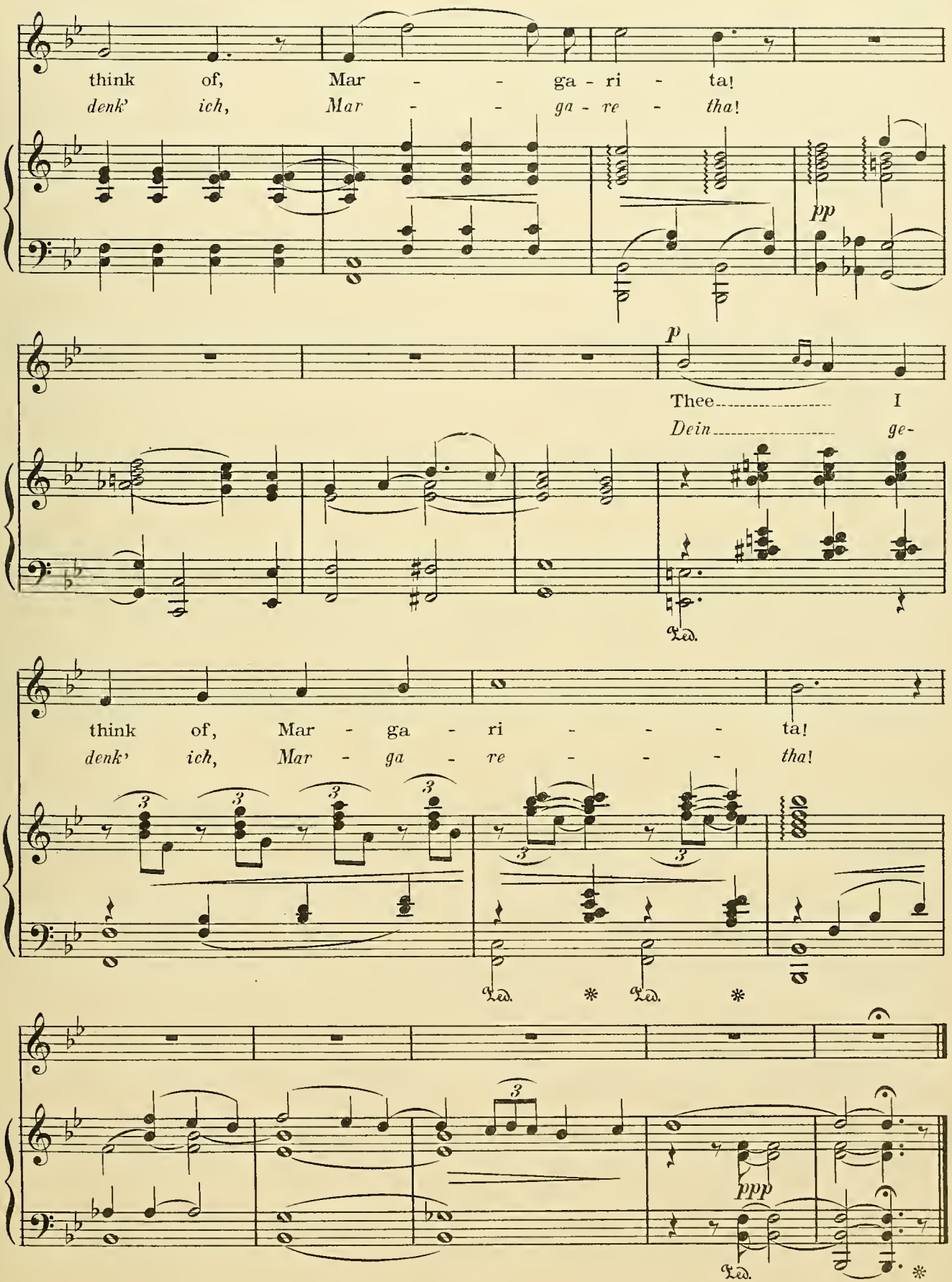

f a tempo.
Thee I think of, Mar - ga - ri - ta, Thee I
Dein ge - denk' ich, Mar - ga - re - tha; Dein ge-
mf
think of, Mar - - ga - ri - ta!
denk' ich, Mar - - ga - re - tha;
p
Thee I think of, Mar - ga - ri - ta!
Dein ge - denk' ich, Mar - ga - re - tha!
3
pp


p
While I stray 'mid ma - ny dan - gers, Strang - er in this
Haupt ge lehnt an Fel - sens Kan - te frem - der Mann in
pp
land of strang - ers, While at play the waves are call - ing,
frem - den Lan - de, um den Fuss die Wel - len schäu - men,
Ped. * Ped. *
rit. molto
Dreams so sweet are 'round me fall - ing! Thee I
durch die See - le zieht ein Träu - men. Dein ge-
rit. molto
f
mf
Ped.
think of, Mar - - ga - ri - ta! Thee I
denk' ich, Mar - - ga - re - tha! Dein ge-
Ped.


think of, Mar - - ga - ri - ta!
denk' ich, Mar - - ga - re - tha!
pp
p
Thee I
Dein ge-
Ped.
think of, Mar - ga - ri - - - ta!
denk' ich, Mar - ga - re - - - tha!
Ped. * Ped. *
ppp
Ped. *

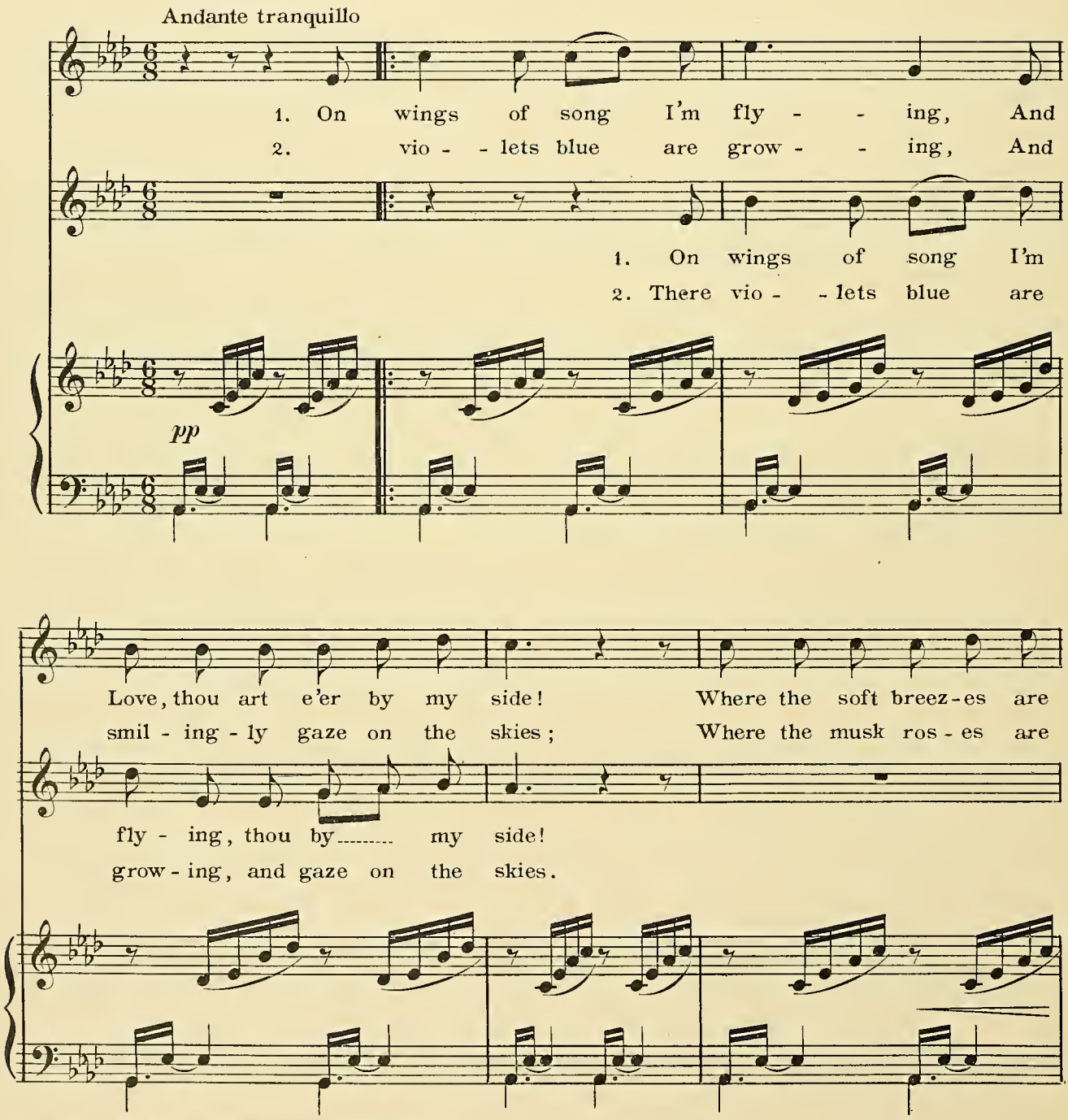
ON WINGS OF SONG.

(AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES)

DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO

HEINRICH HEINE
English by George Cooper

FELIX MENDELSSOHN
Arr. by Heinrich Kiehl



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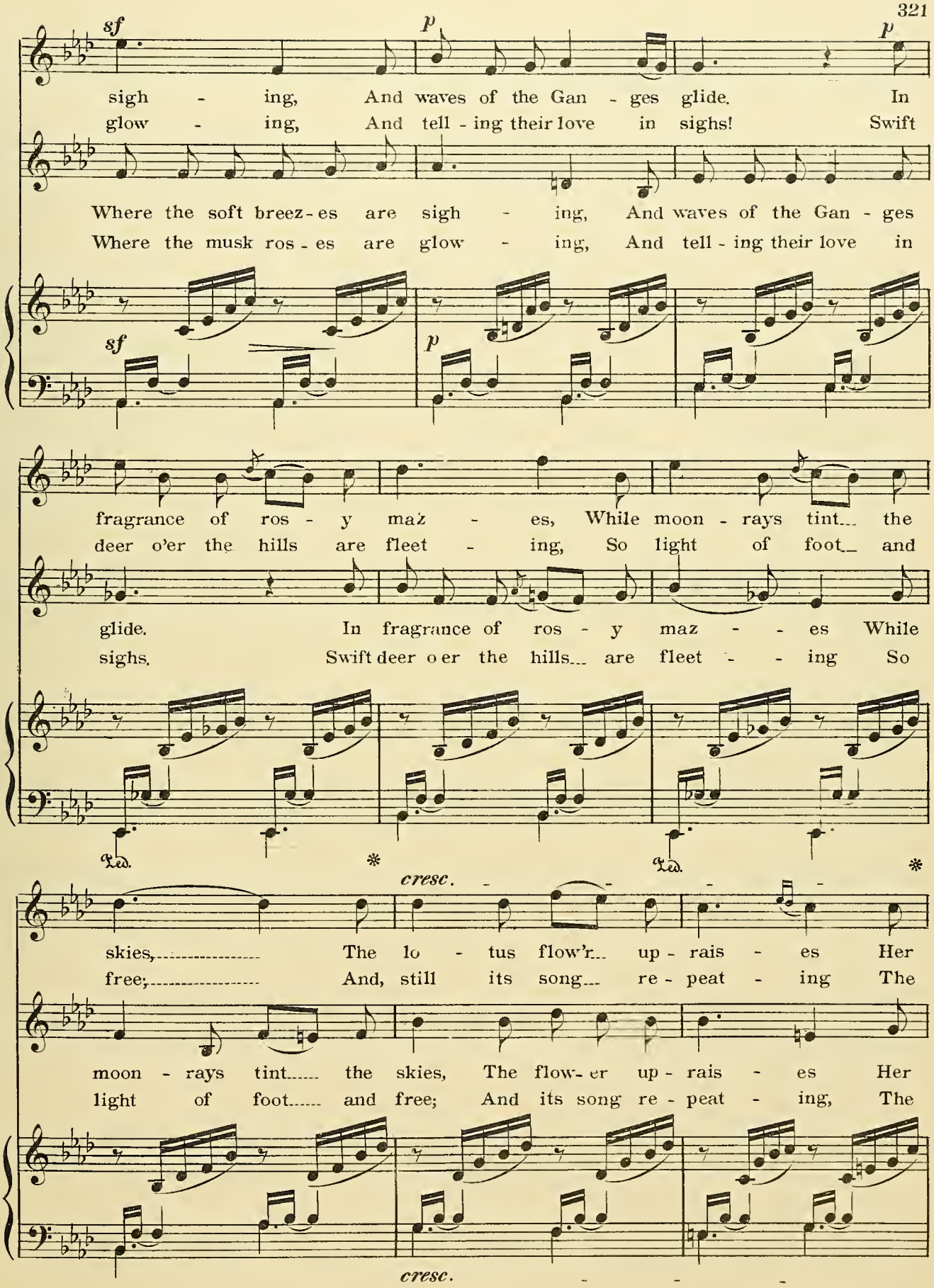
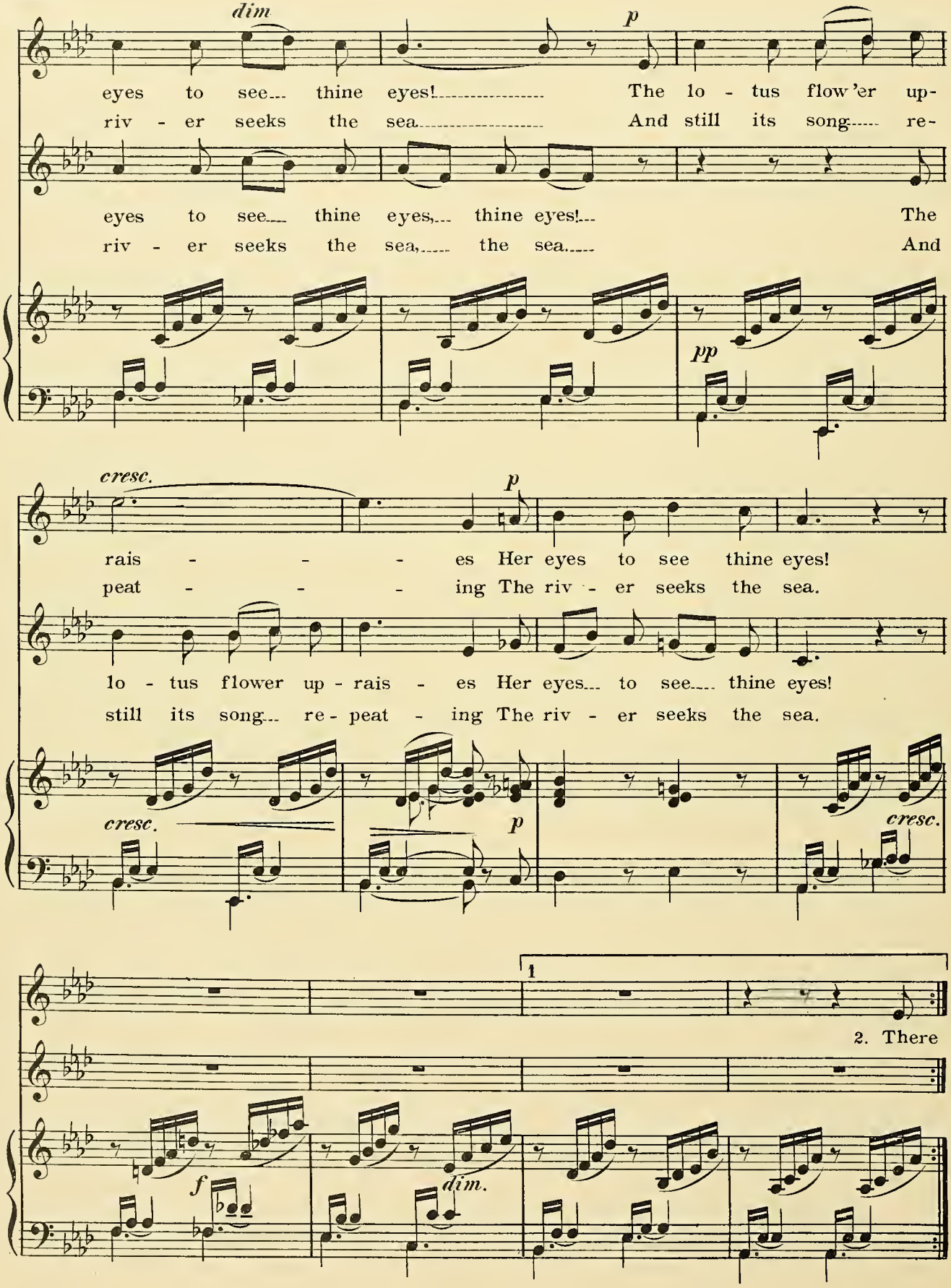
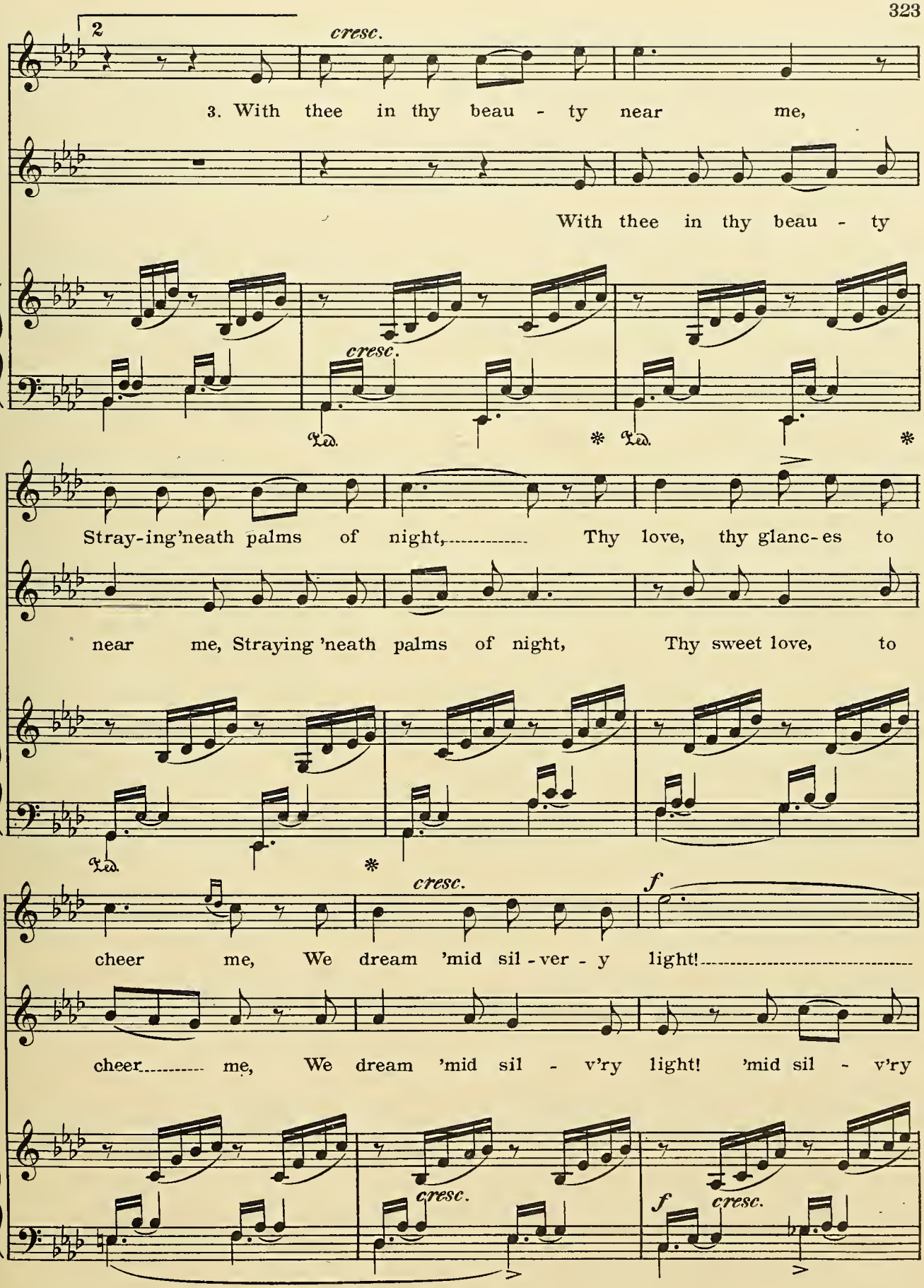
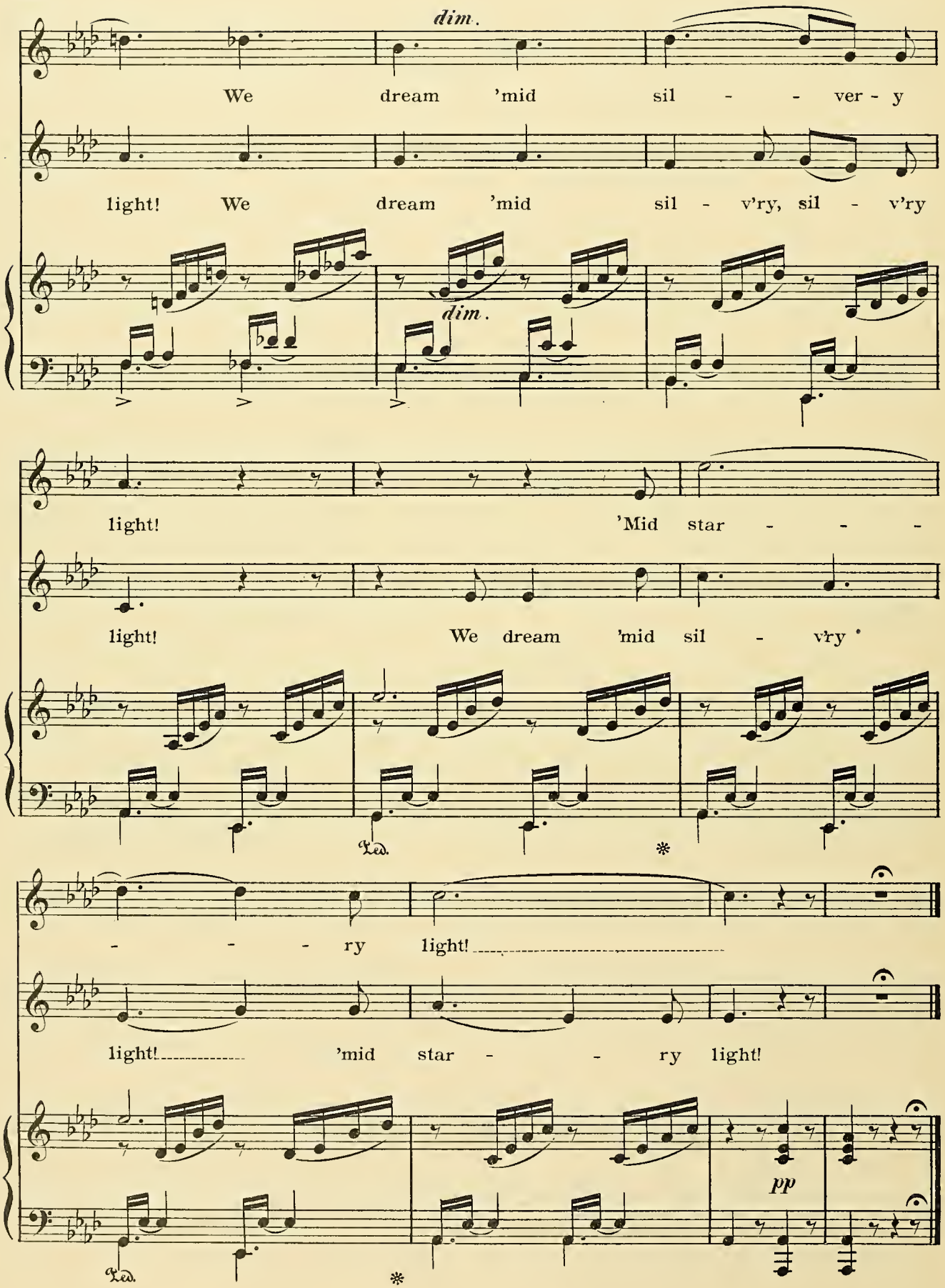

sf
p
p
sigh - ing, And waves of the Gan - ges glide. In
glow - ing, And tell - ing their love in sighs! Swift
Where the soft breez - es are sigh - ing, And waves of the Gan - ges
Where the musk ros - es are glow - ing, And tell - ing their love in
sf
p
fragrance of ros - y maz - es, While moon - rays tint... the
deer o'er the hills are fleet - ing, So light of foot... and
glide. In fragrance of ros - y maz - - es While
sighs. Swift deer o er the hills... are fleet - - ing So
Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
skies,..... The lo - tus flow'r... up - rais - es Her
free;..... And, still its song... re - peat - ing The
moon - rays tint..... the skies, The flow - er up - rais - es Her
light of foot..... and free; And its song re - peat - ing, The
cresc.


dim
p
eyes to see thine eyes! The lo - tus flow'er up-
riv - er seeks the sea And still its song re-
eyes to see thine eyes, thine eyes! The
riv - er seeks the sea, the sea. And
pp
cresc.
p
rais - - - es Her eyes to see thine eyes!
peat - - - ing The riv - er seeks the sea.
lo - tus flower up - rais - es Her eyes to see thine eyes!
still its song re - peat - ing The riv - er seeks the sea.
cresc.
p
cresc.
1
2. There
f
dim.

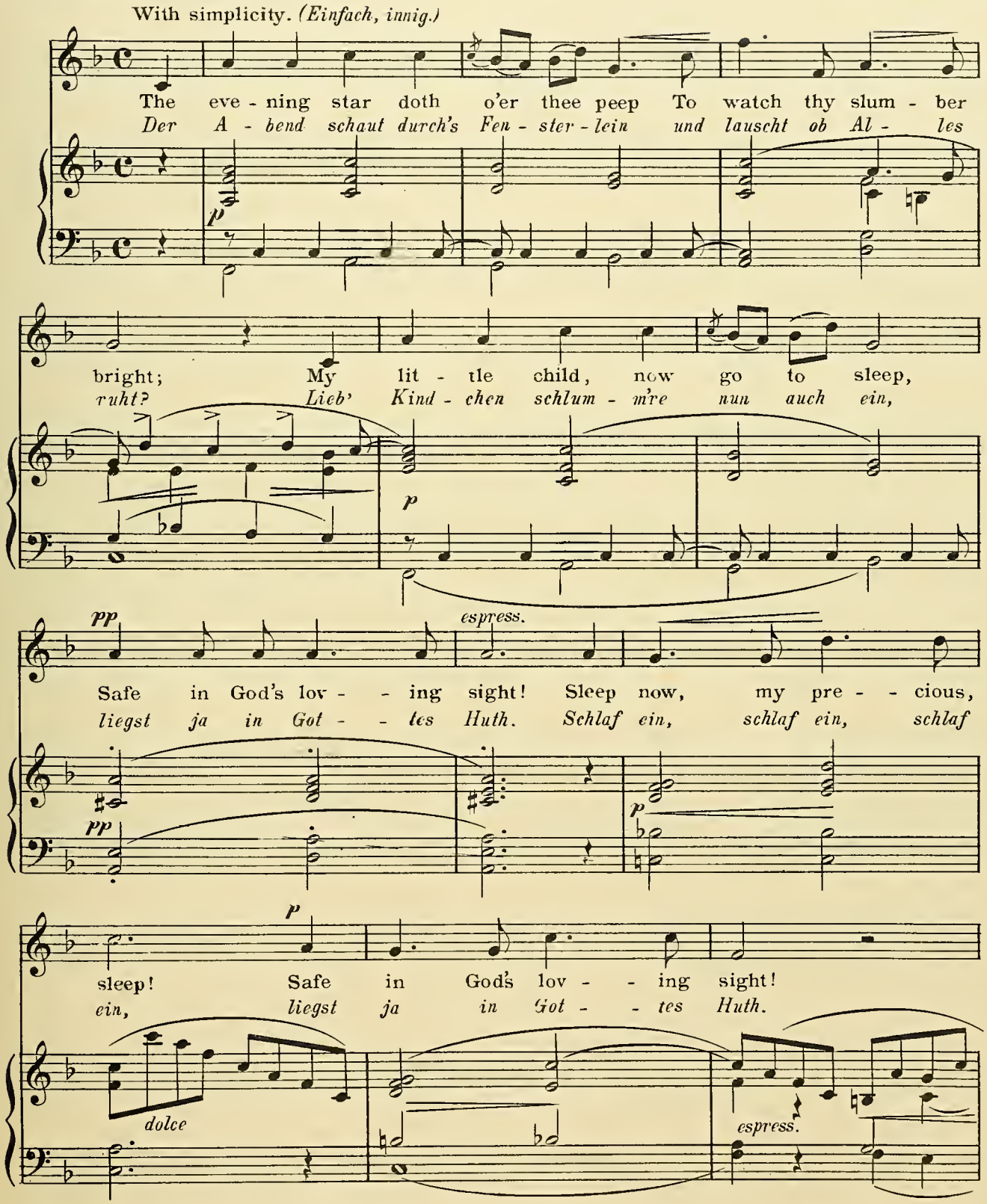

2
cresc.
3. With thee in thy beau - ty near me,
With thee in thy beau - ty
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. *
Stray-ing'neath palms of night, Thy love, thy glanc-es to
near me, Straying 'neath palms of night, Thy sweet love, to
Ped. *
cresc.
f
cheer me, We dream 'mid sil - ver - y light!
cheer me, We dream 'mid sil - v'ry light! 'mid sil - v'ry
cresc.
f
cresc.


dim.
We dream 'mid sil - - ver - y
light! We dream 'mid sil - v'ry, sil - v'ry
dim.
light! 'Mid star - - -
light! We dream 'mid sil - v'ry
Led.
*
- - - ry light!
light! 'mid star - - ry light!
pp
Led.
*

CRADLE-SONG.

(WIEGENLIED.)

English by GEORGE COOPER. F. RIES.



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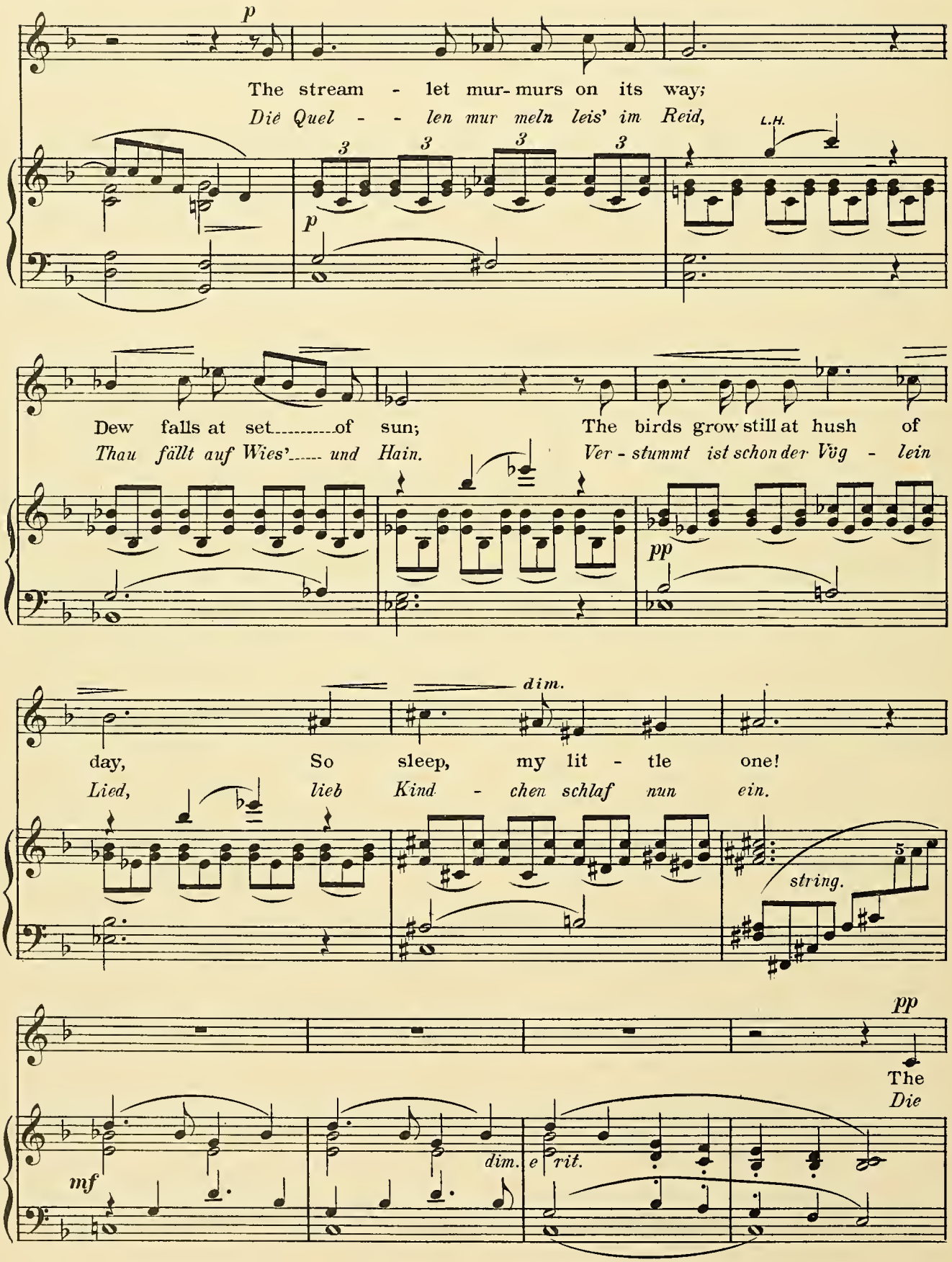
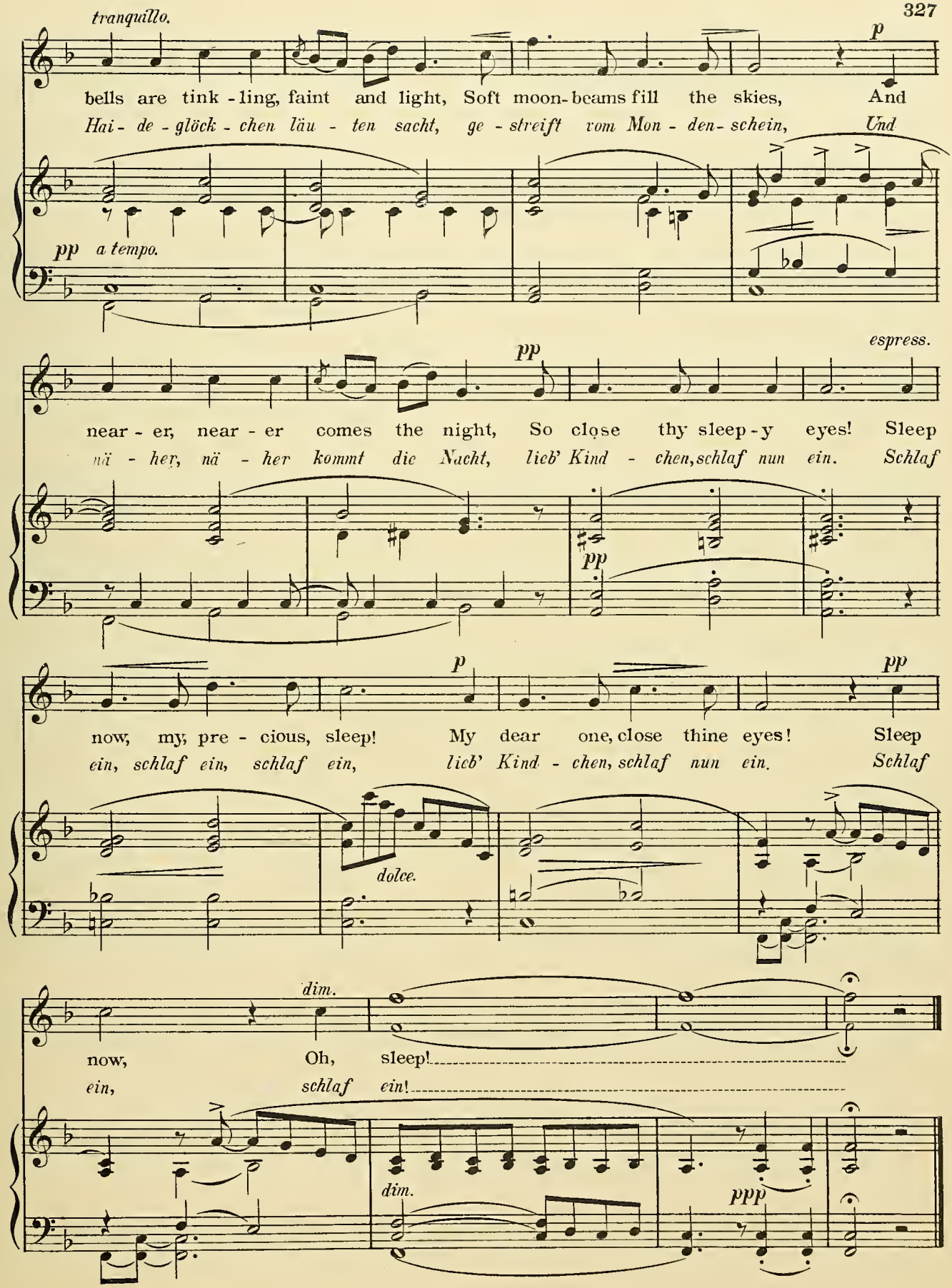
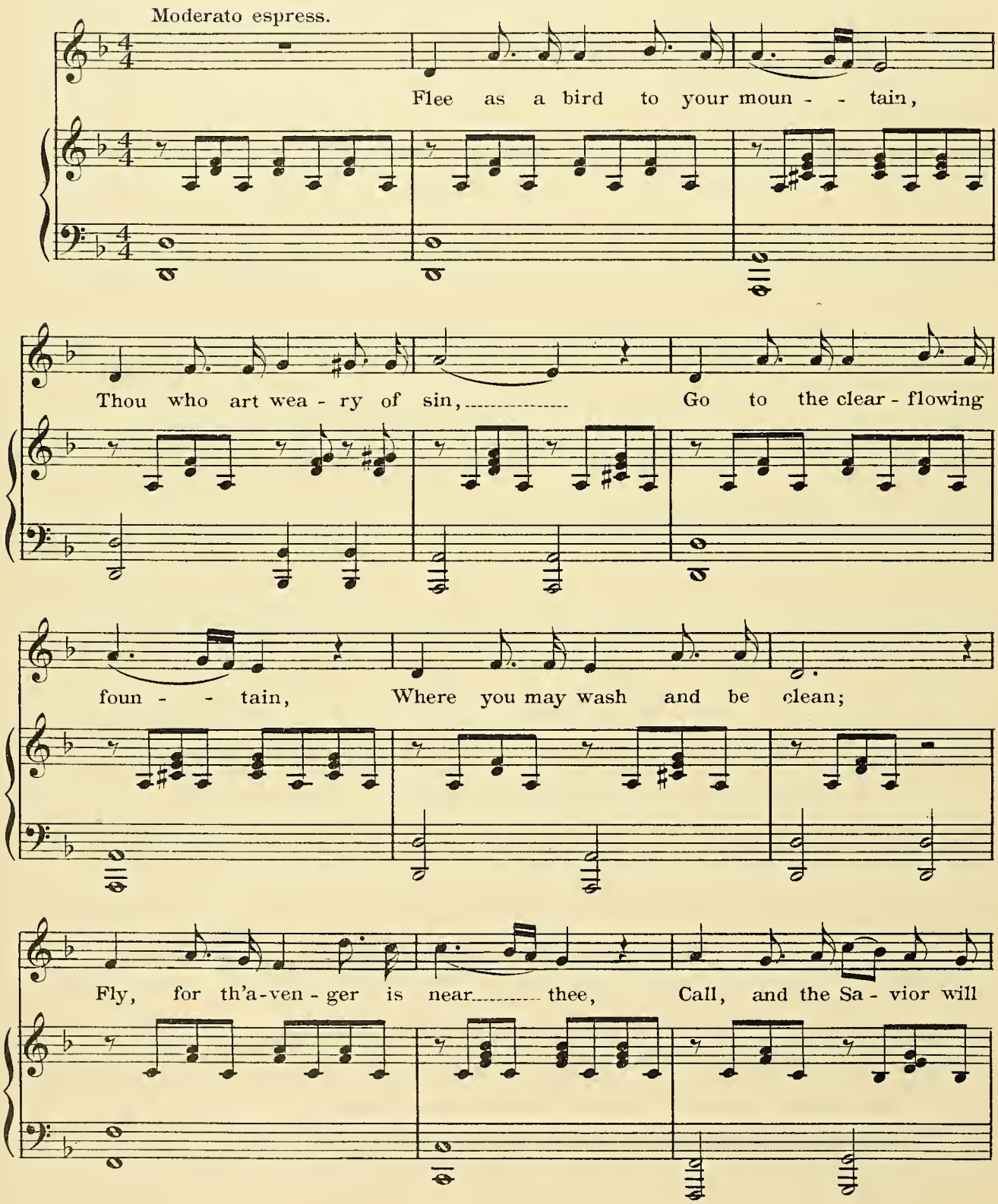
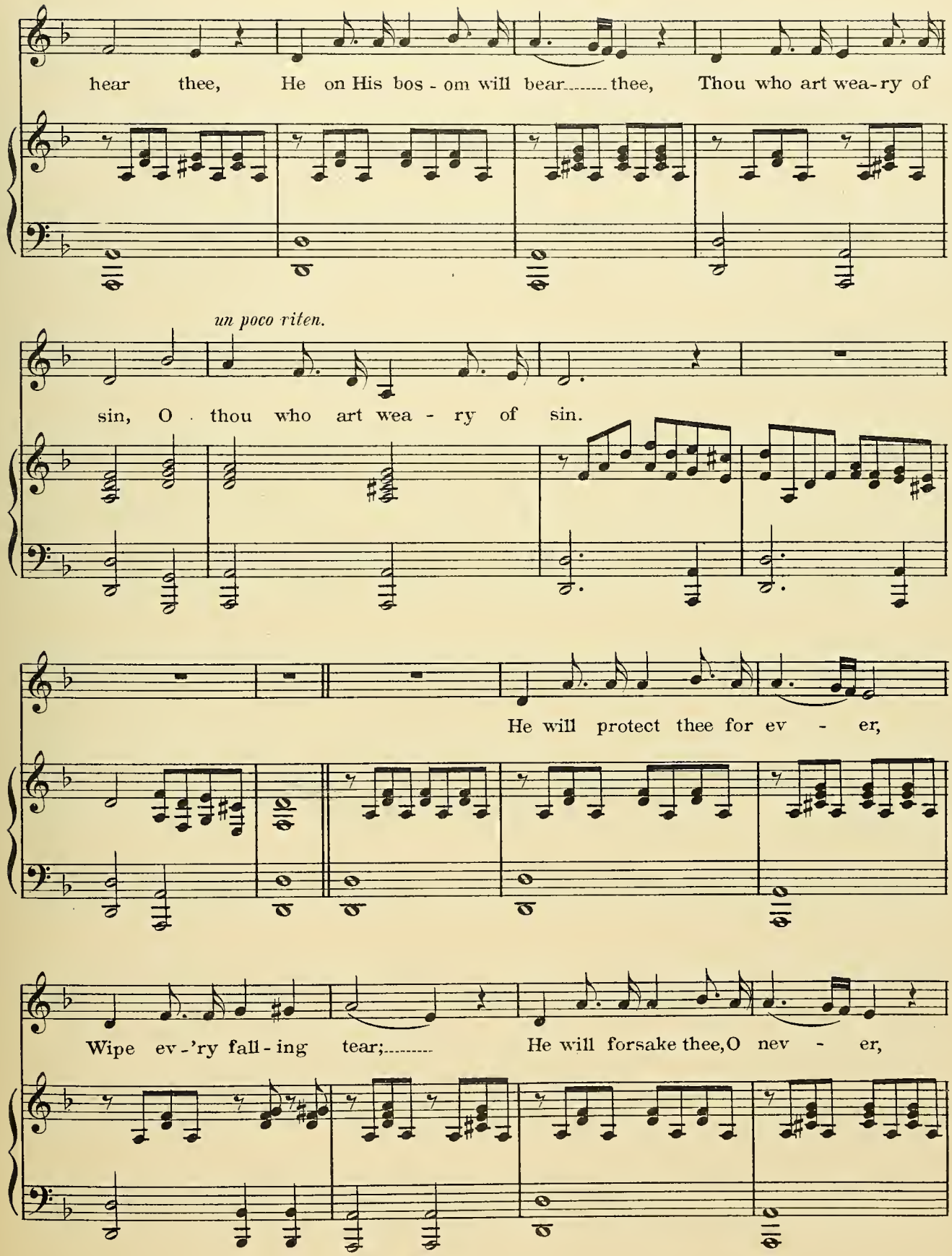

p
The stream - let mur- murs on its way;
Die Quel - - len mur meln leis' im Reid,
L.H.
p
Dew falls at set..... of sun;
Thau fällt auf Wies'..... und Hain.
The birds grow still at hush of
Ver - stummt ist schon der Vög - lein
pp
dim.
day,
So sleep, my lit - tle one!
Lied,
lieb Kind - chen schlaf nun ein.
string.
pp
The
Die
mf
dim.
e rit.

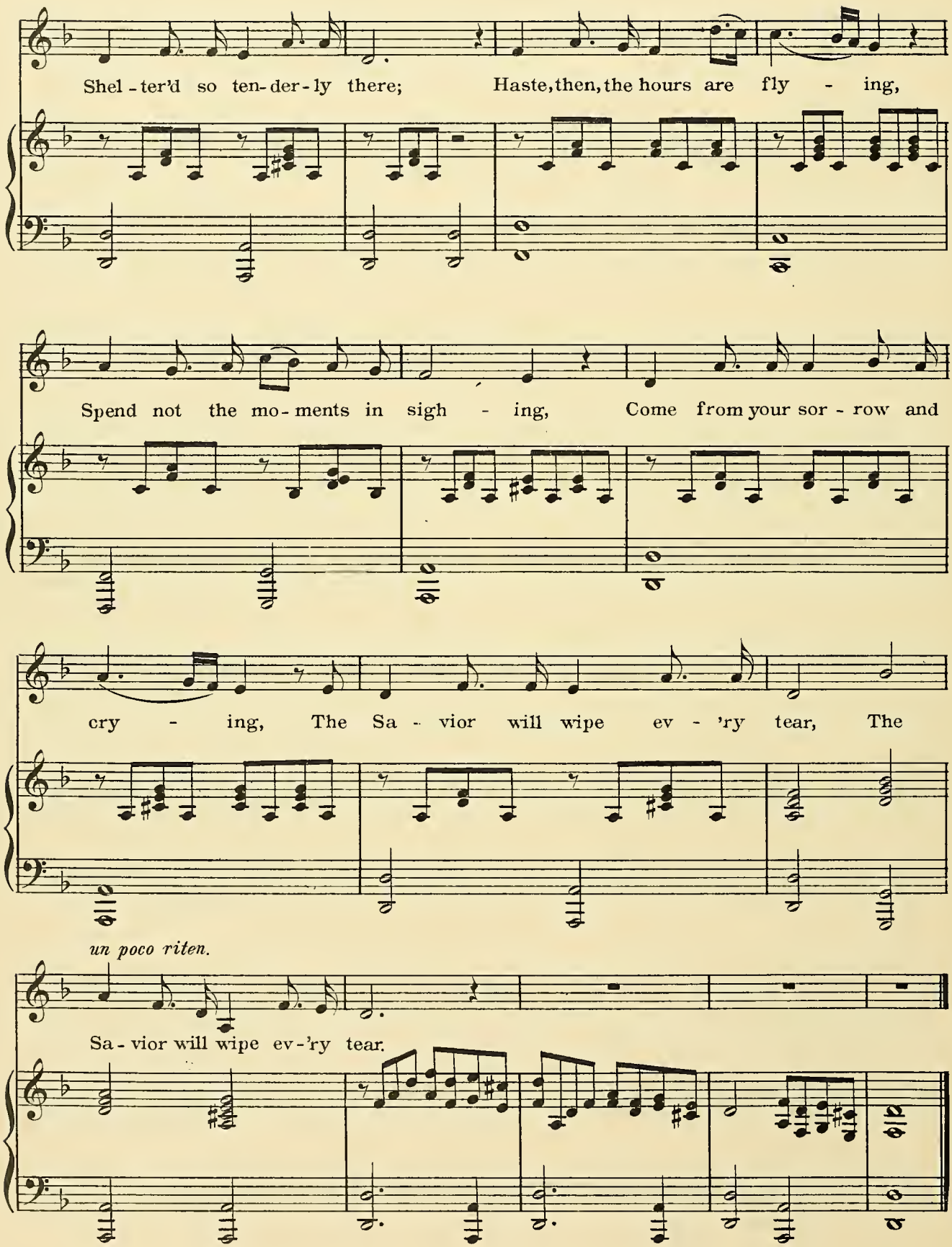

tranquillo.
p
bells are tink - ling, faint and light, Soft moon-beams fill the skies, And
Hai - de - glöck - chen läu - ten sacht, ge - streift vom Mon - den - schein, Und
pp a tempo.
espress.
pp
near - er, near - er comes the night, So close thy sleep - y eyes! Sleep
nä - her, nä - her kommt die Nacht, lieb' Kind - chen, schlaf nun ein. Schlaf
pp
p
pp
now, my, pre - cious, sleep! My dear one, close thine eyes! Sleep
ein, schlaf ein, schlaf ein, lieb' Kind - chen, schlaf nun ein. Schlaf
dolce.
dim.
now, Oh, sleep!
ein, schlaf ein!
dim.
ppp

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs. M.S.B. DANA.




hear thee, He on His bos - om will bear..... thee, Thou who art wea-ry of
un poco riten.
sin, O thou who art wea - ry of sin.
He will protect thee for ev - er,
Wipe ev-'ry fall-ing tear;..... He will forsake thee, O nev - er,

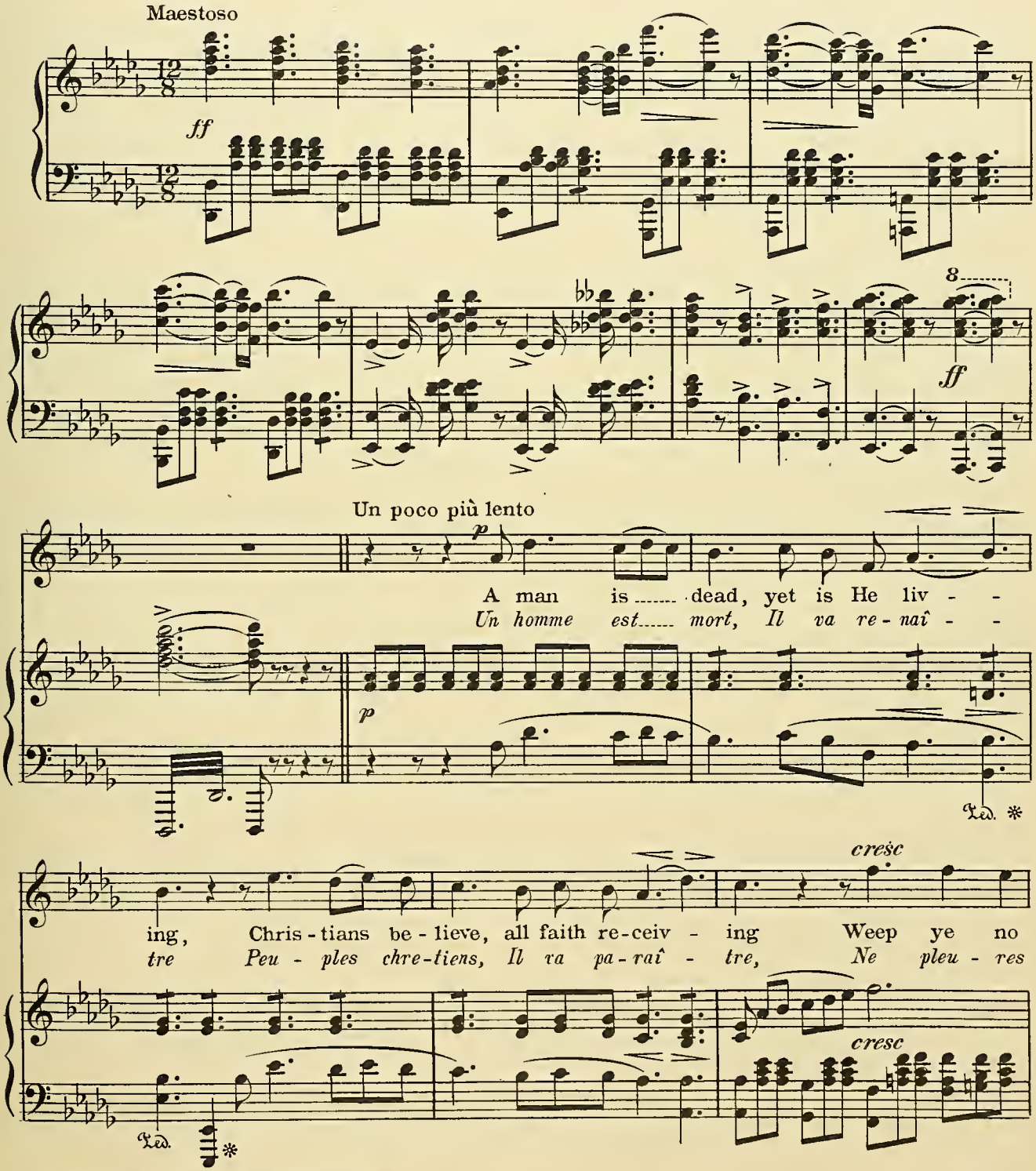

Shel - ter'd so ten- der - ly there; Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing,
Spend not the mo - ments in sigh - ing, Come from your sor - row and
cry - ing, The Sa - vior will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The
un poco riten.
Sa - vior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.

HOSANNA!

(EASTER SONG.)

JULIEN DIDIÉE
English by George Cooper

JULES GRANIER



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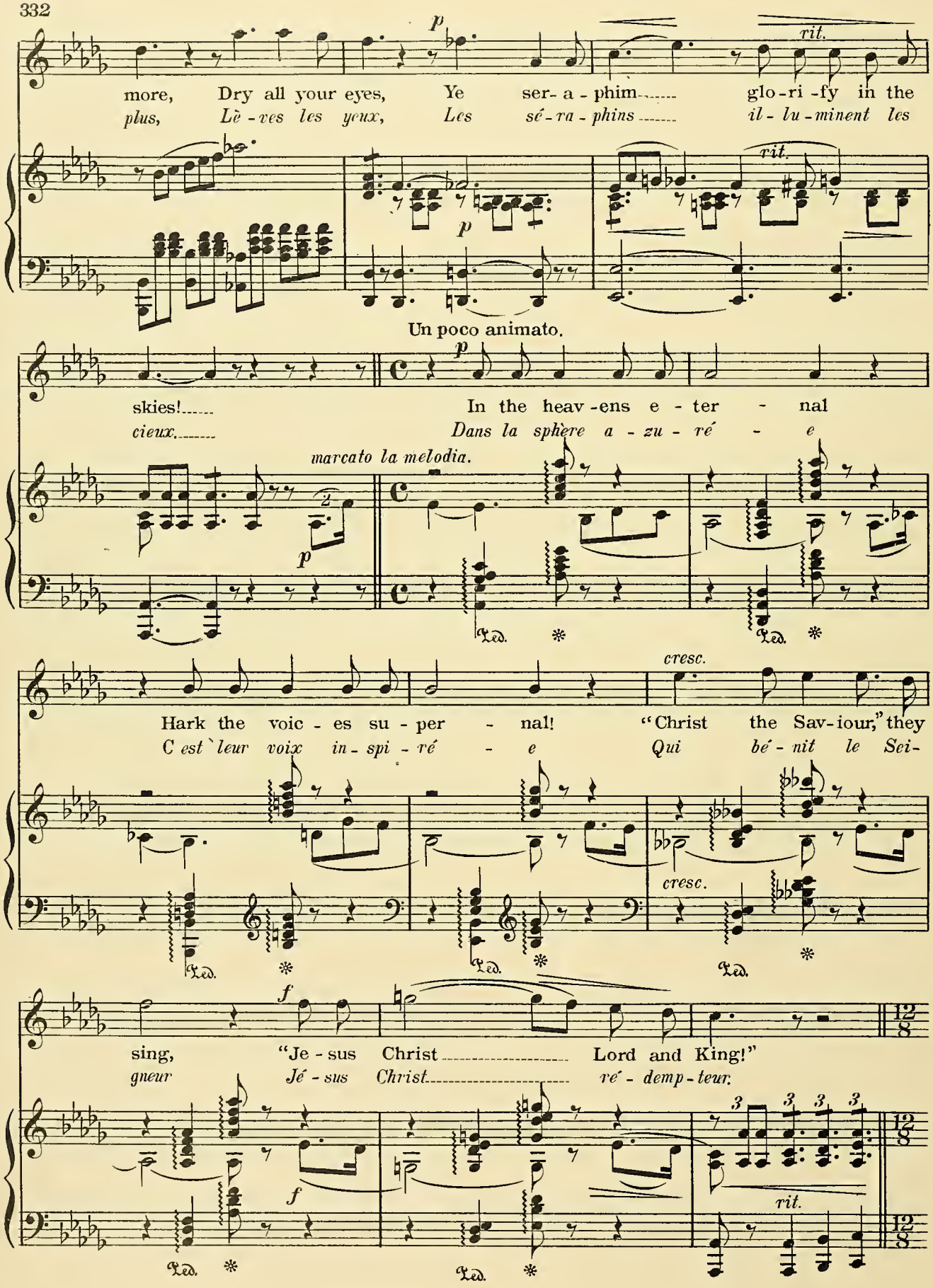
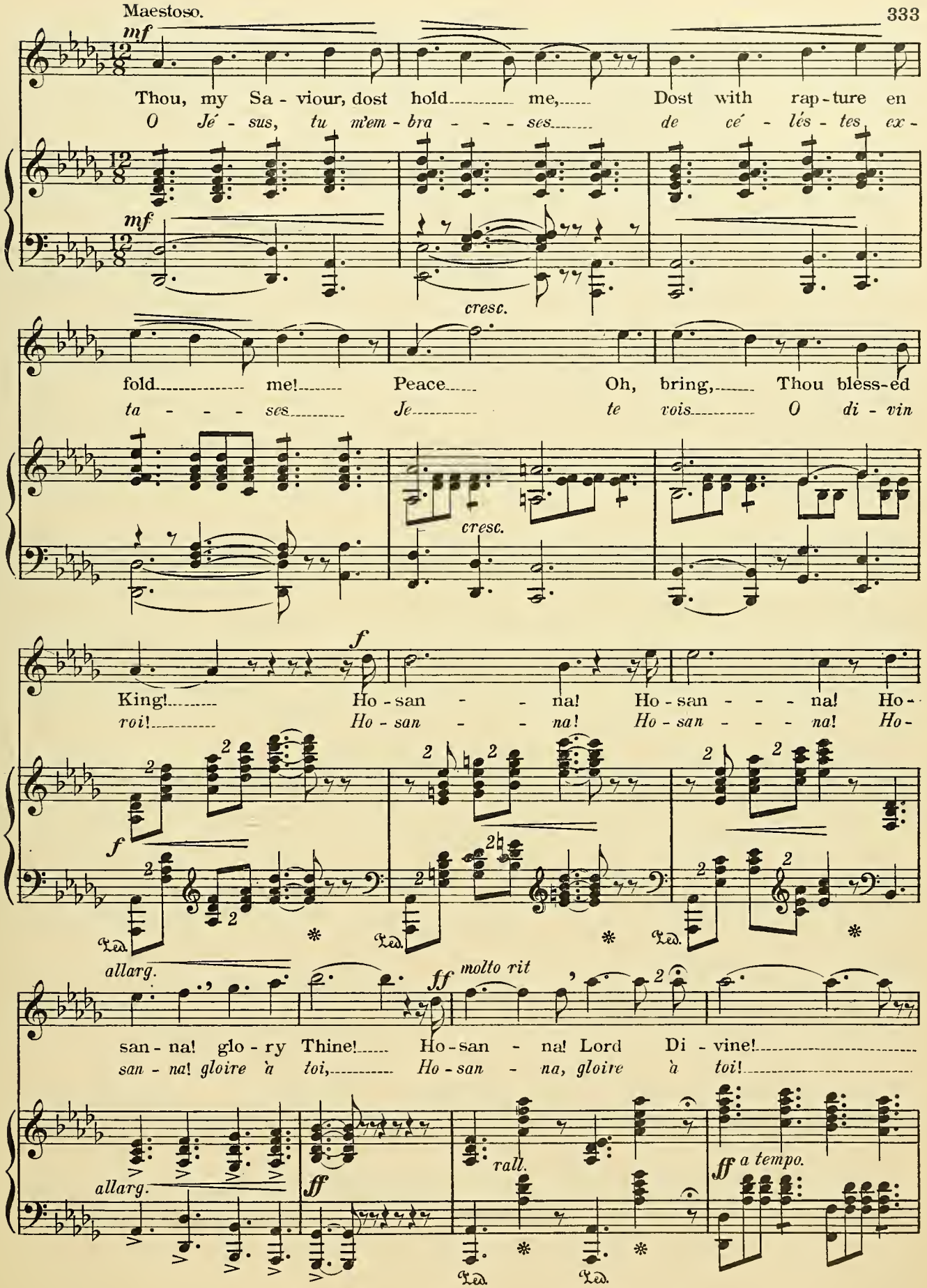
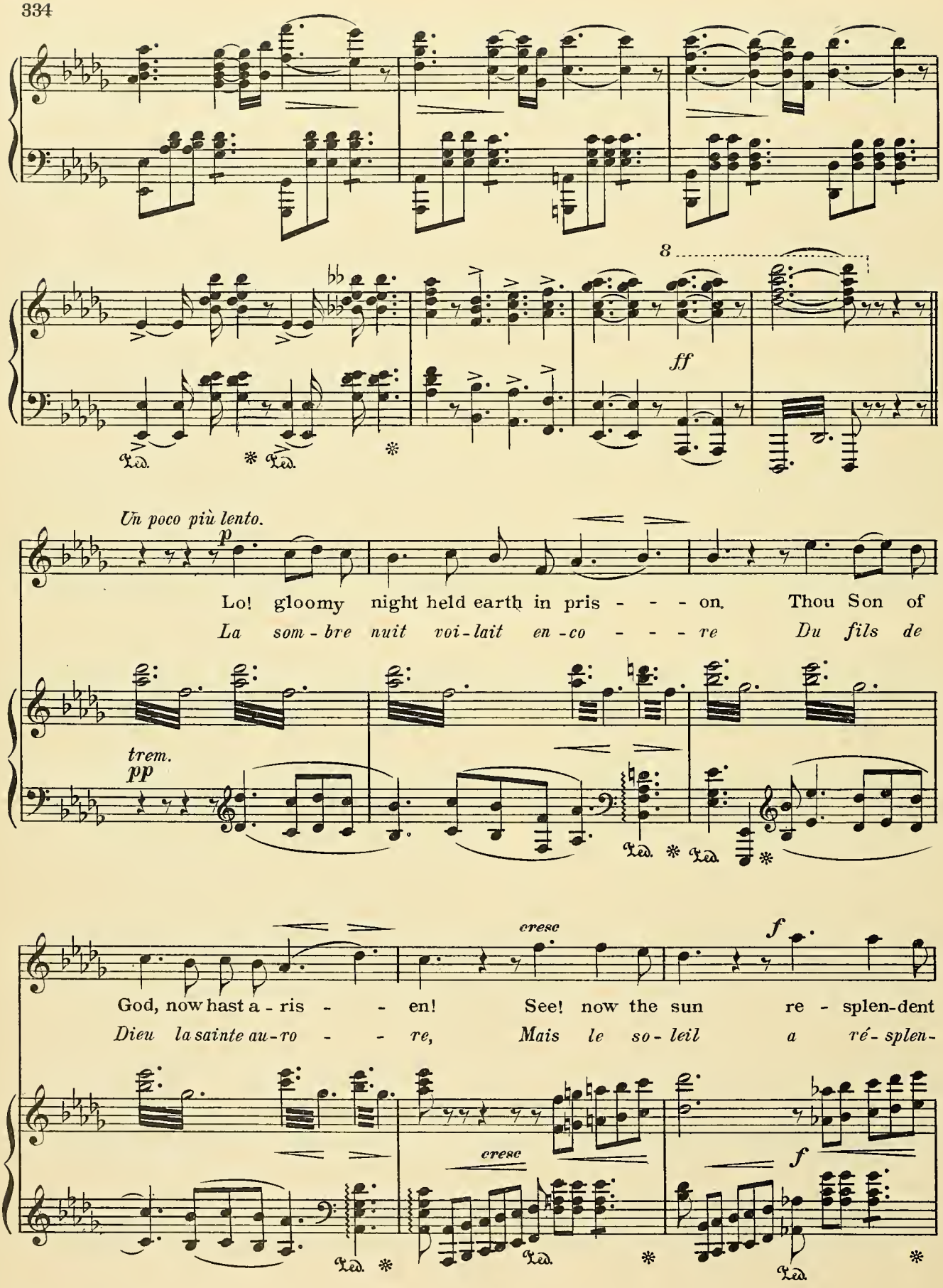
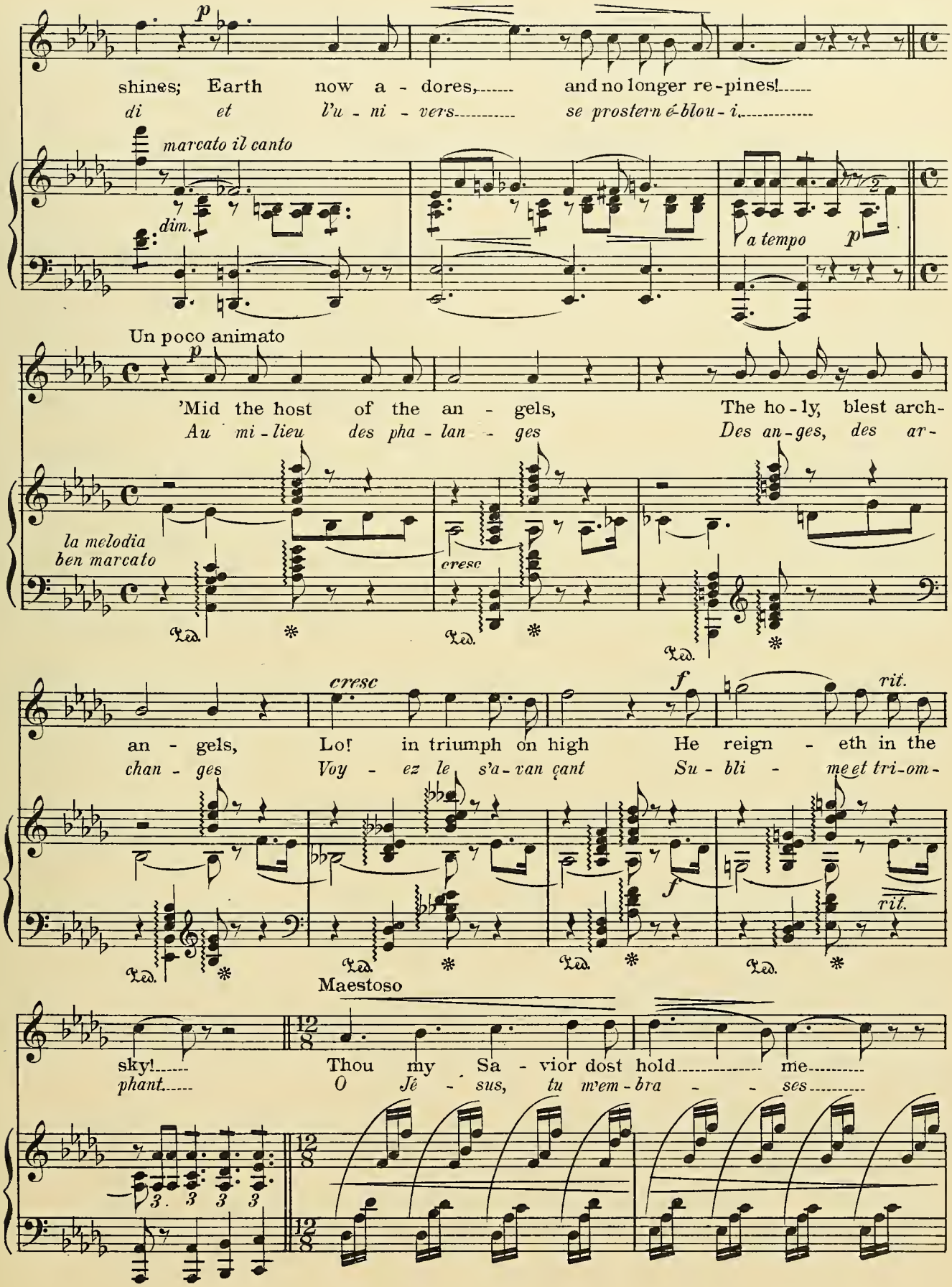
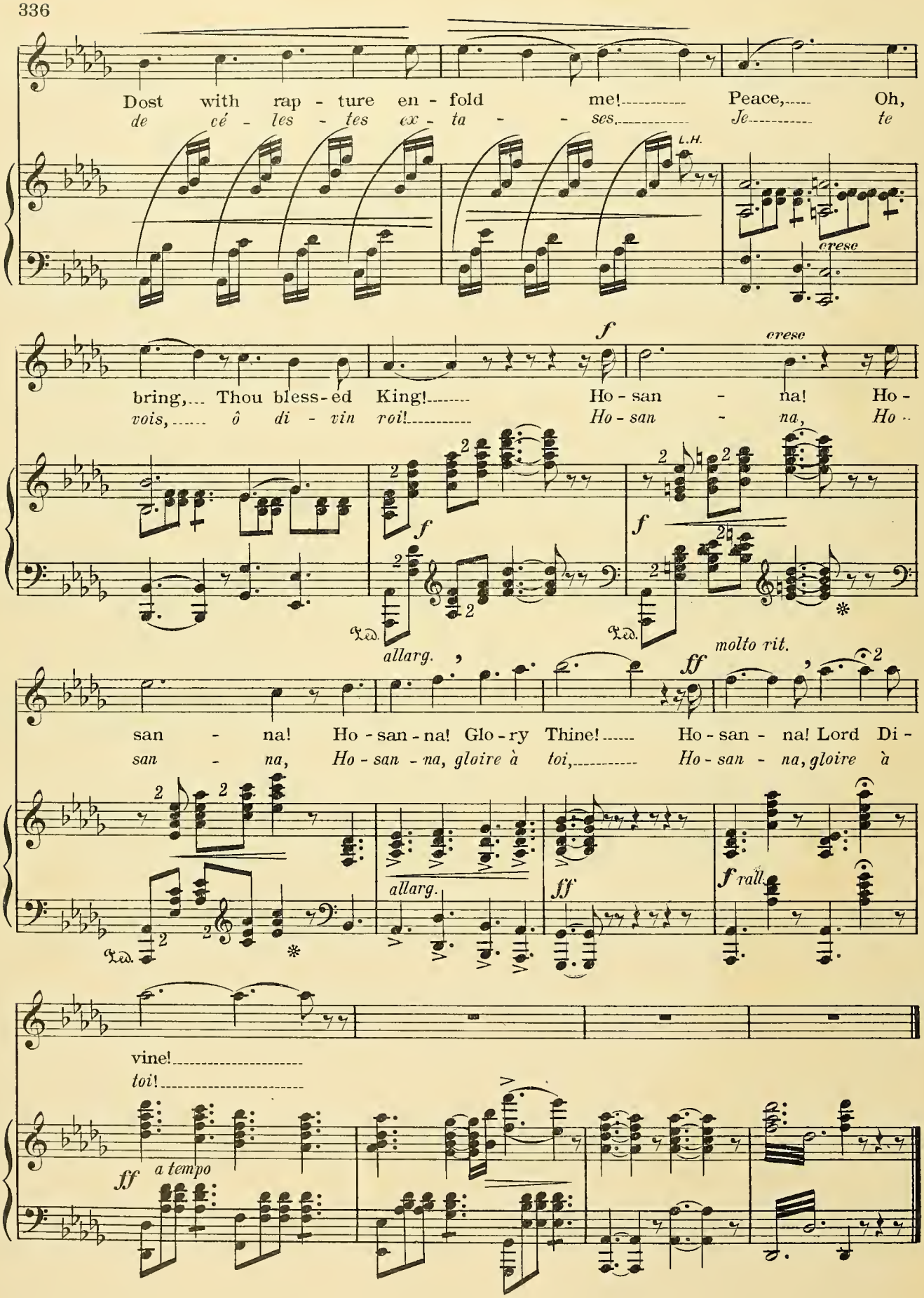

more, Dry all your eyes, Ye ser- a - phim glo - ri - fy in the
plus, Lè - ves les yeux, Les sé - ra - phins il - lu - minent les
rit.
Un poco animato.
skies! In the heav - ens e - ter - nal
cieux, Dans la sphère a - zu - ré - e
marcato la melodia.
cresc.
Hark the voic - es su - per - nal! "Christ the Sav - iour," they
C est `leur voix in - spi - ré - e Qui bé - nit le Sei -
sing, "Je - sus Christ Lord and King!"
gneur Jé - sus Christ ré - demp - teur.
rit.


Maestoso.
mf
Thou, my Sa - viour, dost hold me, Dost with rap-ture en
O Jé - sus, tu m'em - bra - - - ses de cé - lés - tes ex -
cresc.
fold me! Peace Oh, bring, Thou bless-ed
ta - - - ses Je te vois O di - vin
cresc.
f
King! Ho - san - - na! Ho - san - - - na! Ho -
roi! Ho - san - - na! Ho - san - - - na! Ho -
allarg.
ff molto rit
san - na! glo - ry Thine! Ho - san - na! Lord Di - vine!
san - na! gloire à toi, Ho - san - na, gloire à toi!
allarg.
ff
rall.
ff a tempo.


8
ff
Un poco più lento.
p
Lo! gloomy night held earth in pris - - - on. Thou Son of
La som - bre nuit voi - lait en - co - - - - re Du fils de
trem.
pp
cresc
f
God, now hast a - ris - - - en! See! now the sun re - splen-dent
Dieu la sainte au - ro - - - re, Mais le so - leil a ré - splen-
cresc
f


shines; Earth now a - dores, and no longer re-pines!
di et l'u - ni - vers se prostern é-blou - i
marcato il canto
dim.
a tempo
Un poco animato
'Mid the host of the an - gels, The ho - ly, blest arch-
Au mi - lieu des pha - lan - ges Des an - ges, des ar -
la melodia ben marcato
cresc
an - gels, Lo! in triumph on high He reign - eth in the
chan - ges Voy - ez le s'a - van çant Su - bli - me et tri - om -
rit.
Maestoso
sky!
phant
Thou my Sa - vior dost hold me
O Jé - sus, tu m'em - bra - ses

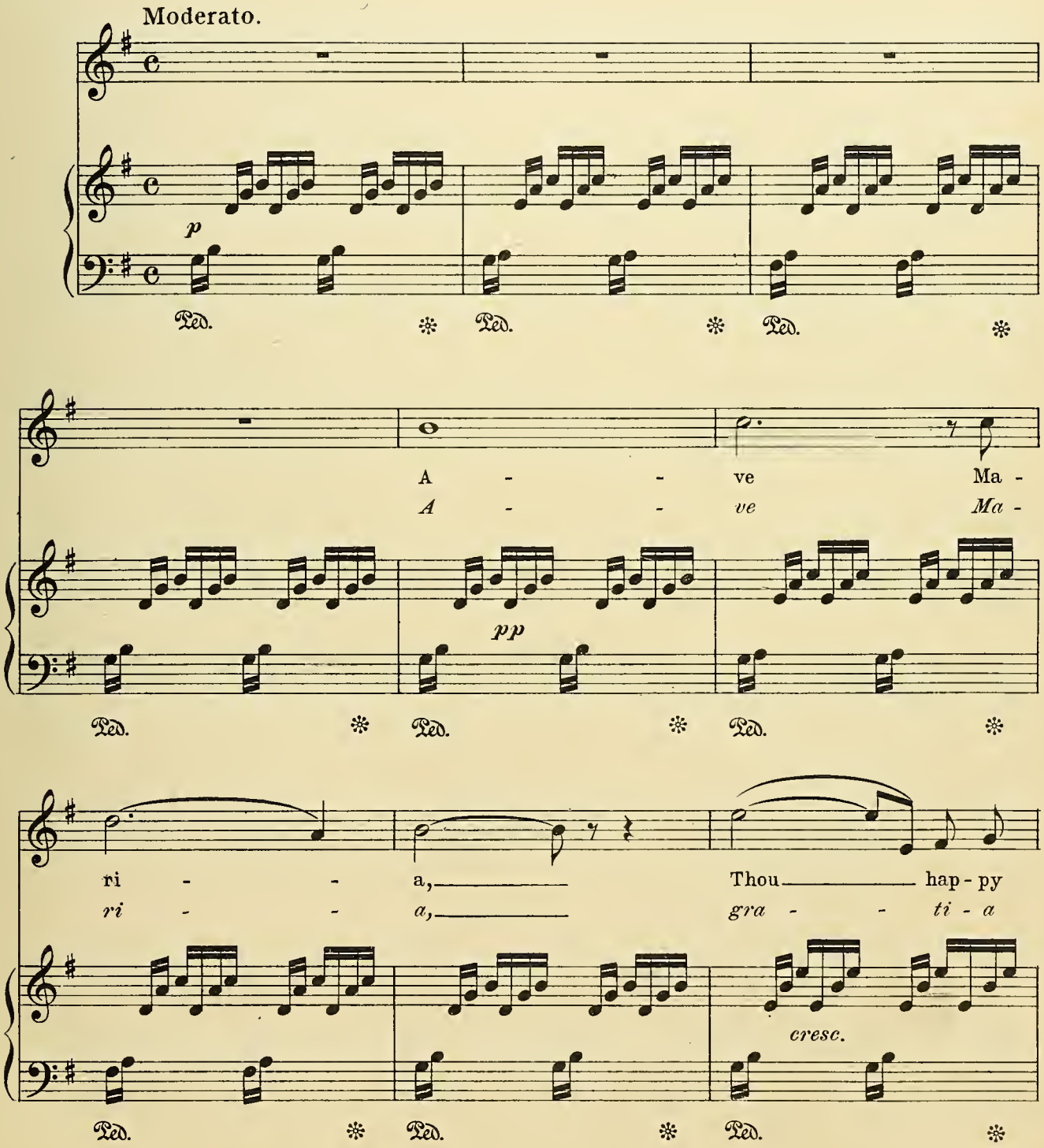

Dost with rap - ture en - fold me! Peace, Oh,
de cé - les - tes ex - ta - ses, Je te
L.H.
cresc
bring, Thou bless-ed King! Ho - san - na! Ho -
vois, ô di - vin roi! Ho - san - na, Ho -
f
cresc
f
f
allarg.
molto rit.
ff
san - na! Ho - san - na! Glo - ry Thine! Ho - san - na! Lord Di -
san - na, Ho - san - na, gloire à toi, Ho - san - na, gloire à
allarg.
ff
f rall.
vine!
toi!
ff a tempo

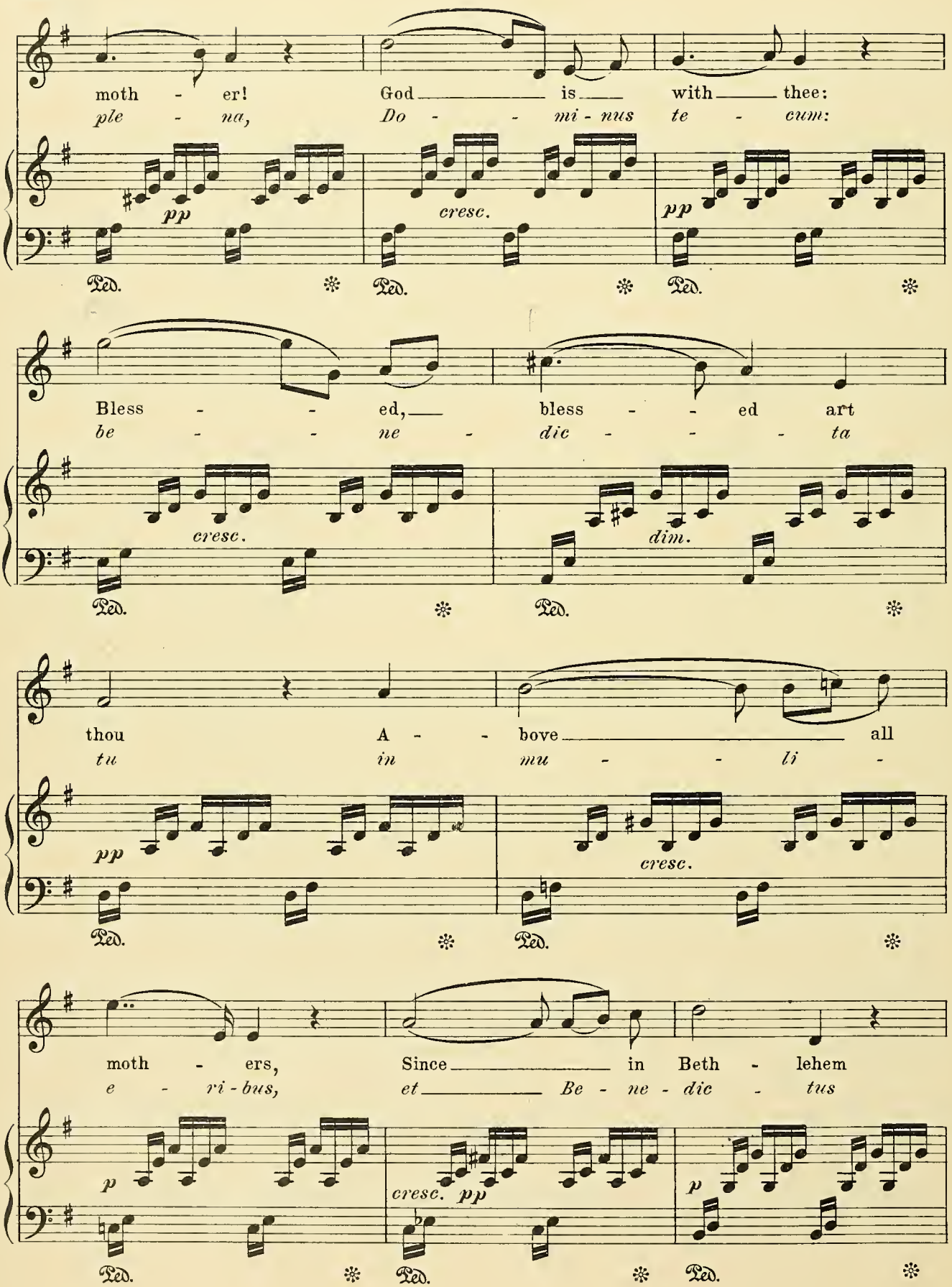
AVE MARIA

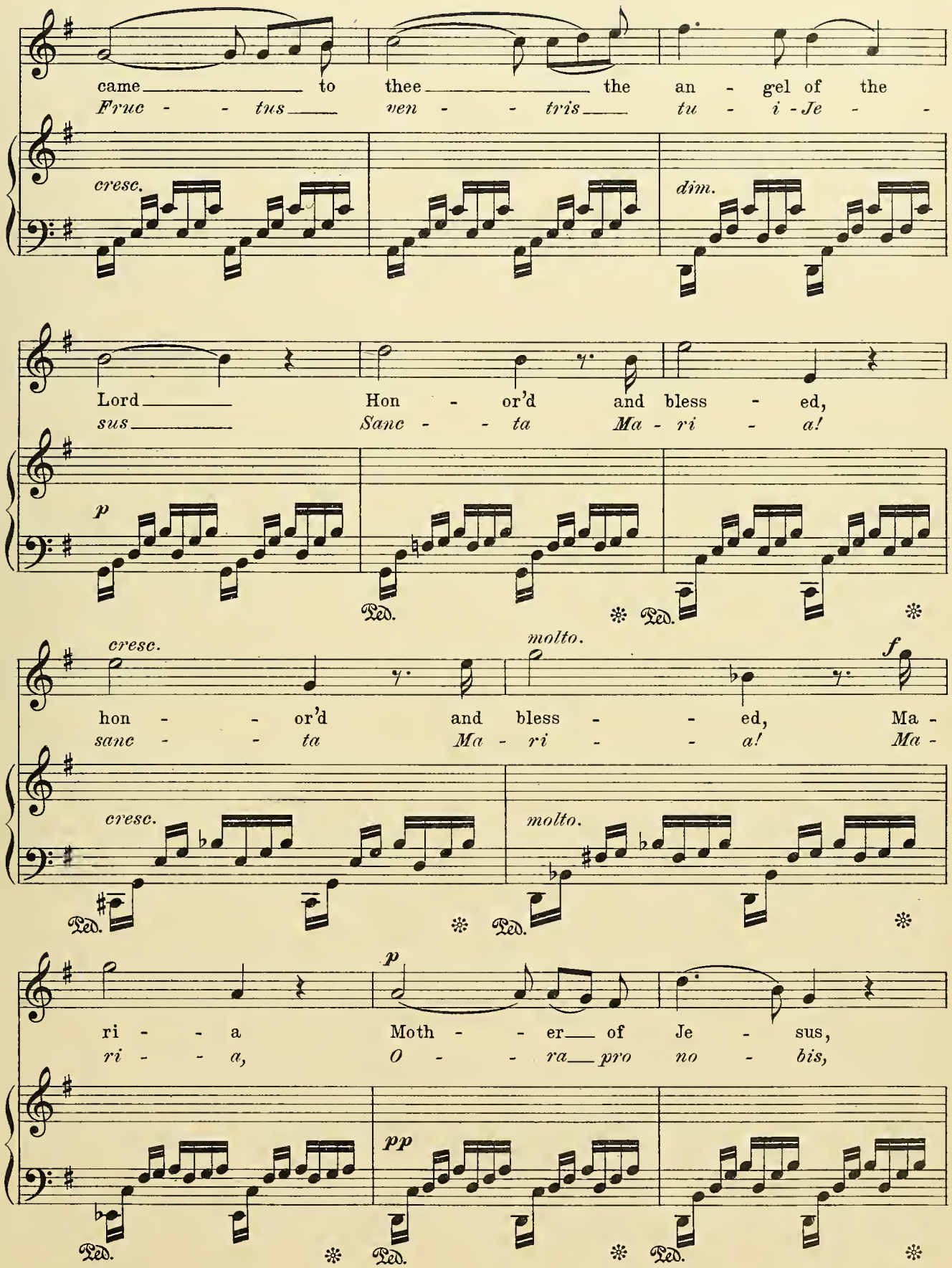
AVE MARIA.

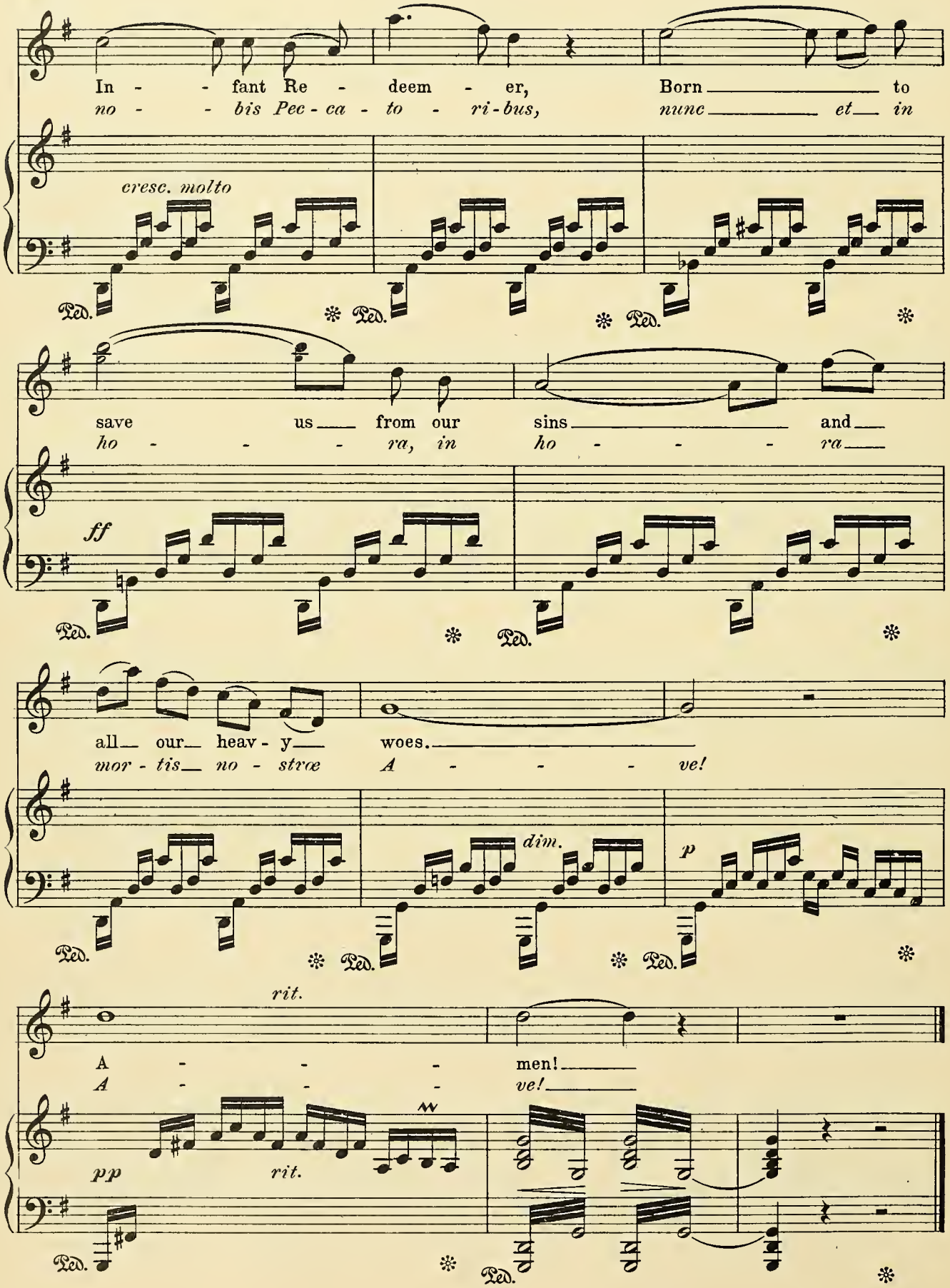
Adapted to the 1st Prelude by
J. S. BACH.

CHARLES GOUNOD.



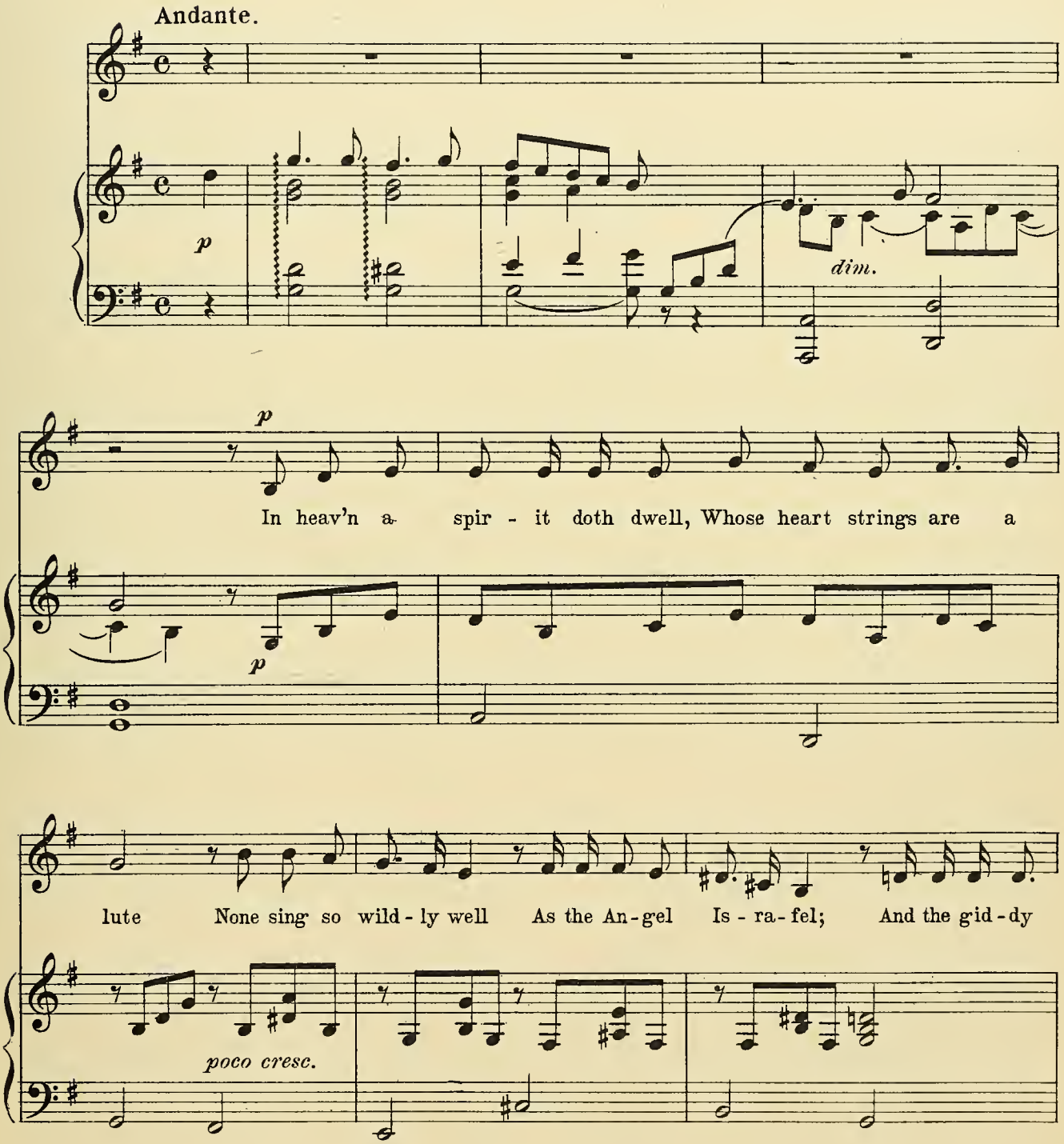

moth - er! God is with thee:
ple - na, Do - mi - nus te - cum:
pp
cresc.
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped.
Bless - ed, bless - ed art
be - ne - dic - ta
cresc.
dim.
Ped. Ped.
thou A - bove all
tu in mu - li -
pp
cresc.
Ped. Ped.
moth - ers, Since in Beth - lehem
e - ri - bus, et Be - ne - dic - tus
p
cresc. pp
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.

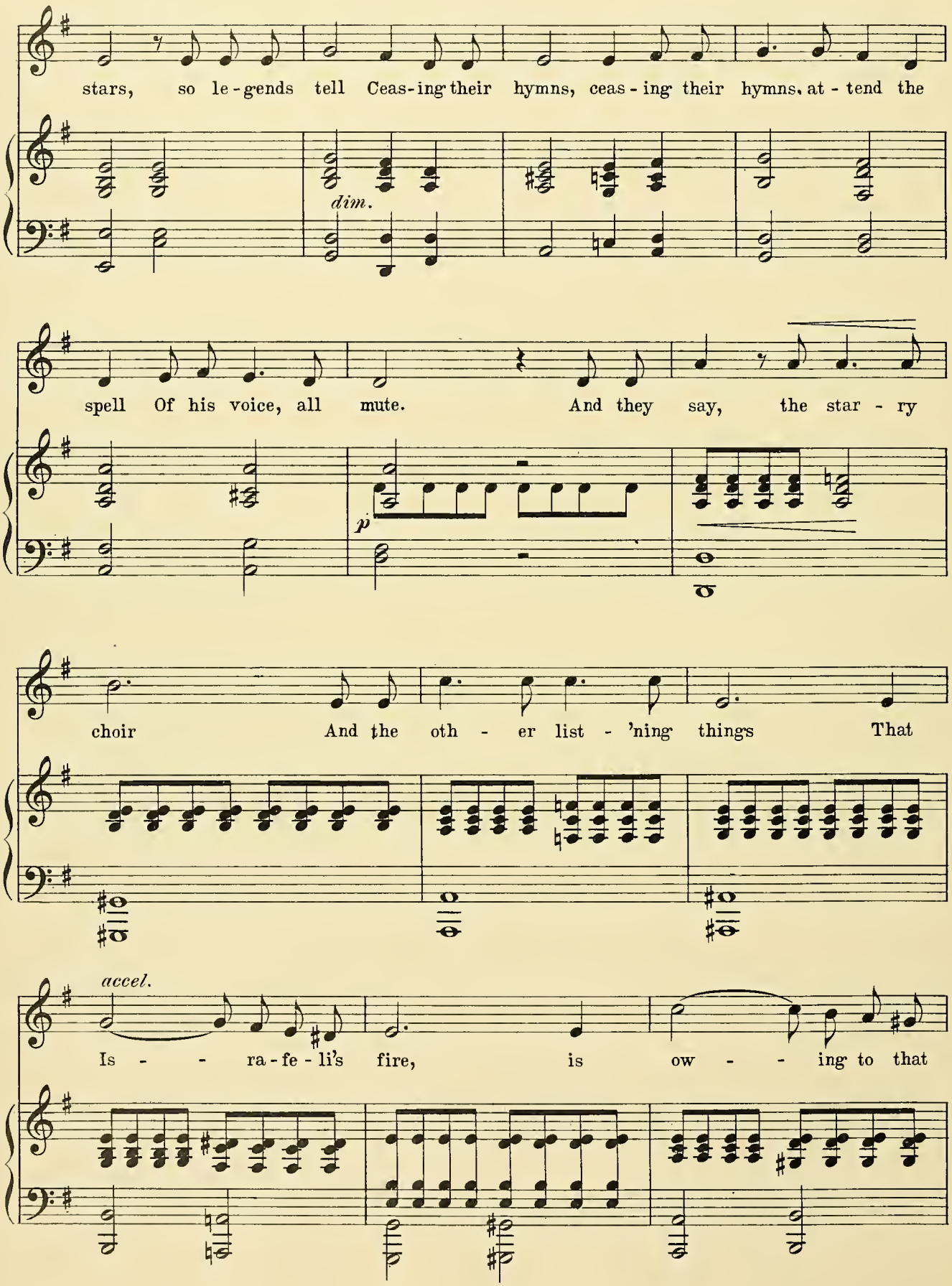

came to thee the an - gel of the
Fruc - tus ven - tris tu - i - Je -
cresc.
dim.
Lord Hon - or'd and bless - ed,
sus Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a!
p
Ped.
cresc.
molto.
f
hon - or'd and bless - ed, Ma -
sanc - ta Ma - ri - a! Ma -
cresc.
molto.
ri - a Moth - er of Je - sus,
ri - a, O - ra pro no - bis,
p
pp

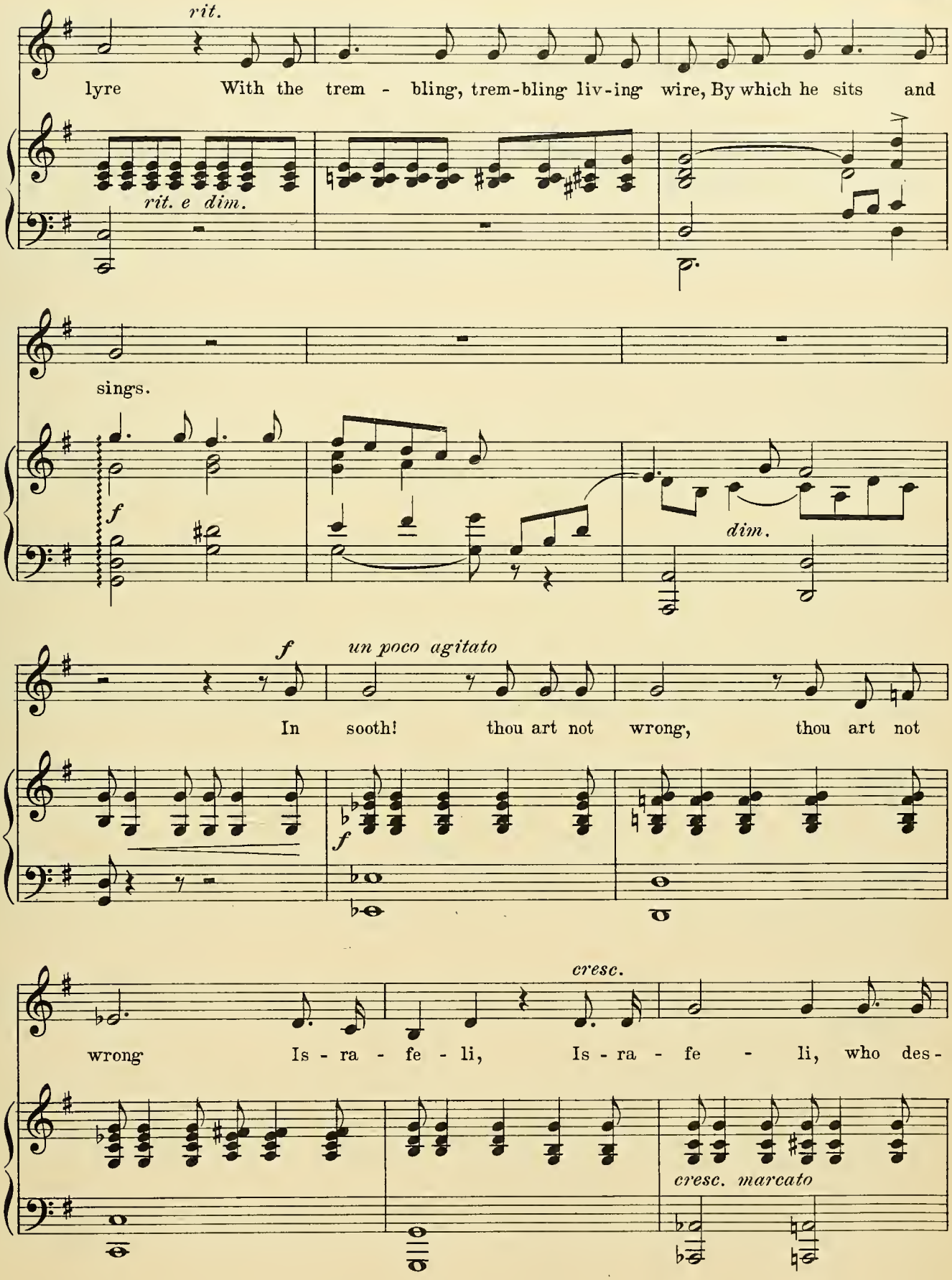

In - - fant Re - deem - er, Born to
no - - bis Pec - ca - to - ri - bus, nunc et in
cresc. molto
save us from our sins and
ho - - - ra, in ho - - - ra
ff
all our heav - y woes.
mor - tis no - stræ A - - - ve!
dim.
p
rit.
A - - - men!
A - - - ve!
pp
rit.
Ped.

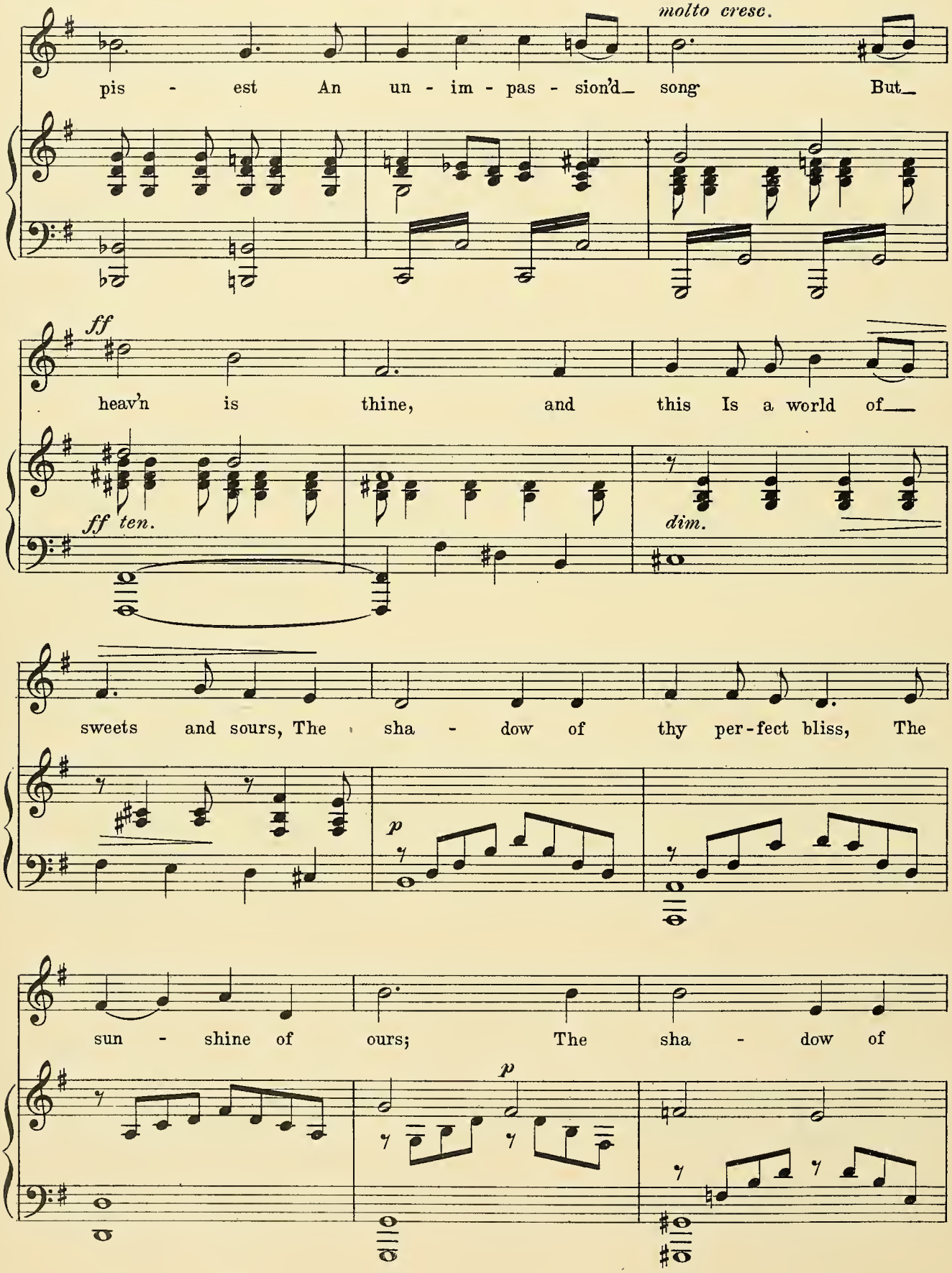
ISRAFEL.

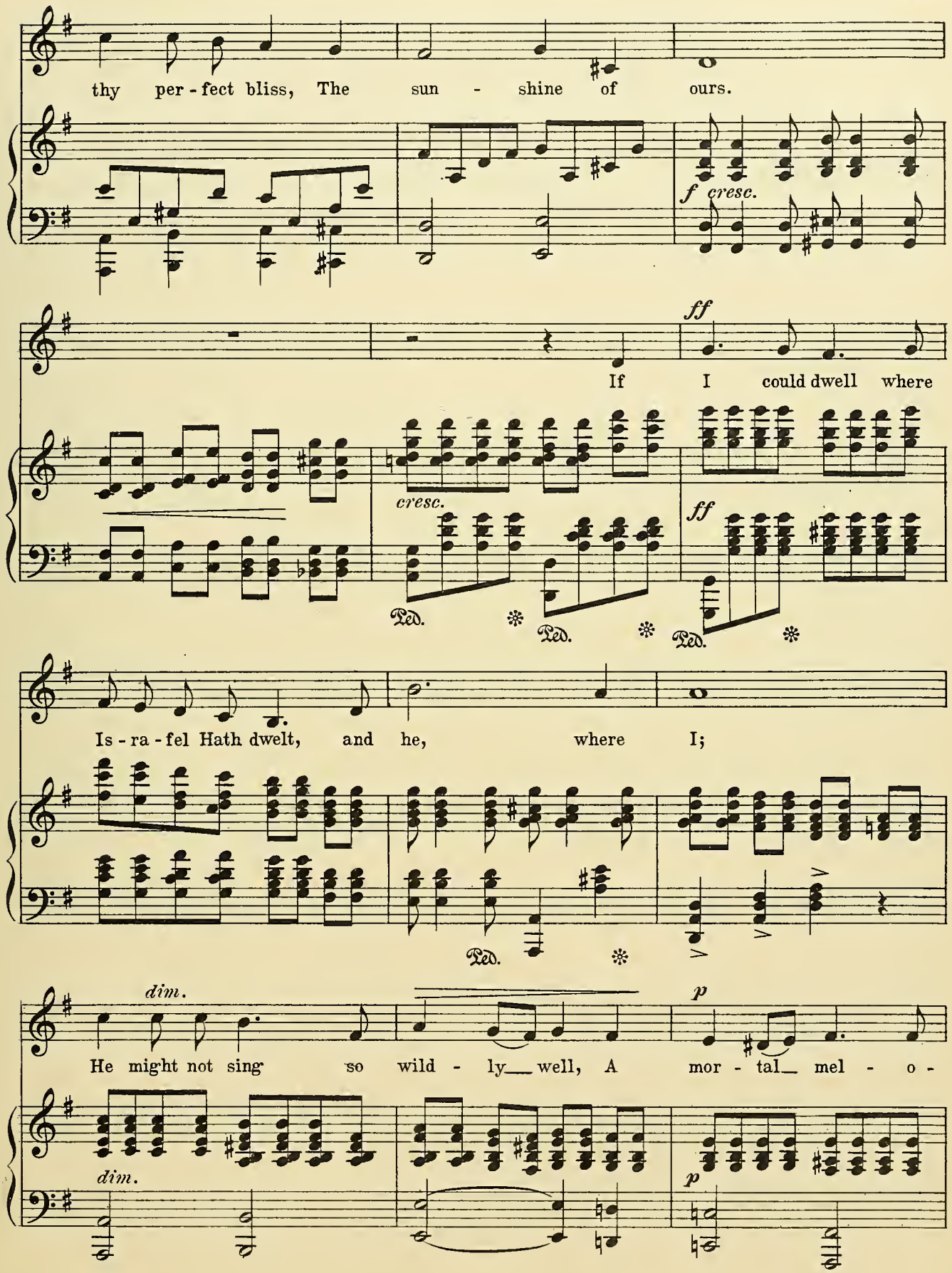
EDGAR ALLEN POE. OLIVER KING.

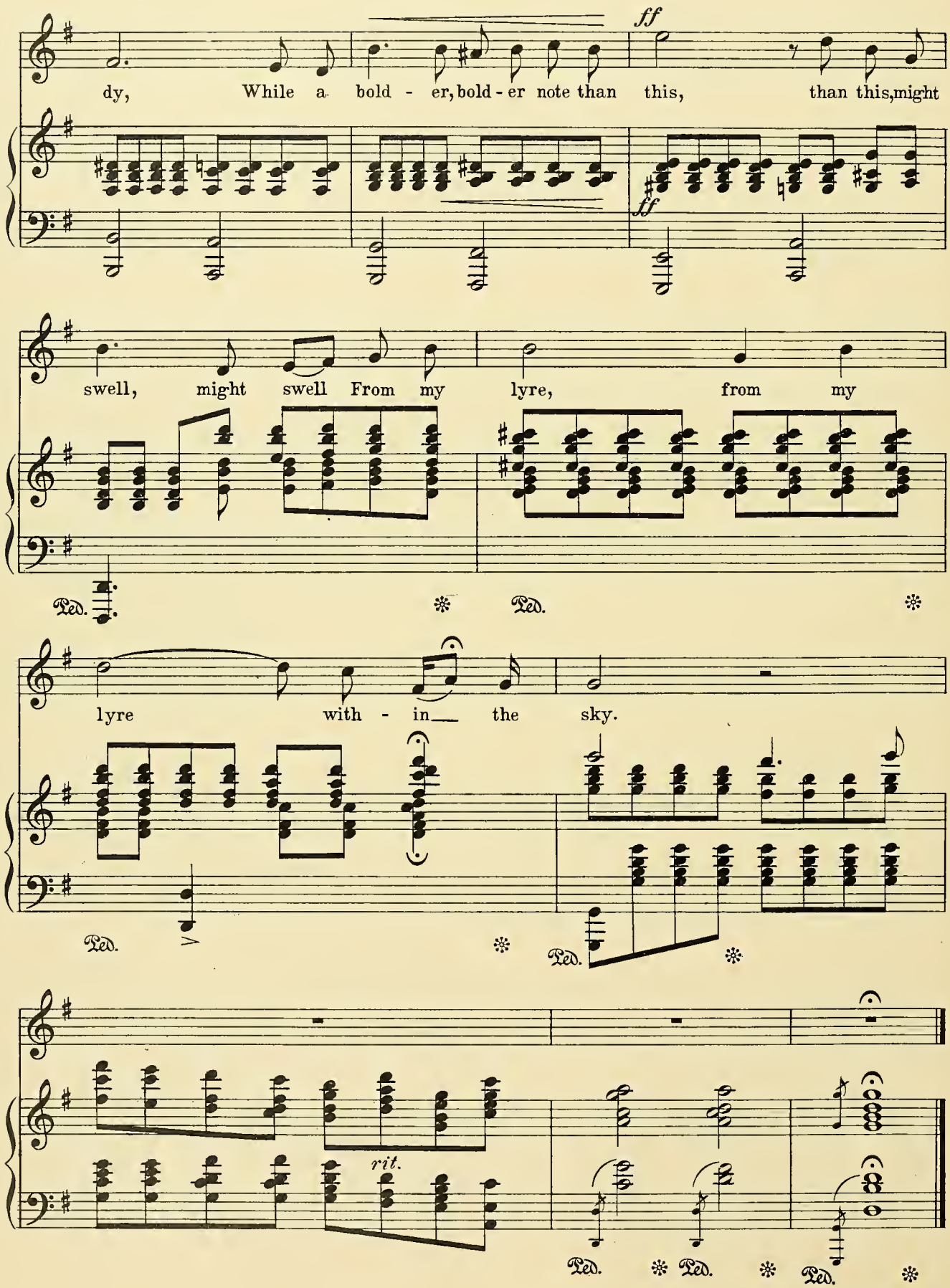



stars, so le-gends tell Ceas-ing their hymns, ceas-ing their hymns, at-tend the
dim.
spell Of his voice, all mute. And they say, the star-ry
p
choir And the oth-er list-'ning things That
accel.
Is-ra-fe-li's fire, is ow-ing to that


rit.
lyre With the trem - bling, trem-bling liv-ing wire, By which he sits and
rit. e dim.
sings.
f
dim.
f
un poco agitato
In sooth! thou art not wrong, thou art not
f
cresc.
wrong Is - ra - fe - li, Is - ra - fe - li, who des -
cresc. marcato


molto cresc.
pis - est An un - im - pas - sion'd song But
ff
heav'n is thine, and this Is a world of
ff ten.
dim.
sweets and sours, The sha - dow of thy per-fect bliss, The
p
sun - shine of ours; The sha - dow of
p

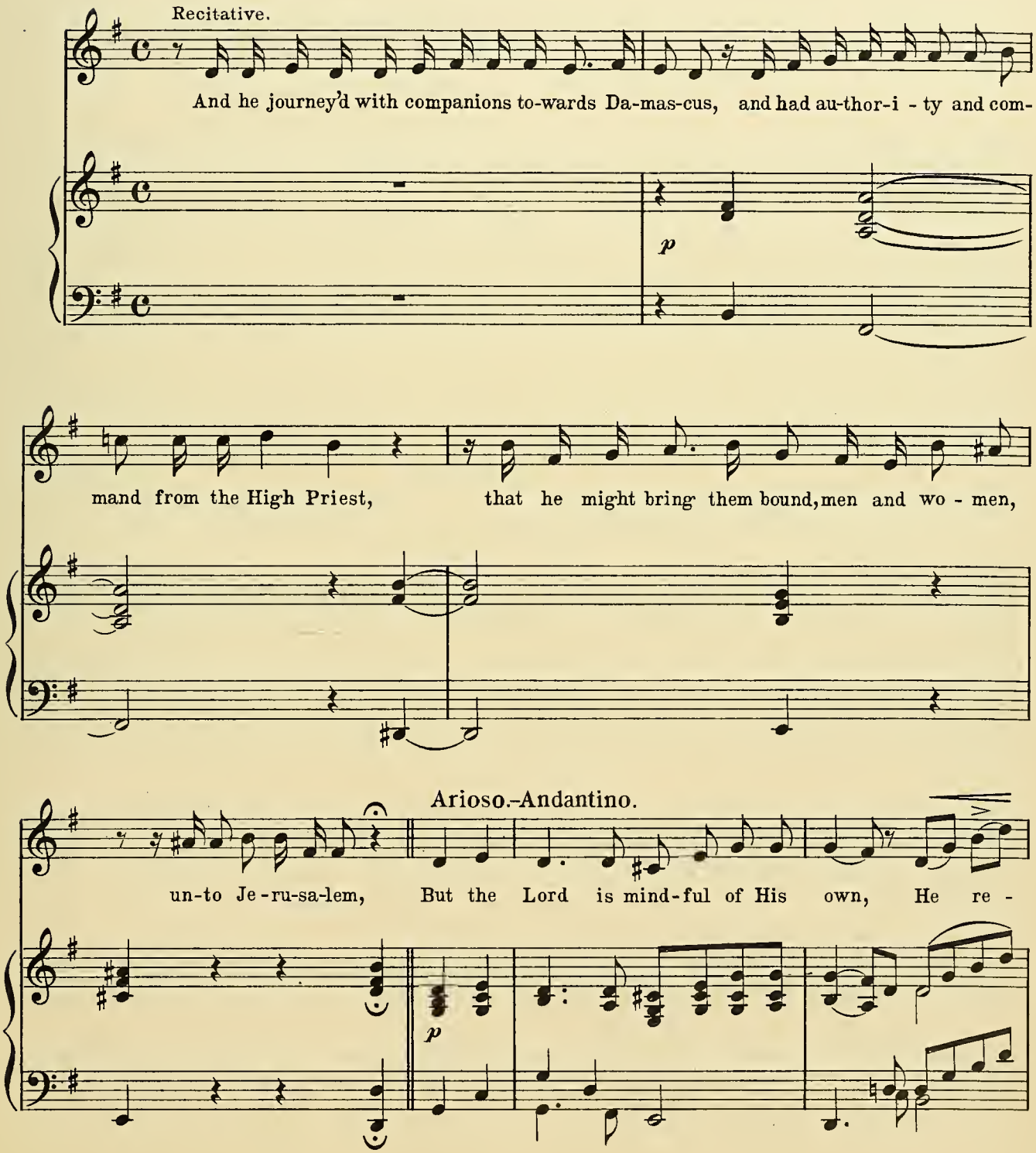

thy per - fect bliss, The sun - shine of ours.
f cresc.
ff
If I could dwell where
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ff
Is - ra - fel Hath dwelt, and he, where I;
Ped.
dim.
p
He might not sing so wild - ly well, A mor - tal mel - o -
dim.
p

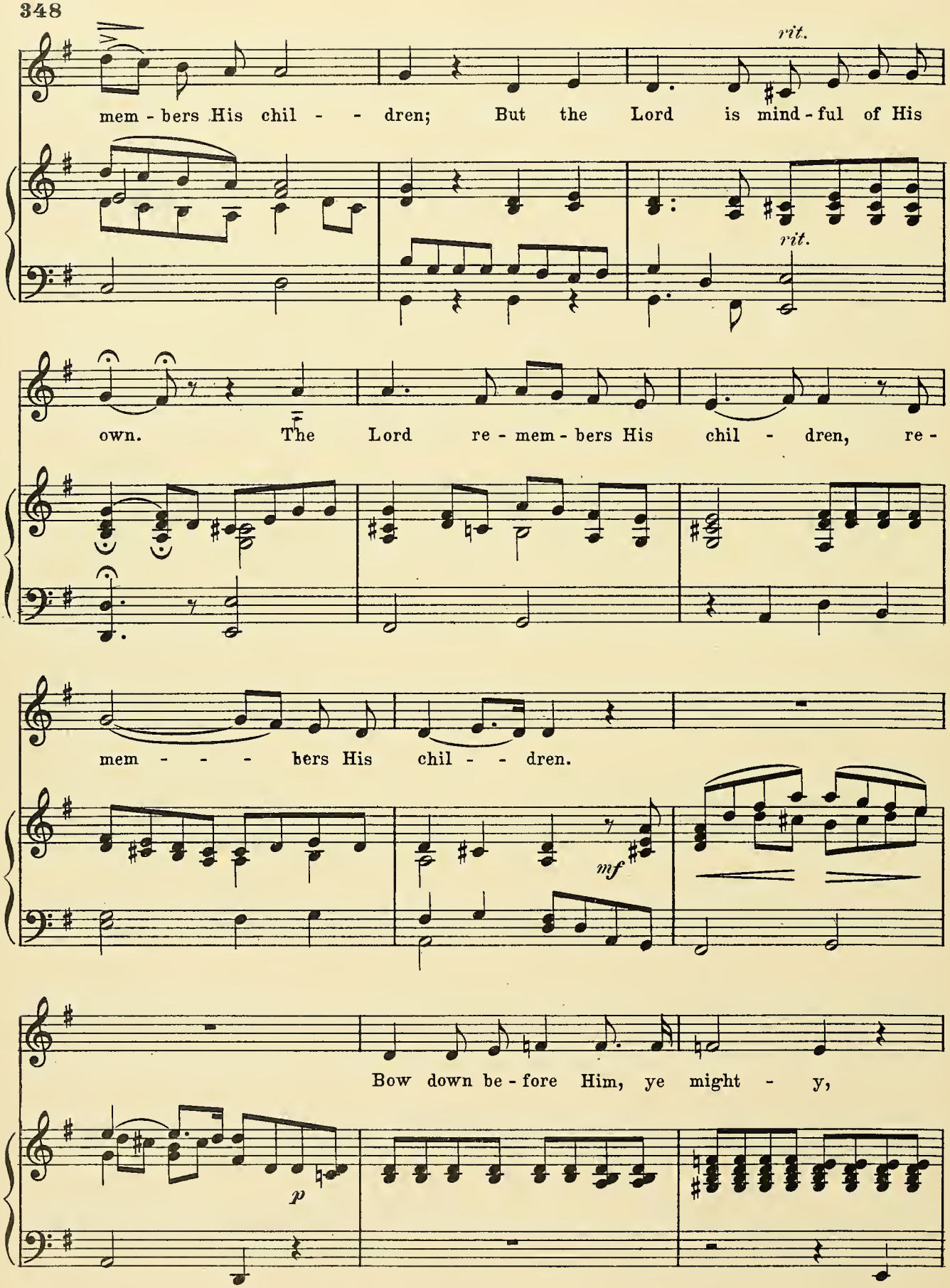

ff
dy, While a bold - er, bold - er note than this, than this, might
ff
swell, might swell From my lyre, from my
Ped. Ped.
lyre with - in the sky.
Ped. Ped.
rit.
Ped. Ped. Ped.

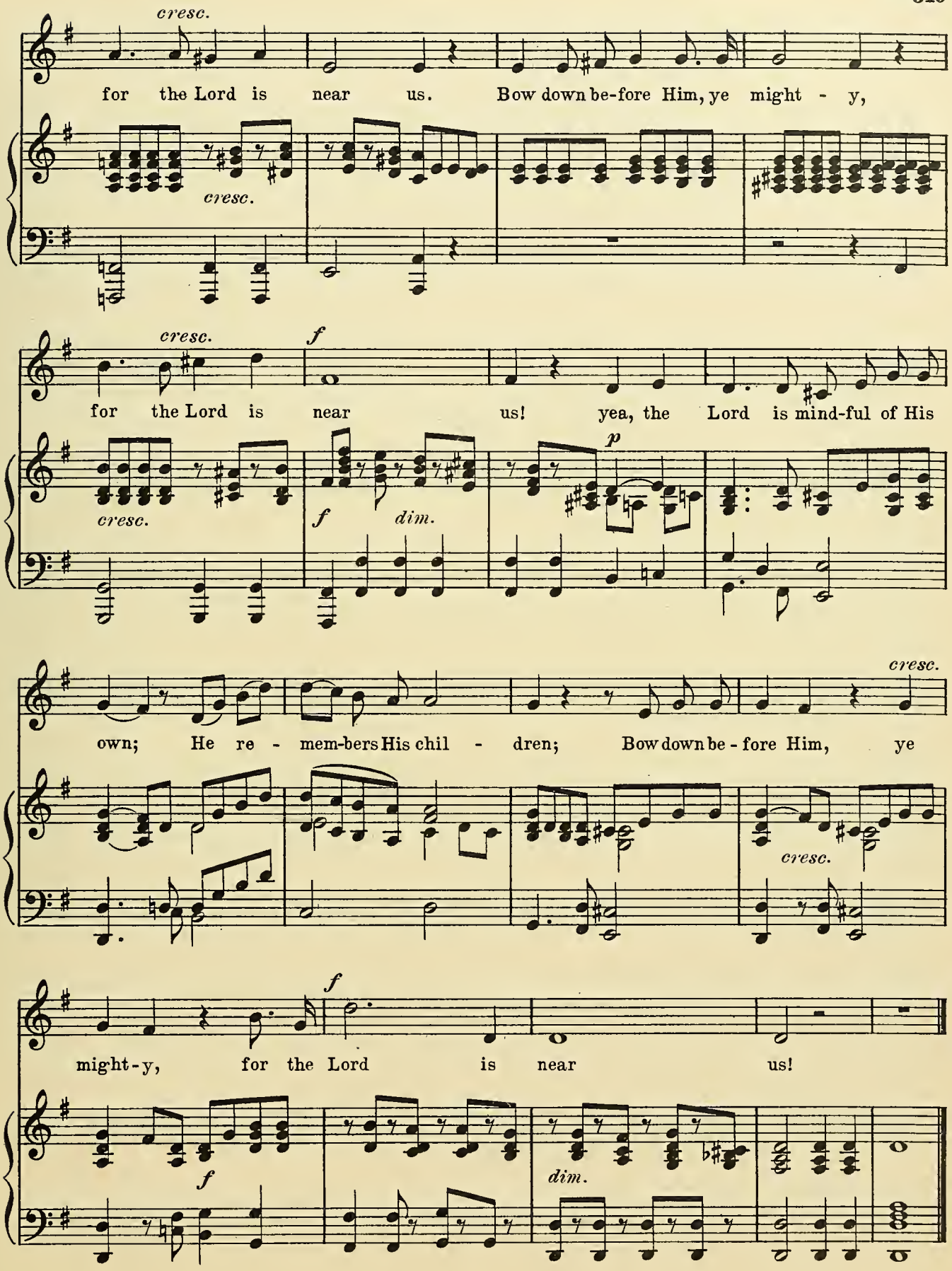
BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

ST. PAUL.

MENDELSSOHN.



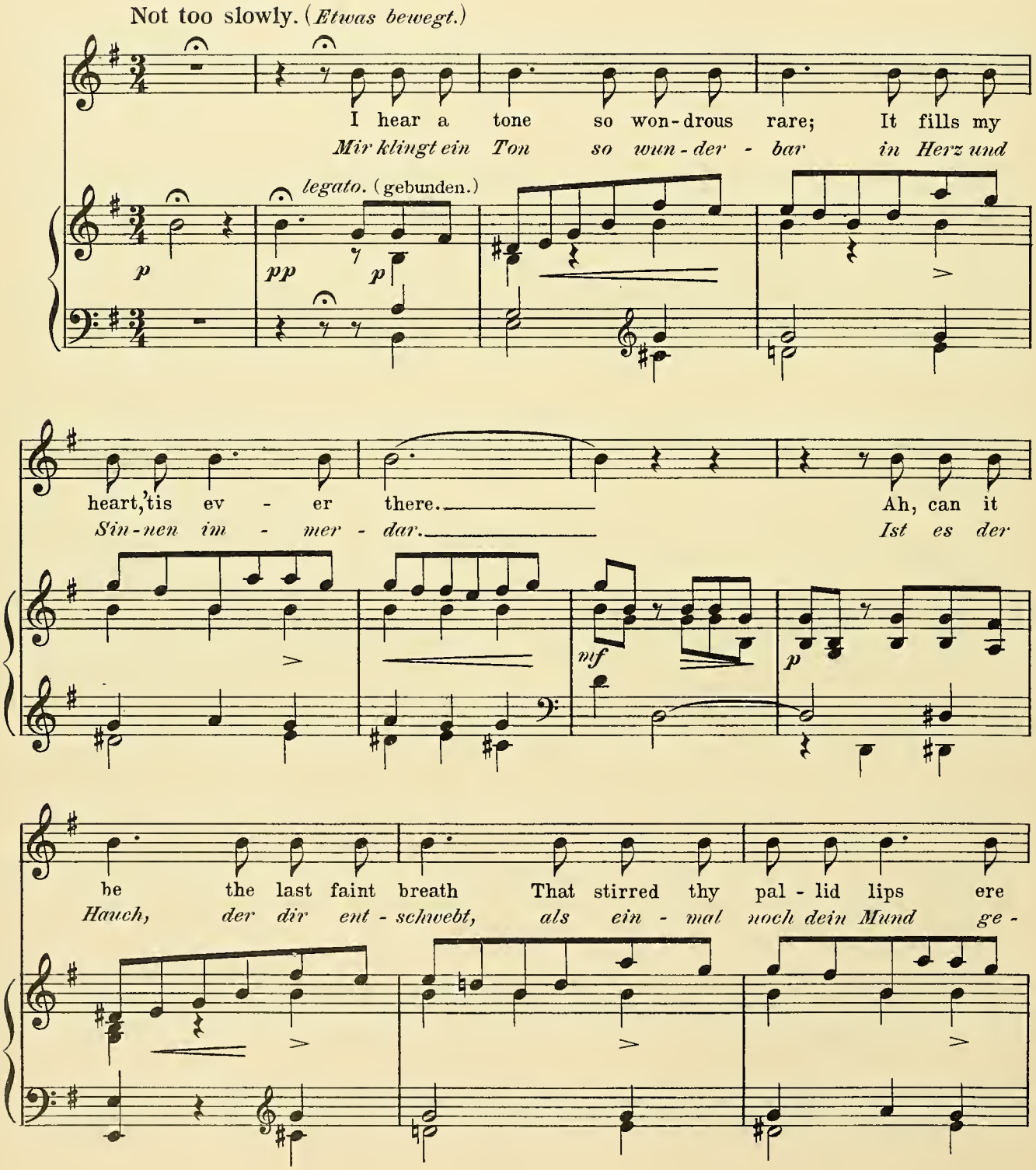

rit.
mem - bers His chil - - dren; But the Lord is mind - ful of His
rit.
own. The Lord re - mem - bers His chil - dren, re -
mem - - - - bers His chil - - dren.
mf
Bow down be - fore Him, ye might - y,
p

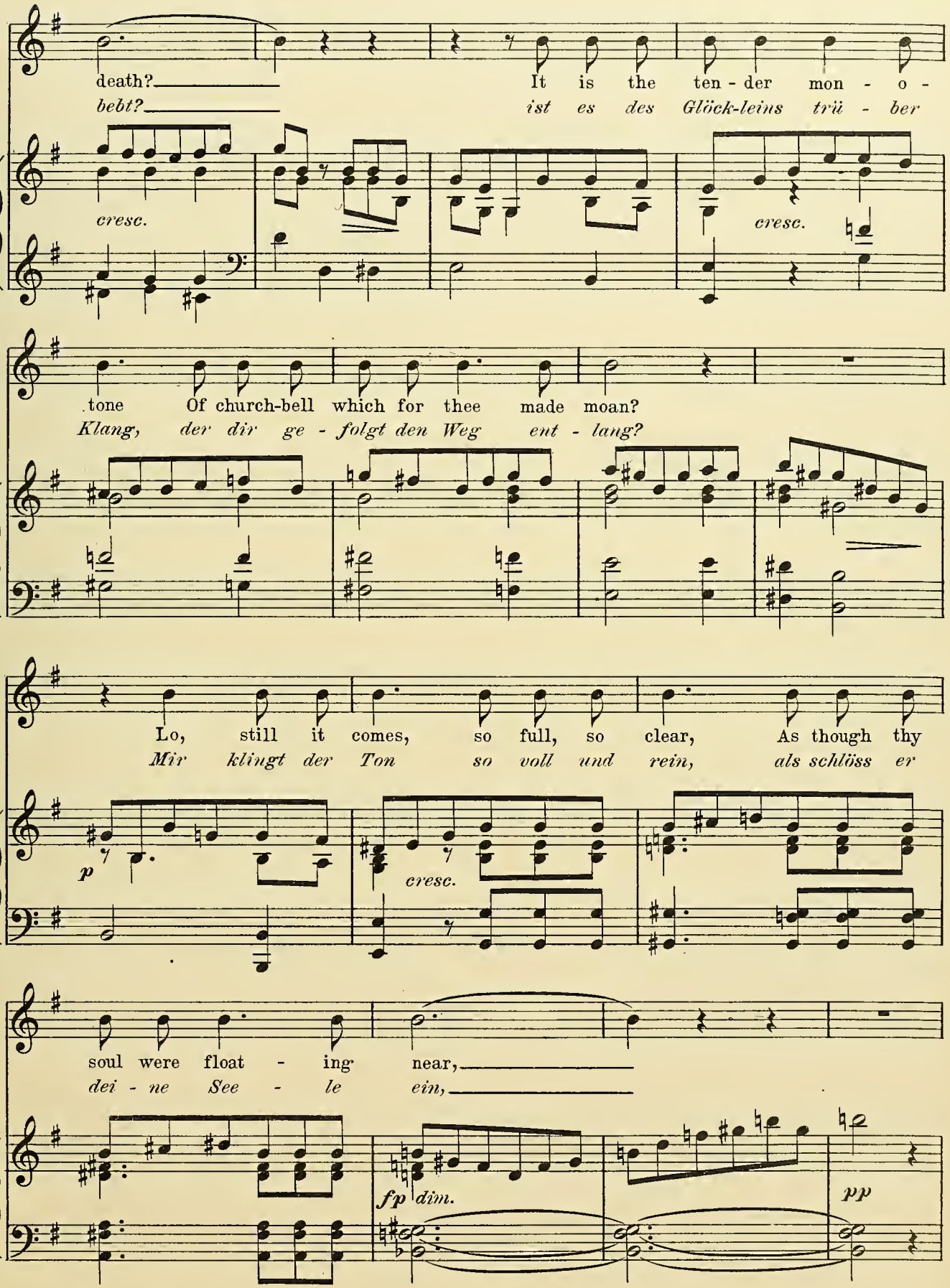

cresc.
for the Lord is near us. Bow down be-fore Him, ye migh - ty,
cresc.
cresc.
f
for the Lord is near us! yea, the Lord is mind-ful of His
cresc.
f
dim.
p
own; He re - mem-bers His chil - dren; Bow down be - fore Him, ye
cresc.
cresc.
f
might-y, for the Lord is near us!
f
dim.

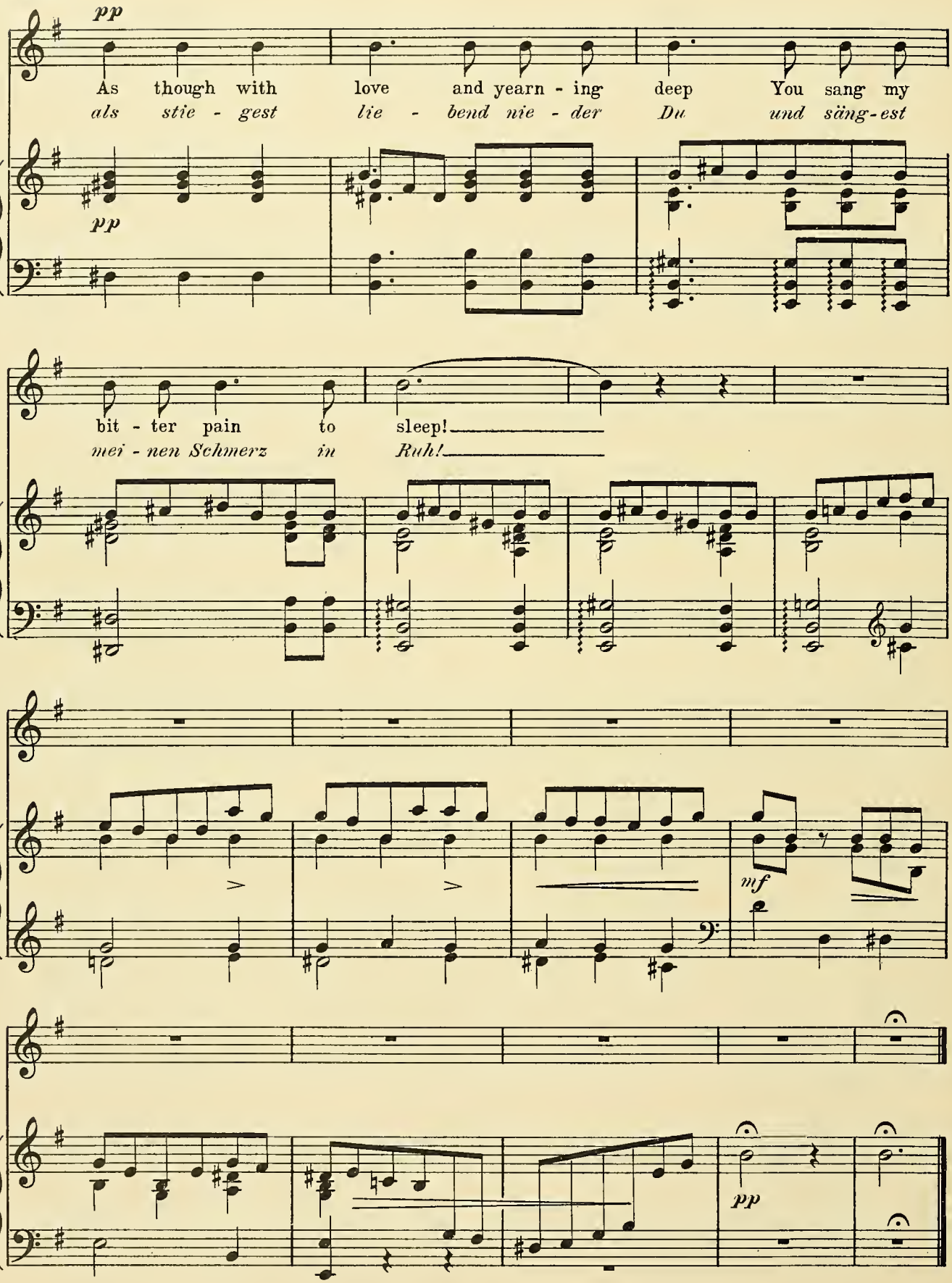
THE MONOTONE.

EIN TON.

PETER CORNELIUS.




death? It is the ten - der mon - o -
bebt? ist es des Glöck-leins trü - ber
cresc.
cresc.
tone Of church-bell which for thee made moan?
Klang, der dir ge - folgt den Weg ent - lang?
Lo, still it comes, so full, so clear, As though thy
Mir klingt der Ton so voll und rein, als schlöss er
p
cresc.
soul were float - ing near,
dei - ne See - le ein,
fp dim.
pp

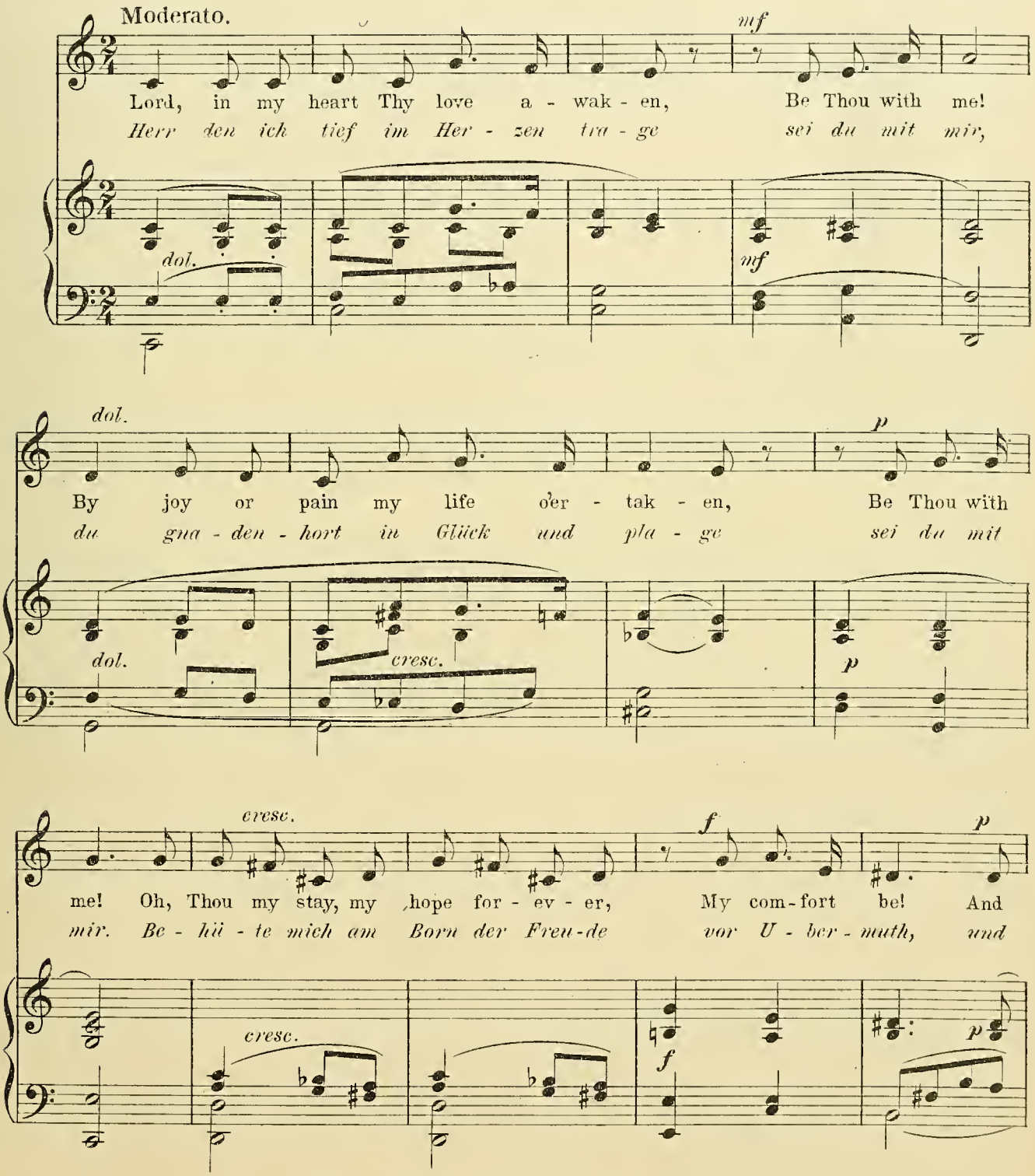

pp
As though with love and yearn - ing deep You sang my
als stie - gest lie - bend nie - der Du und säng - est
pp
bit - ter pain to sleep!
mei - nen Schmerz in Ruh!
mf
pp

BE THOU WITH ME.

PRAYER.

(GEBET.)

English by GEORGE COOPER. FRED. von HILLER.



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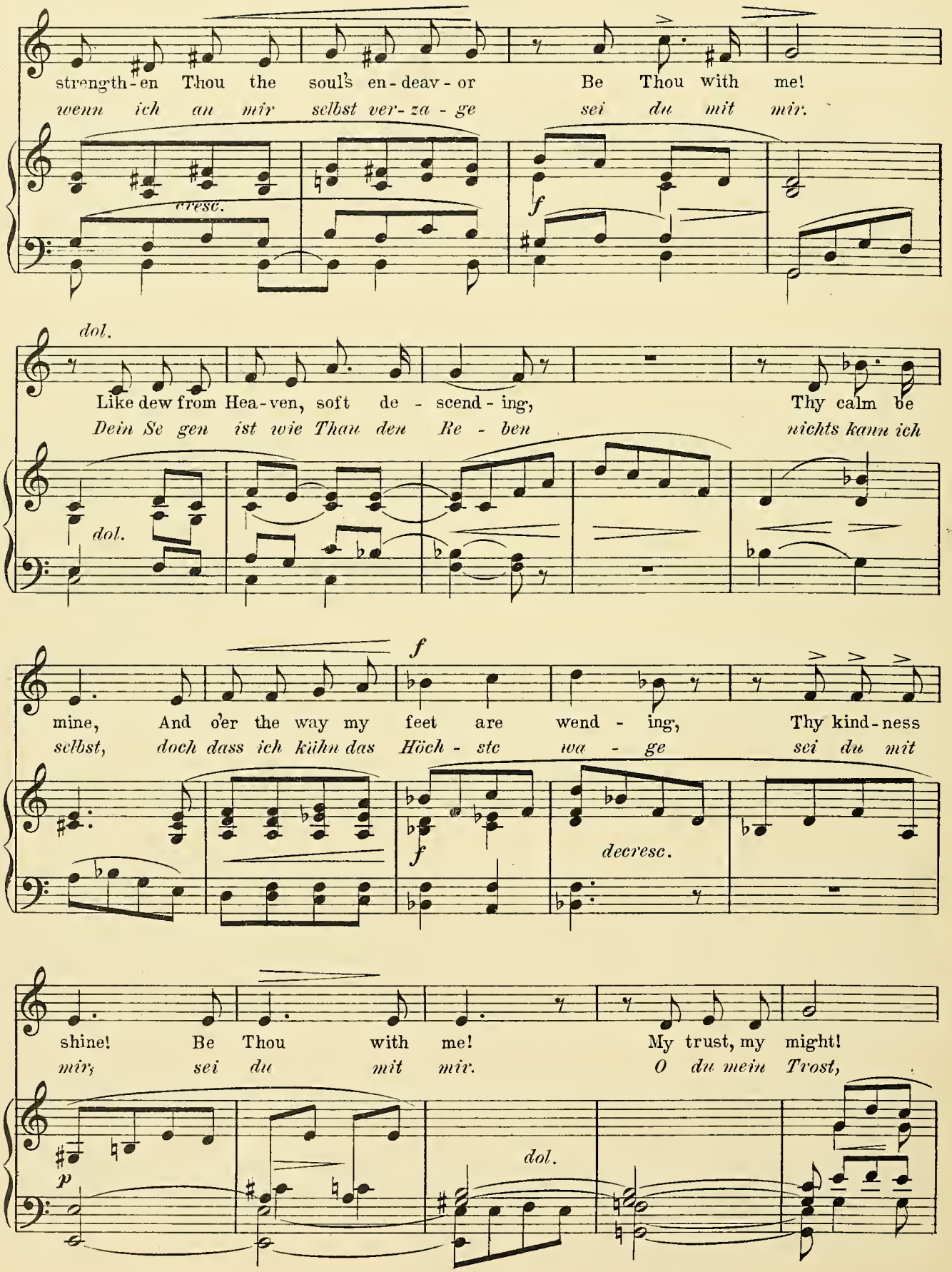
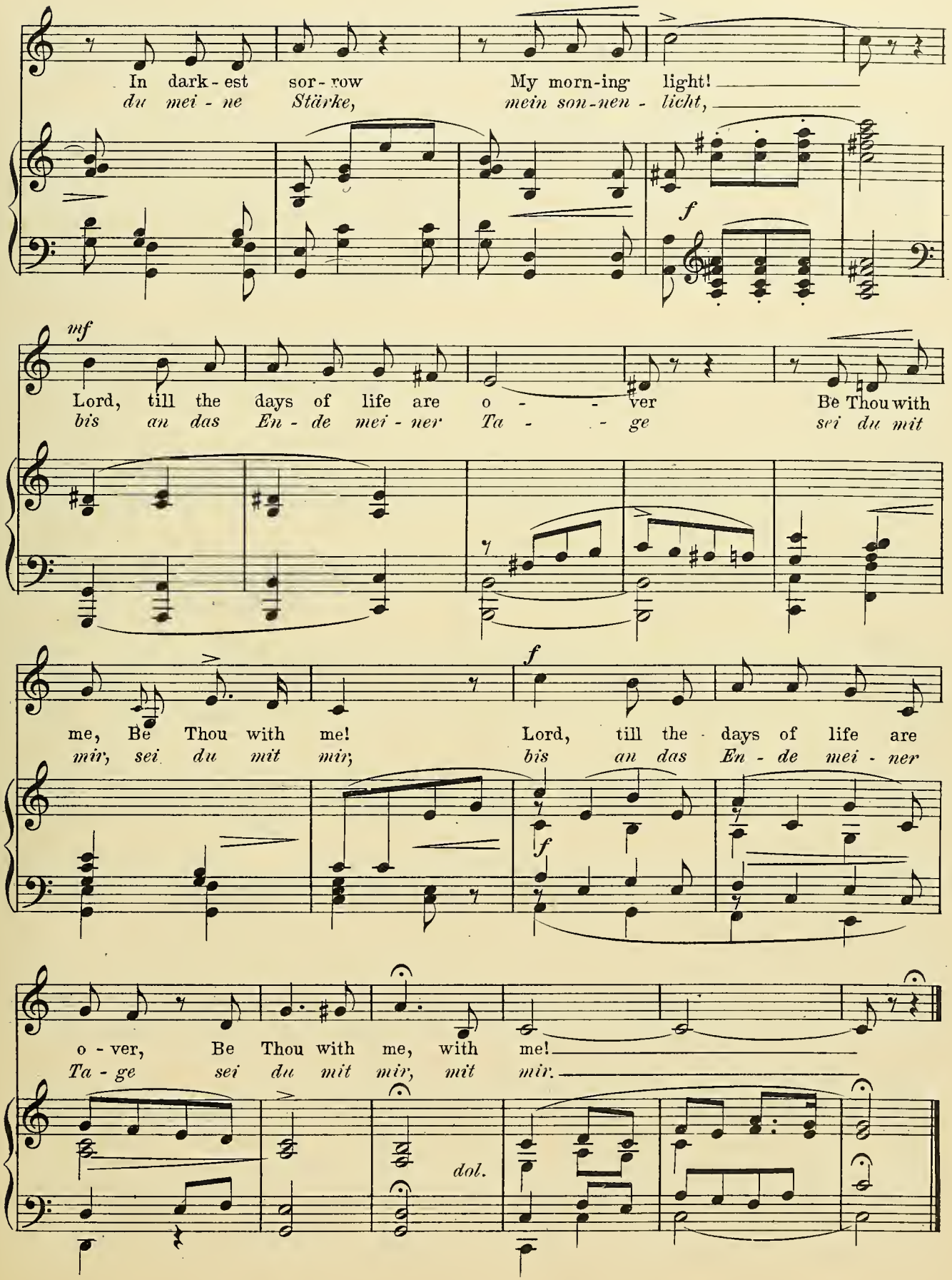
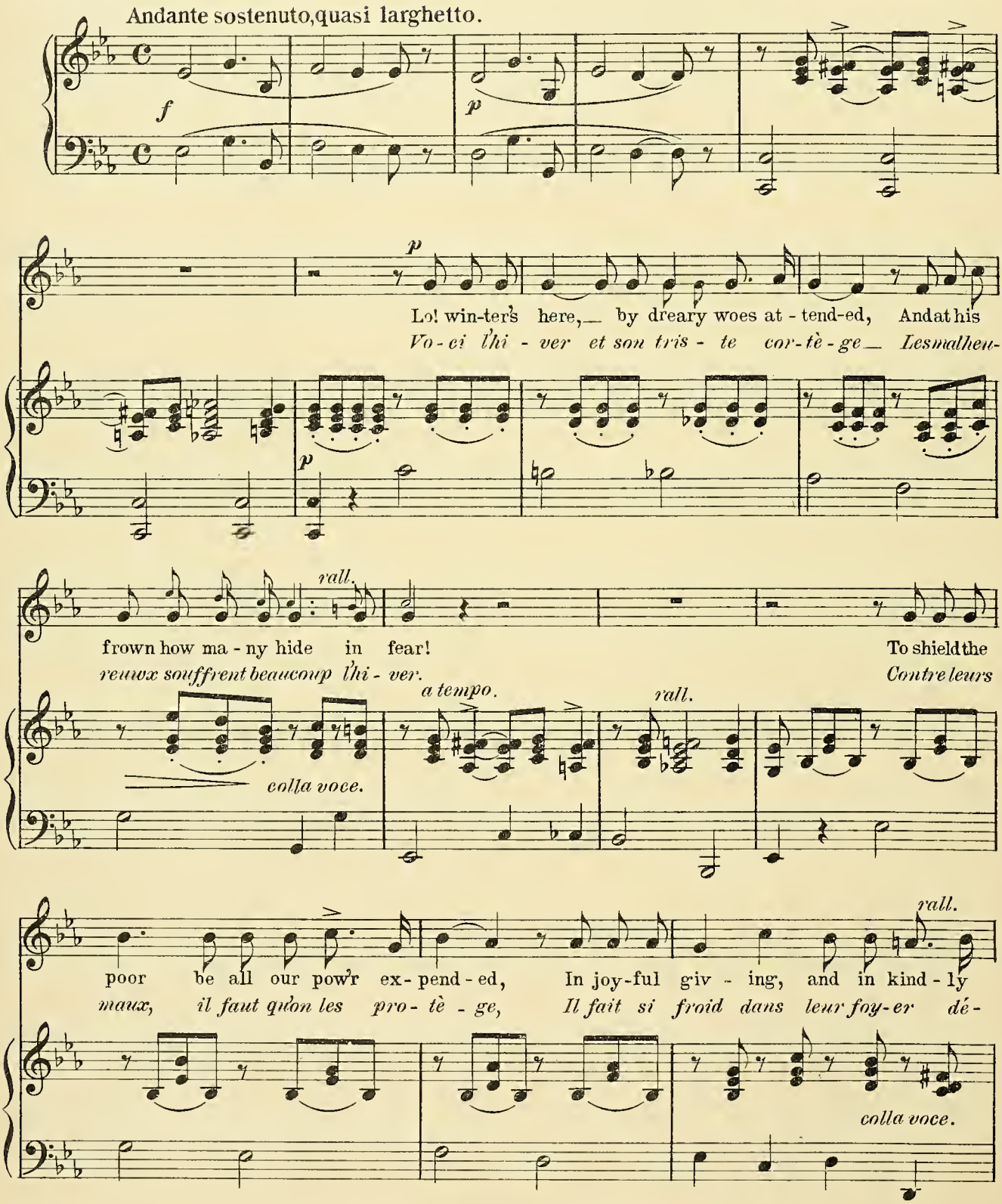

strength-en Thou the soul's en-deav-or Be Thou with me!
wenn ich an mir selbst ver-za-ge sei du mit mir.
cresc.
f
dol.
Like dew from Hea-ven, soft de-scend-ing, Thy calm be
Dein Se gen ist wie Thau den Re-ben nichts kann ich
dol.
f
mine, And o'er the way my feet are wend-ing, Thy kind-ness
selbst, doch dass ich kühn das Höch-ste wa-ge sei du mit
f
decresc.
shine! Be Thou with me! My trust, my might!
mir; sei du mit mir. O du mein Trost,
p
dol.


In dark - est sor - row My morn-ing light!
du mei - ne Stärke, mein son-nen - licht,
f
mf
Lord, till the days of life are o - - ver Be Thou with
bis an das En - de mei - ner Ta - - ge sei du mit
me, Be Thou with me! Lord, till the days of life are
mir, sei du mit mir; bis an das En - de mei - ner
f
f
o - ver, Be Thou with me, with me!
Ta - ge sei du mit mir, mit mir.
dol.

CHARITY.

(CHARITÉ)

English by GEORGE COOPER. J. FAURE.



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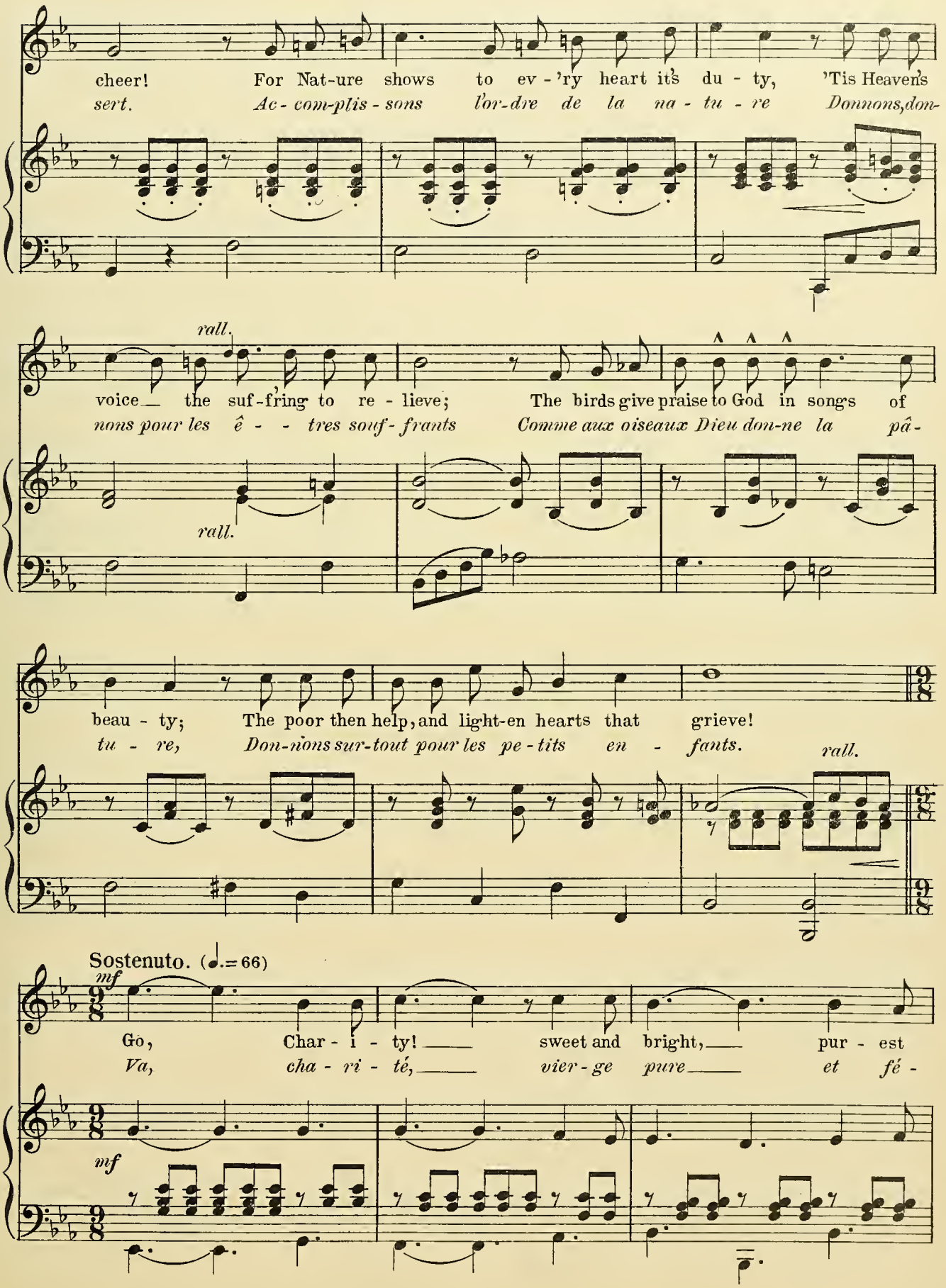
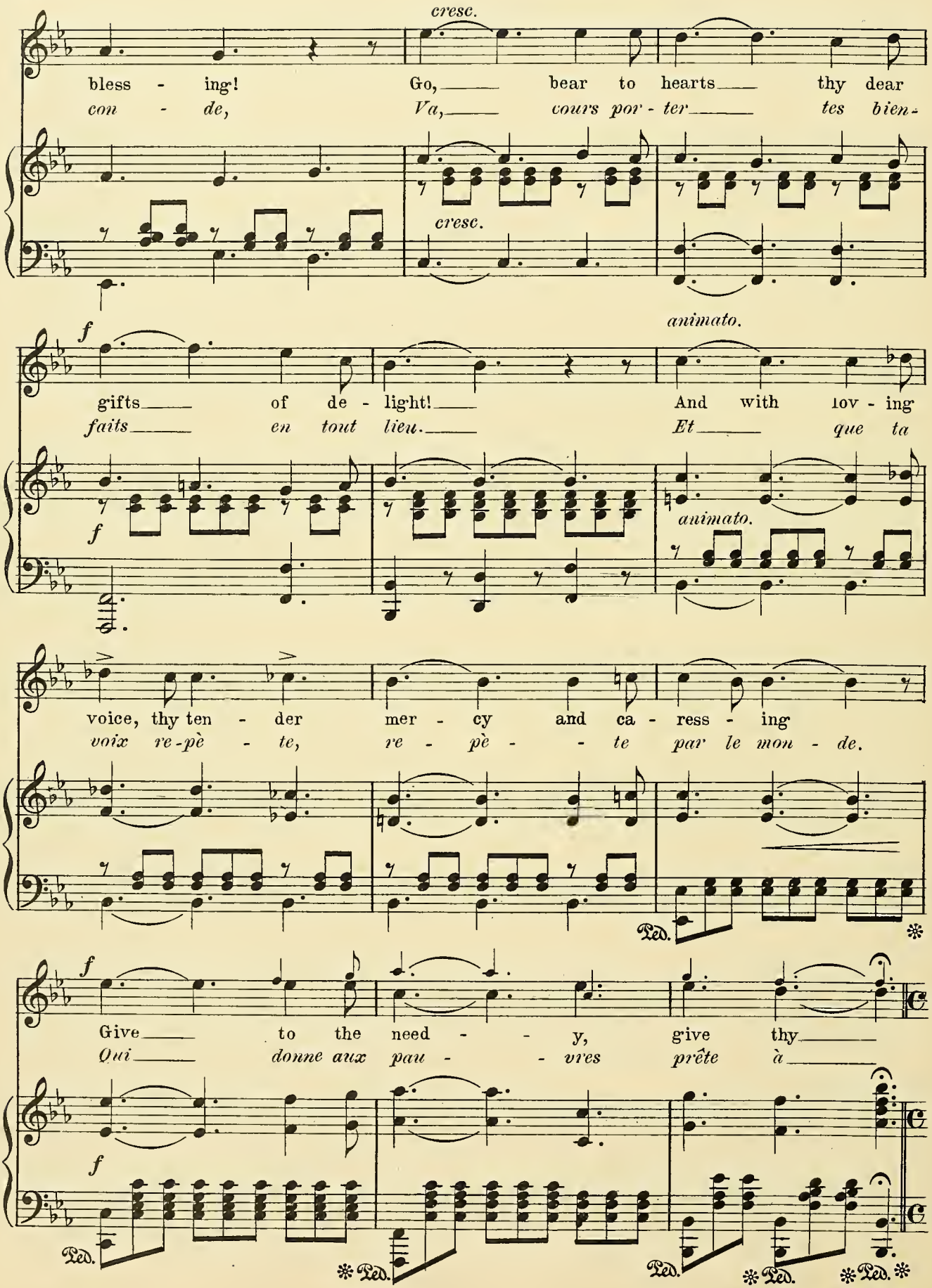
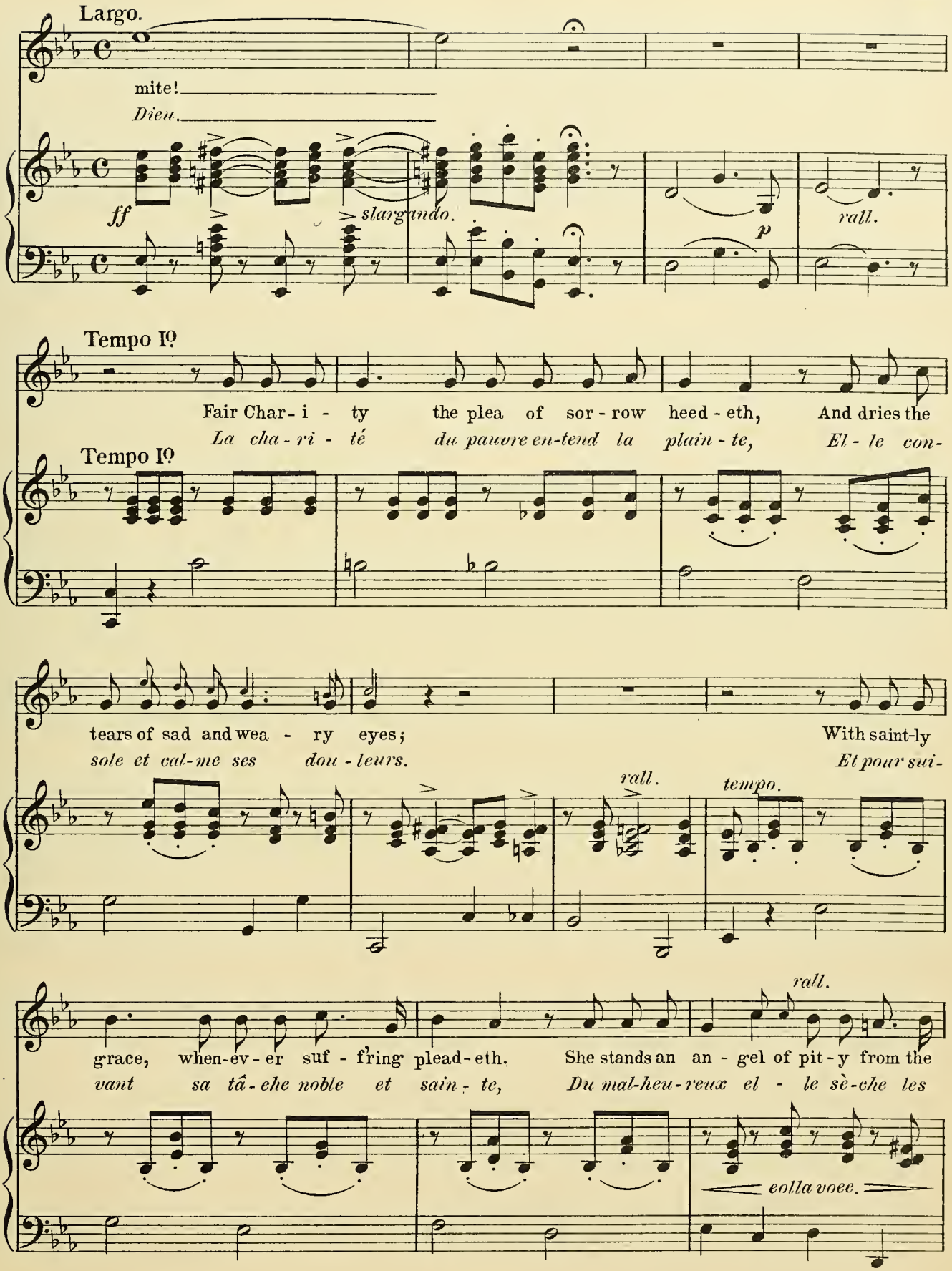
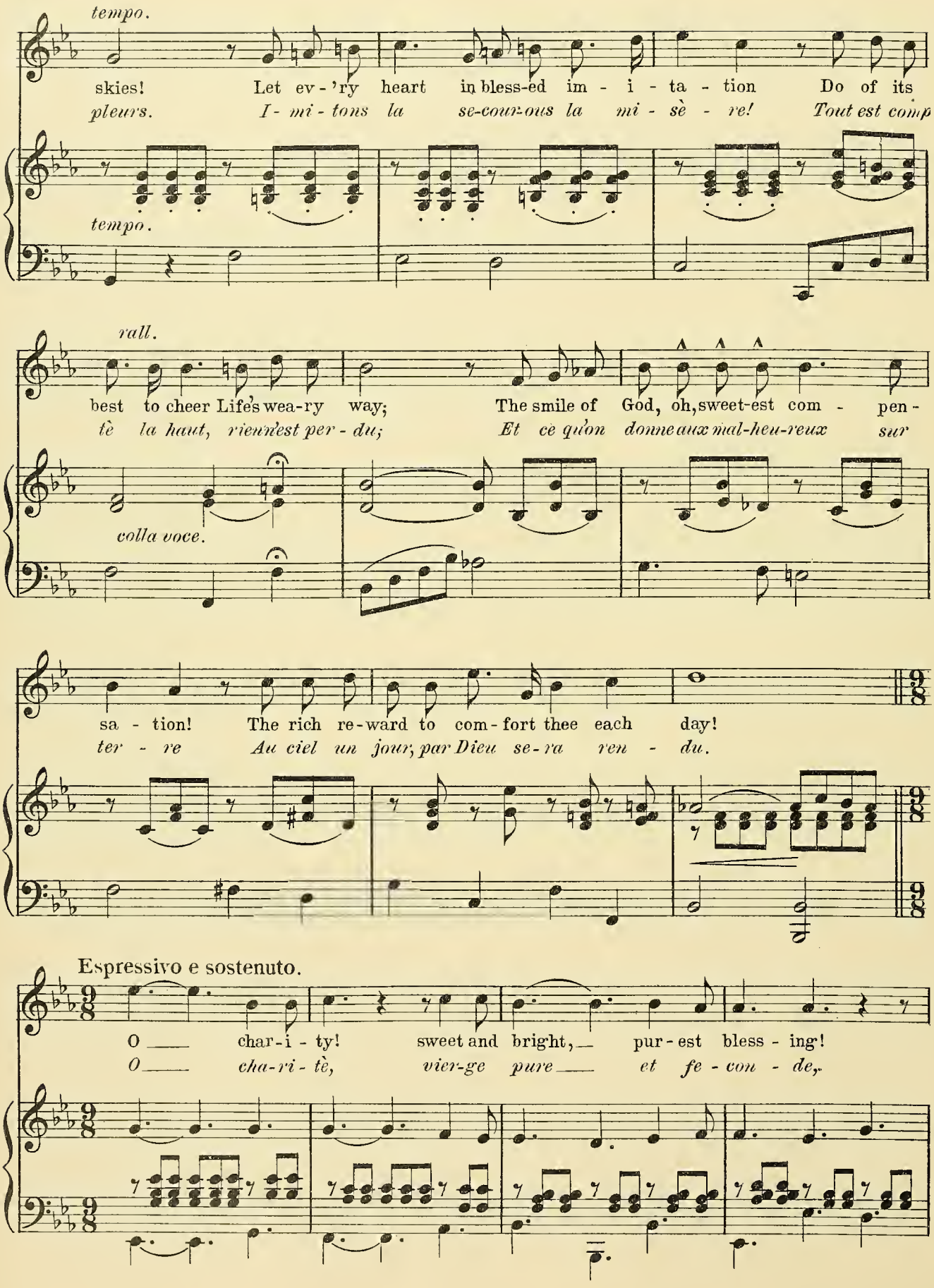
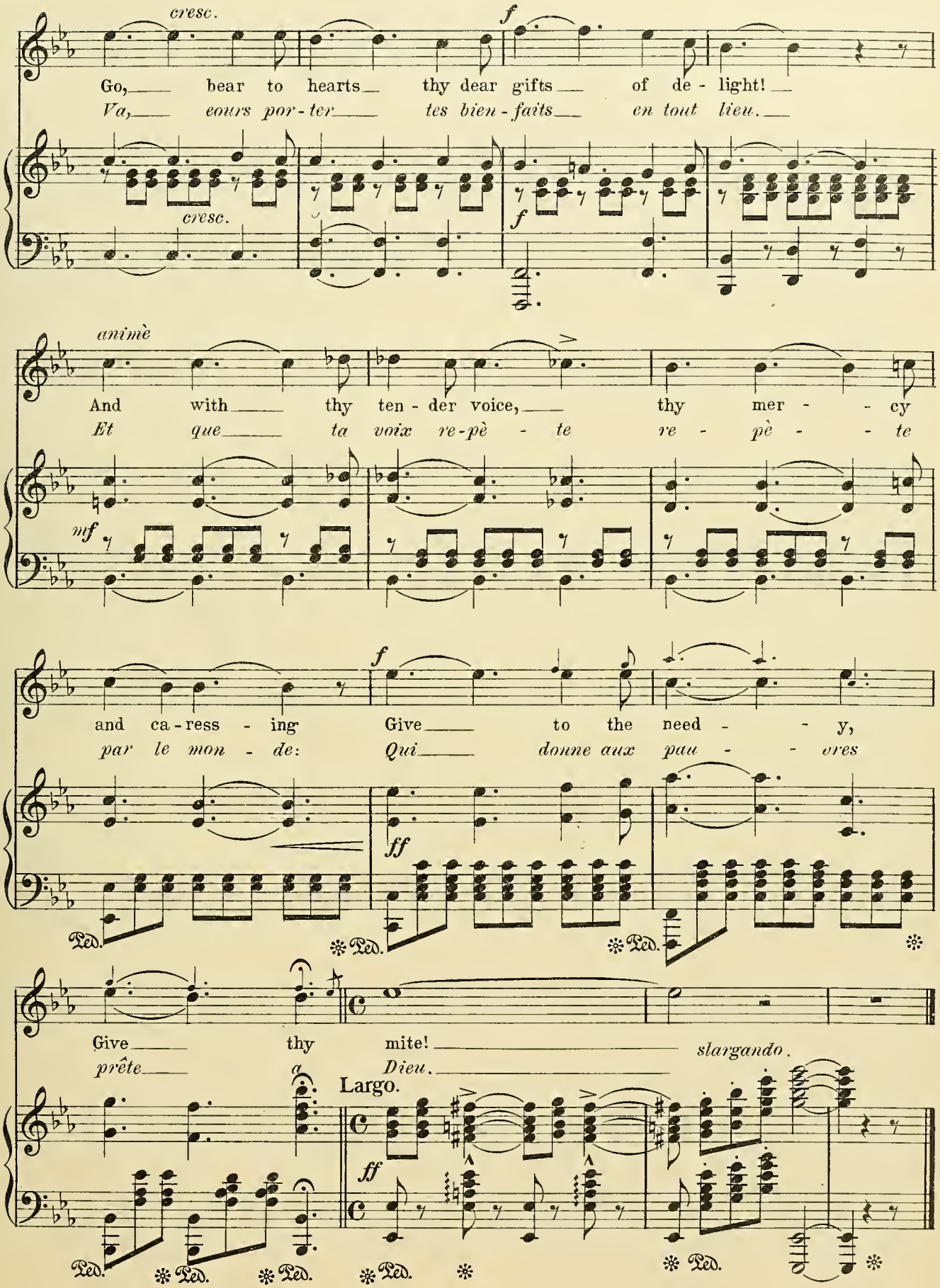

cheer! For Nat-ure shows to ev-'ry heart it's du-ty, 'Tis Heaven's
sert. Ac-com-plis-sons l'or-dre de la na-tu-re Donnons, don-
rall.
voice the suf-fring to re-lieve; The birds give praise to God in songs of
nons pour les ê-tres souf-frants Comme aux oiseaux Dieu don-ne la pâ-
rall.
beau-ty; The poor then help, and light-en hearts that grieve!
tu-re, Don-nons sur-tout pour les pe-tits en-fants.
rall.
Sostenuto. (♩.= 66)
mf
Go, Char-i-ty! sweet and bright, pur-est
Va, cha-ri-té, vier-ge pure et fé-
mf


cresc.
bless - ing! Go, bear to hearts thy dear
con - de, Va, cours por - ter tes bien -
cresc.
animato.
f
gifts of de - light! And with lov - ing
faits en tout lieu. Et que ta
animato.
voice, thy ten - der mer - cy and ca - ress - ing
voix re-pè - te, re - pè - te par le mon - de.
Ped.
f
Give to the need - y, give thy
Oui donne aux pau - vres prête à
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

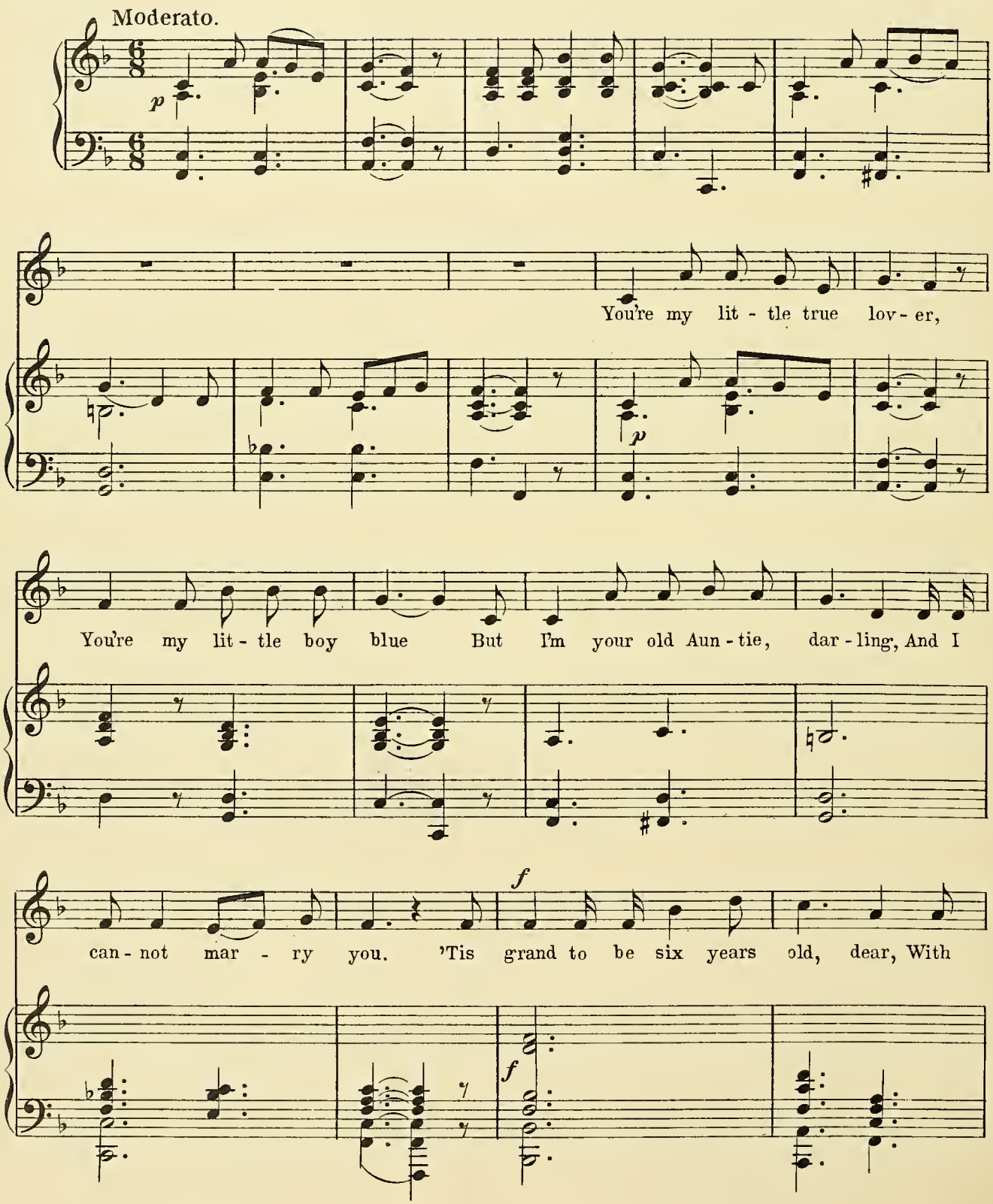

Largo.
mite!
Dieu.
ff
slargando.
p
rall.
Tempo Iº
Fair Char- i - ty the plea of sor - row heed - eth, And dries the
La cha - ri - té du pauvre en-tend la plain - te, El - le con-
Tempo Iº
tears of sad and wea - ry eyes; With saint-ly
sole et cal-me ses dou - leurs. Et pour sui-
rall.
tempo.
rall.
grace, when-ev - er suf - f'ring plead - eth. She stands an an - gel of pit - y from the
vant sa tâ - che noble et sain - te, Du mal-heu-reux el - le sè-che les
eolla voee.

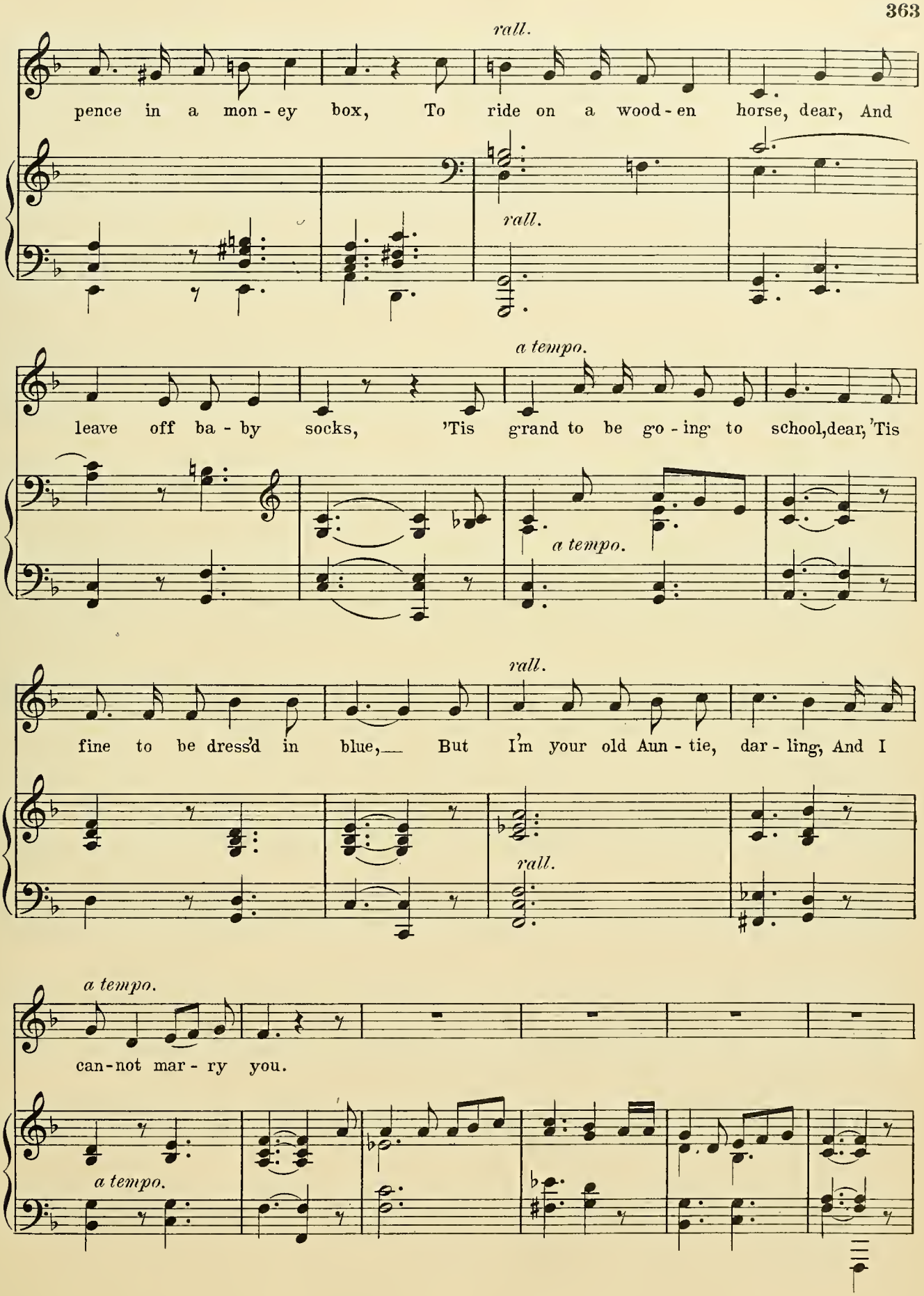

tempo.
skies! Let ev-'ry heart in bless-ed im - i - ta - tion Do of its
pleurs. I - mi - tons la se-cou-ous la mi - sè - re! Tout est comp
tempo.
rall.
best to cheer Life's wea-ry way; The smile of God, oh, sweet-est com - pen -
tè la haut, rien n'est per - du; Et ce qu'on donne aux mal-heu-reux sur
colla voce.
sa - tion! The rich re-ward to com-fort thee each day!
ter - re Au ciel un jour, par Dieu se-ra ren - du.
Espressivo e sostenuto.
O ___ char-i - ty! sweet and bright, ___ pur-est bless - ing!
O ___ cha-ri - tè, vier-ge pure ___ et fe - con - de,

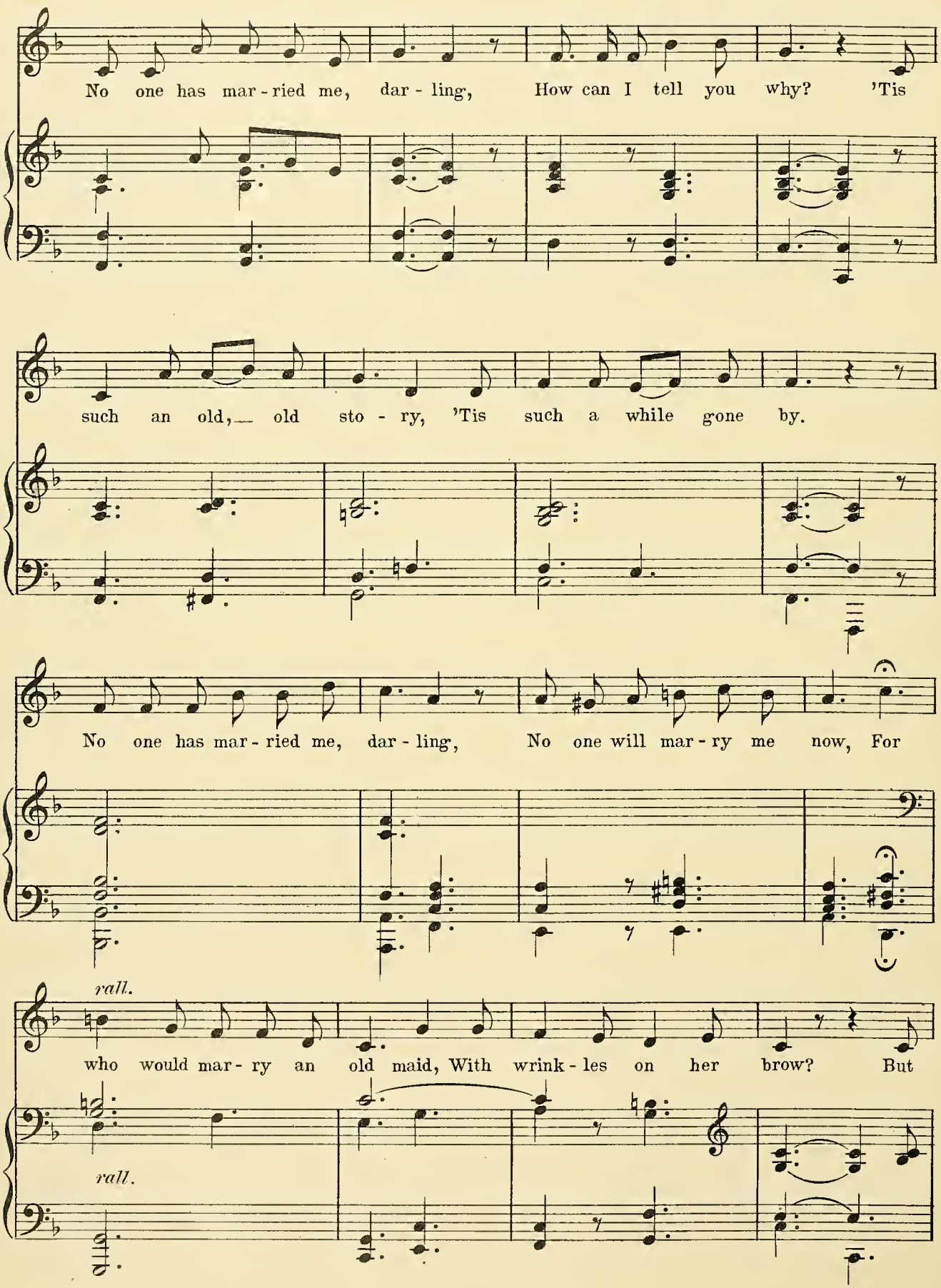

cresc.
f
Go, bear to hearts thy dear gifts of de - light!
Va, eours por - ter tes bien - faits en tout lieu.
cresc.
f
animè
And with thy ten - der voice, thy mer - - cy
Et que ta voix re-pè - te re - pè - - te
mf
f
and ca - ress - ing Give to the need - - y,
par le mon - de: Qui donne aux pau - - vres
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Give thy mite!
prête a Dieu.
slargando.
Largo.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

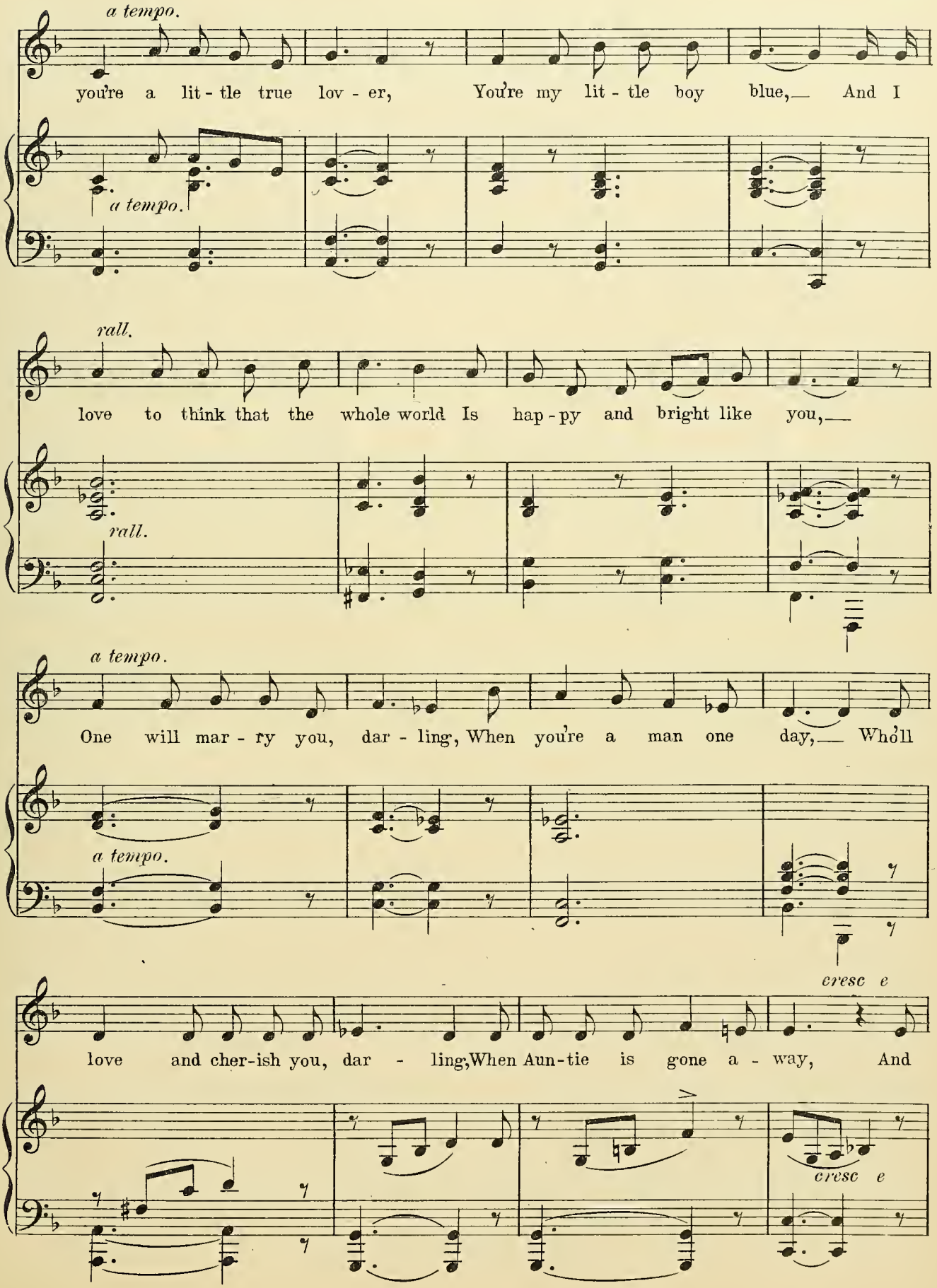
AUNTIE.

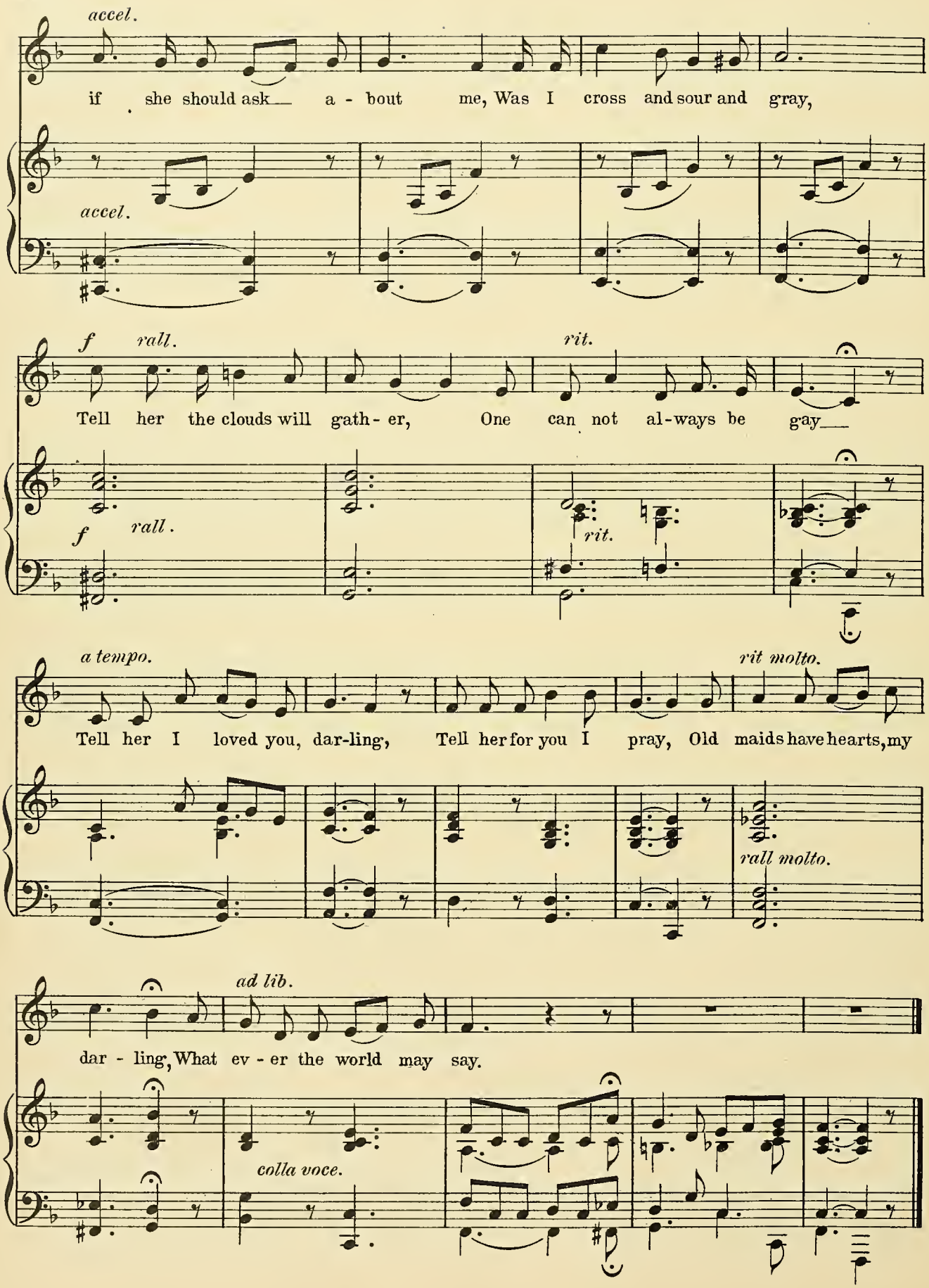
F. E. WEATHERLY. A. H. BEHREND.




rall.
pence in a mon - ey box, To ride on a wood - en horse, dear, And
rall.
a tempo.
leave off ba - by socks, 'Tis grand to be go - ing to school, dear, 'Tis
a tempo.
rall.
fine to be dress'd in blue, But I'm your old Aun - tie, dar - ling, And I
rall.
a tempo.
can - not mar - ry you.
a tempo.


No one has mar - ried me, dar - ling, How can I tell you why? 'Tis
such an old, old sto - ry, 'Tis such a while gone by.
No one has mar - ried me, dar - ling, No one will mar - ry me now, For
rall.
who would mar - ry an old maid, With wrink - les on her brow? But
rall.


a tempo.
you're a lit - tle true lov - er, You're my lit - tle boy blue,— And I
a tempo.
rall.
love to think that the whole world Is hap - py and bright like you,—
rall.
a tempo.
One will mar - ry you, dar - ling, When you're a man one day,— Who'll
a tempo.
cresc e
love and cher-ish you, dar - ling,When Aun-tie is gone a - way, And
cresc e

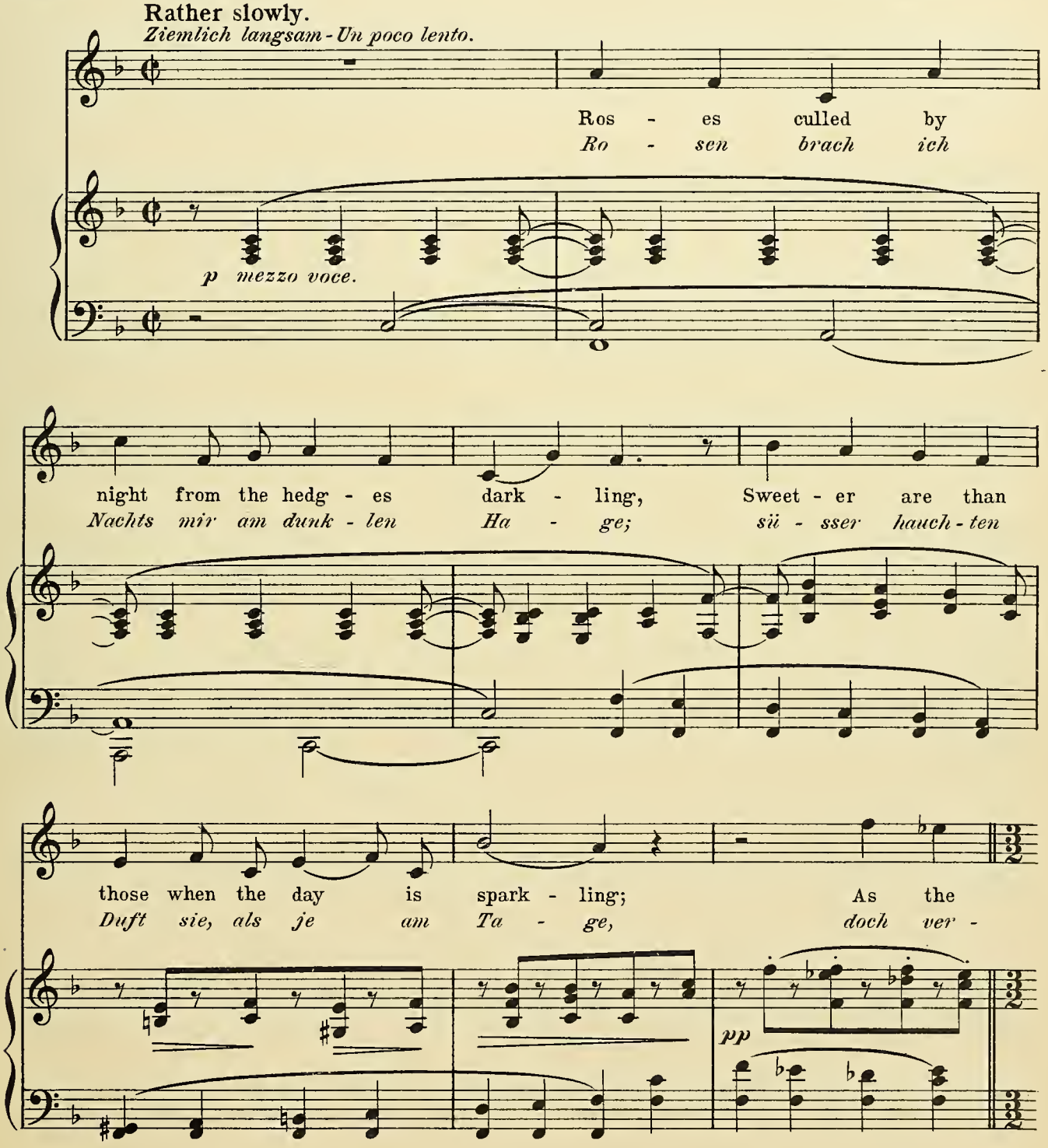

accel.
if she should ask— a - bout me, Was I cross and sour and gray,
accel.
f rall.
rit.
Tell her the clouds will gath - er, One can not al-ways be gay—
f rall.
rit.
a tempo.
rit molto.
Tell her I loved you, dar-ling, Tell her for you I pray, Old maids have hearts, my
rall molto.
ad lib.
dar - ling, What ev - er the world may say.
colla voce.

SAPPHIC ODE.

SAPPHISCHE ODE.

HANS SCHMIDT.
English by George Cooper.

JOHANNES BRAHMS.
Op. 94, No. 4.



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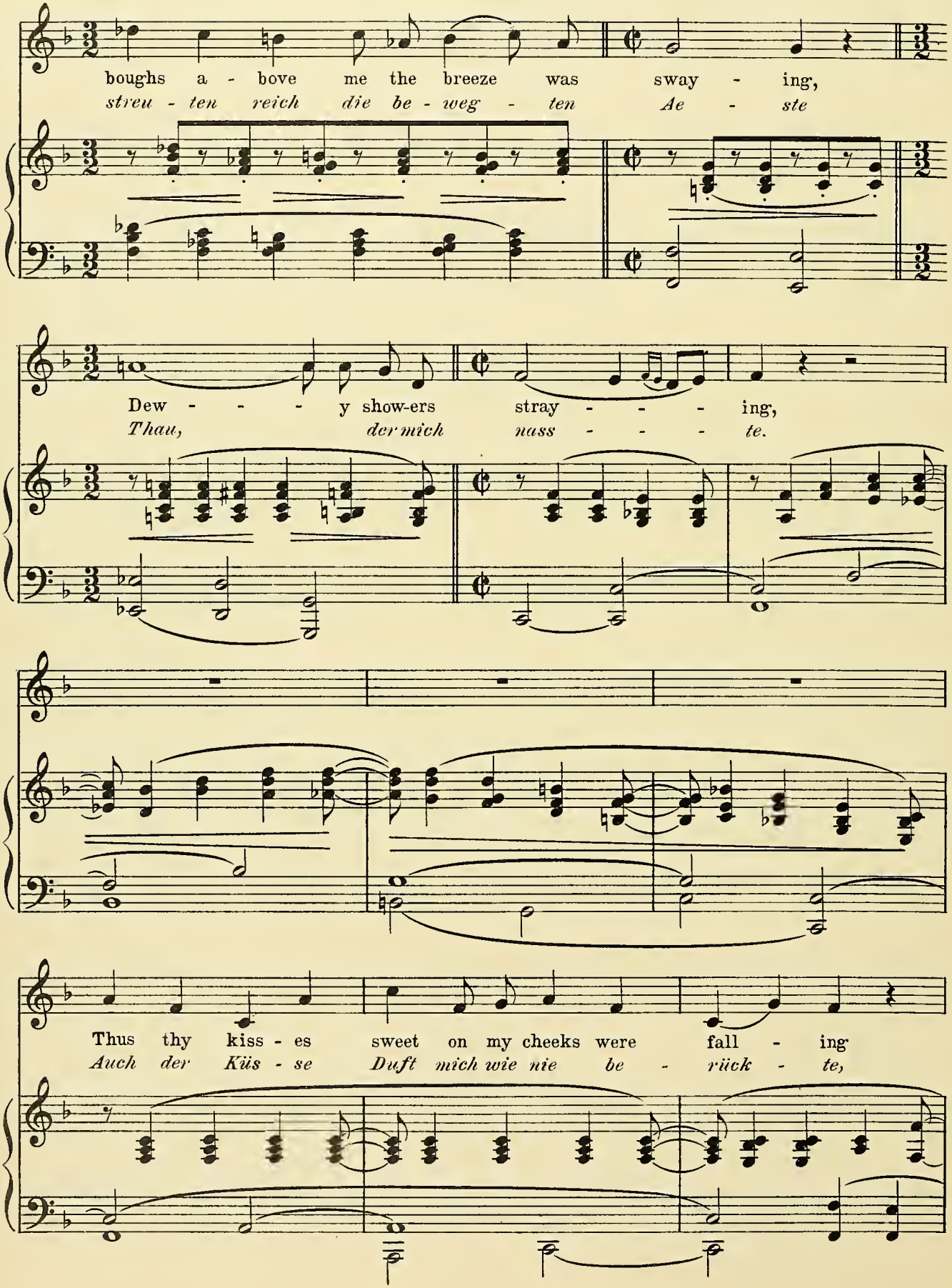
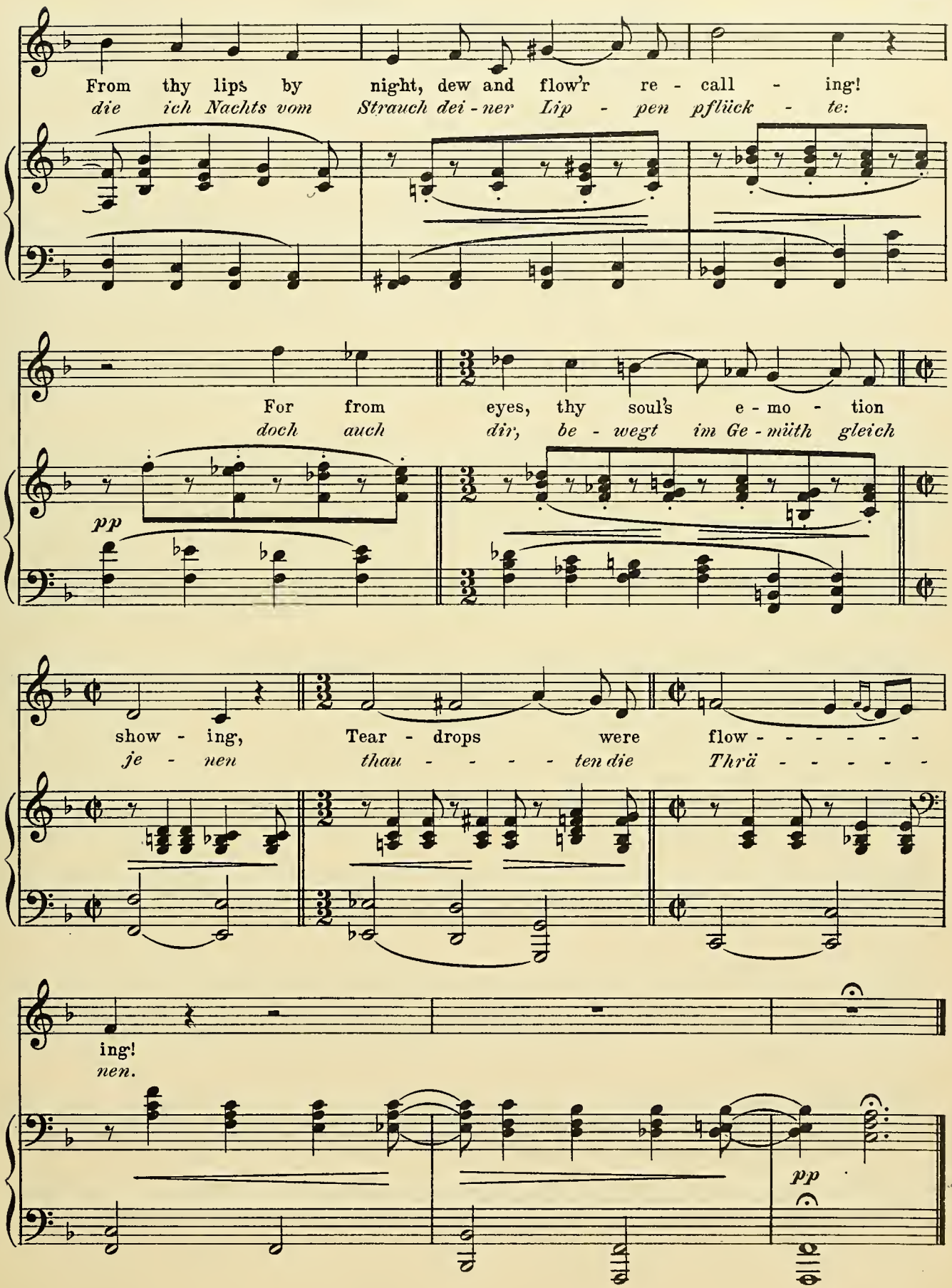

boughs a - bove me the breeze was sway - ing,
streu - ten reich die be - weg - ten Ae - ste
Dew - - - - y show-ers stray - - - - ing,
Thau, der mich nass - - - - te.
Thus thy kiss - es sweet on my cheeks were fall - ing
Auch der Küs - se Duft mich wie nie be - rück - te,

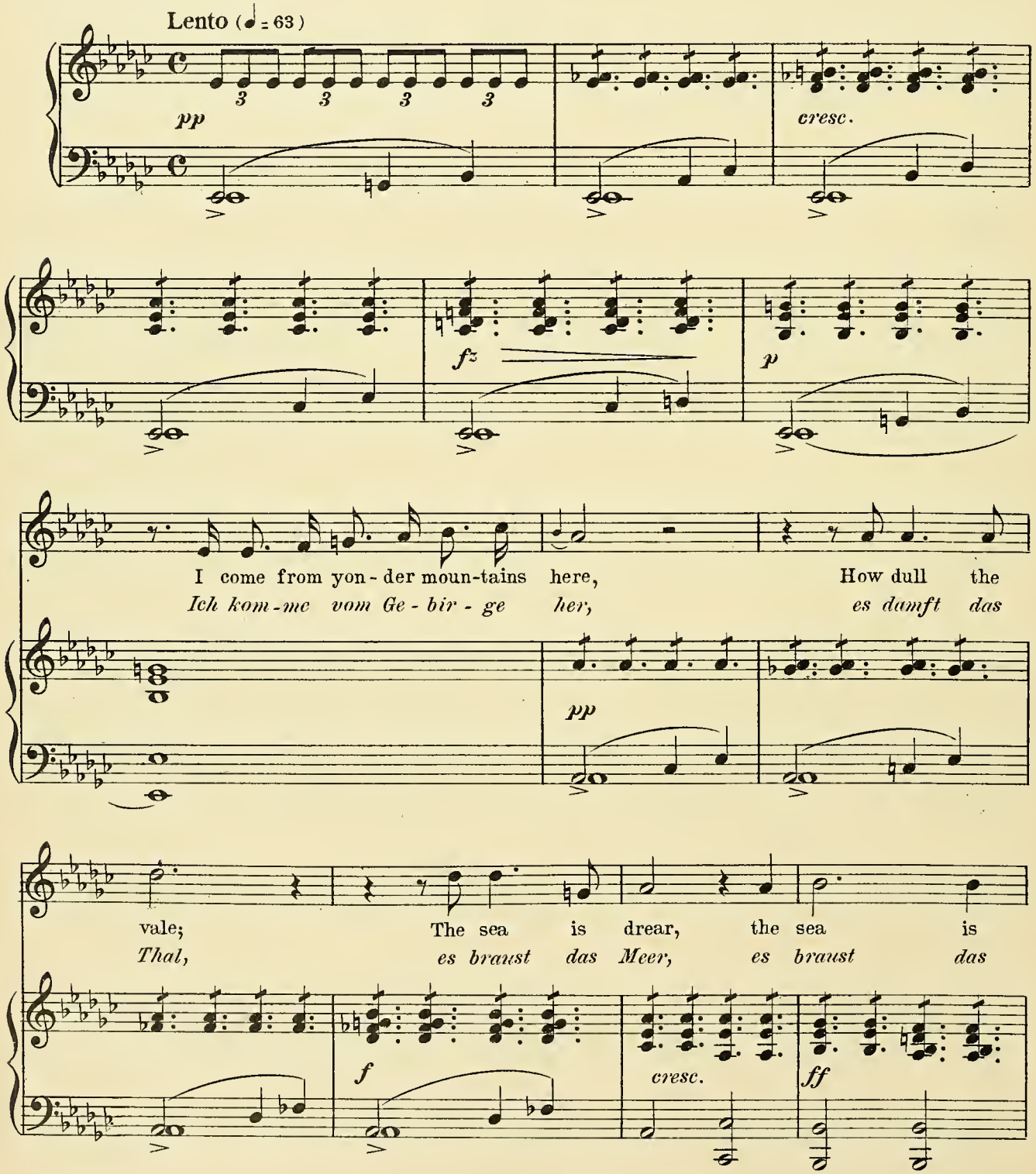

From thy lips by night, dew and flow'r re - call - ing!
die ich Nachts vom Strauch dei - ner Lip - pen pflück - te:
For from eyes, thy soul's e - mo - tion
doch auch dir, be - wegt im Ge - müth gleich
pp
show - ing, Tear - drops were flow - - - - - -
je - nen thau - - - - - ten die Thrä - - - - - -
ing!
nen.
pp

THE WANDERER.

(DER WANDERER.)

GEORG FILLIPP SCHMIDT.
English by George Cooper.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.



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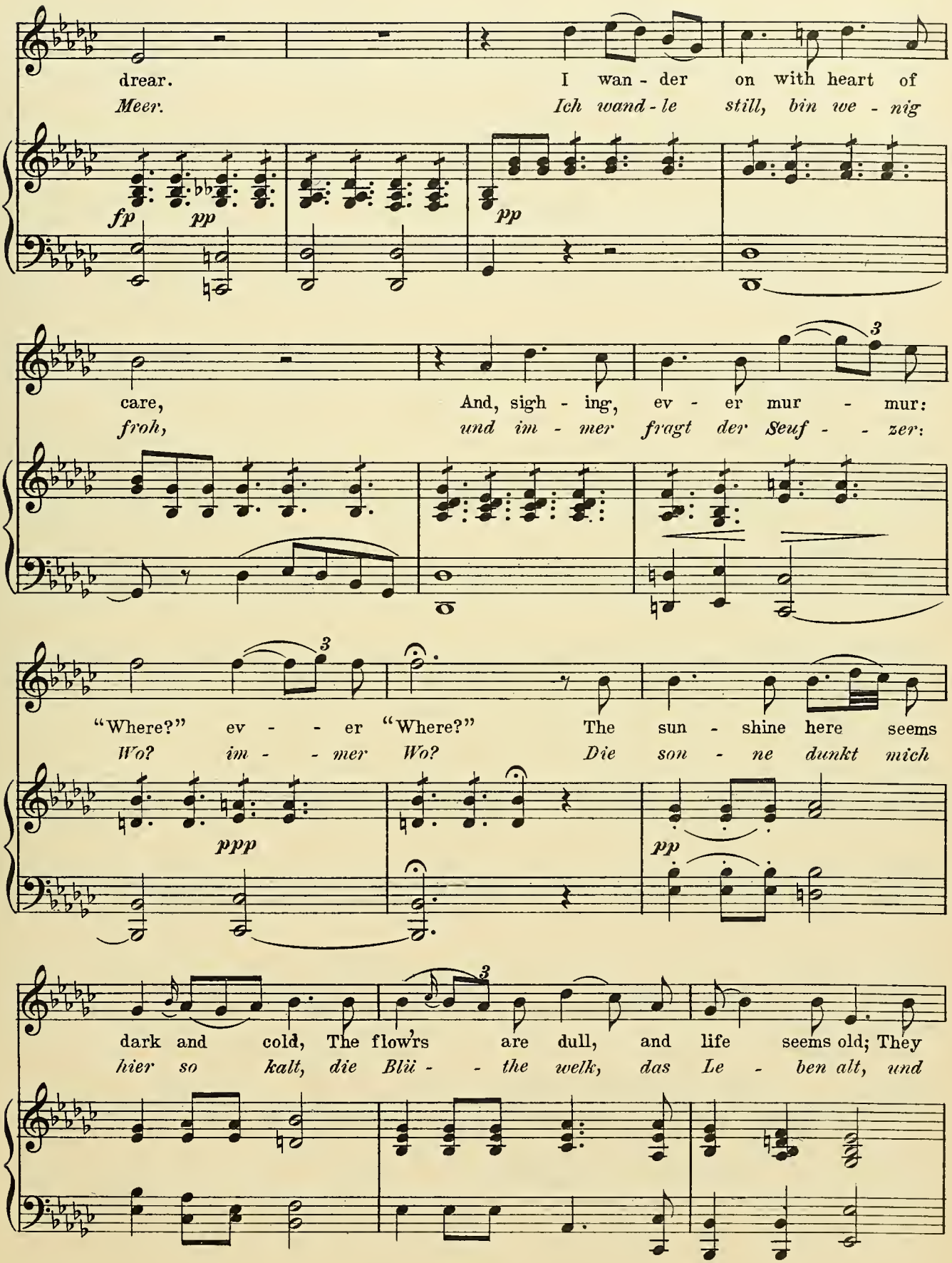
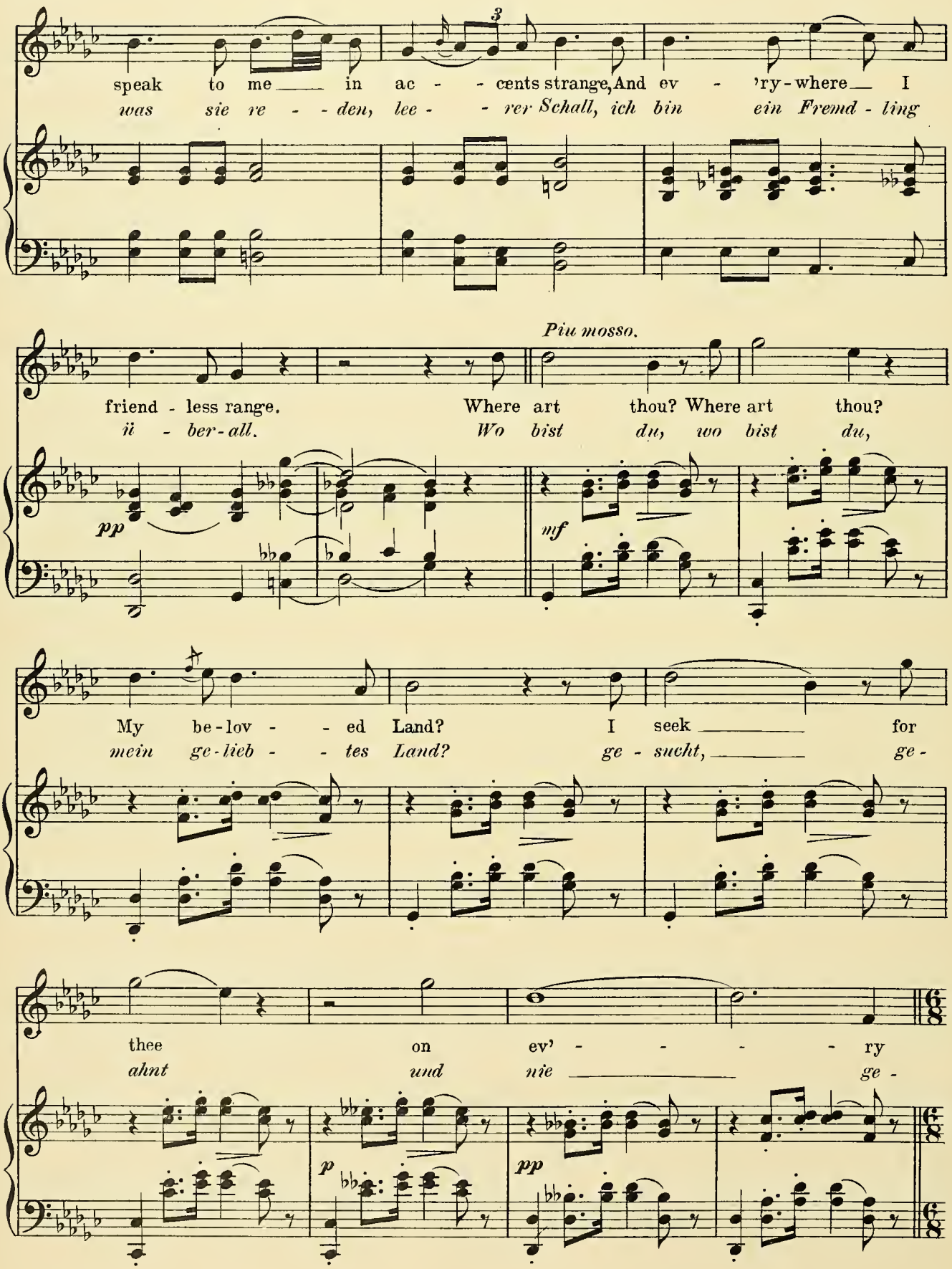
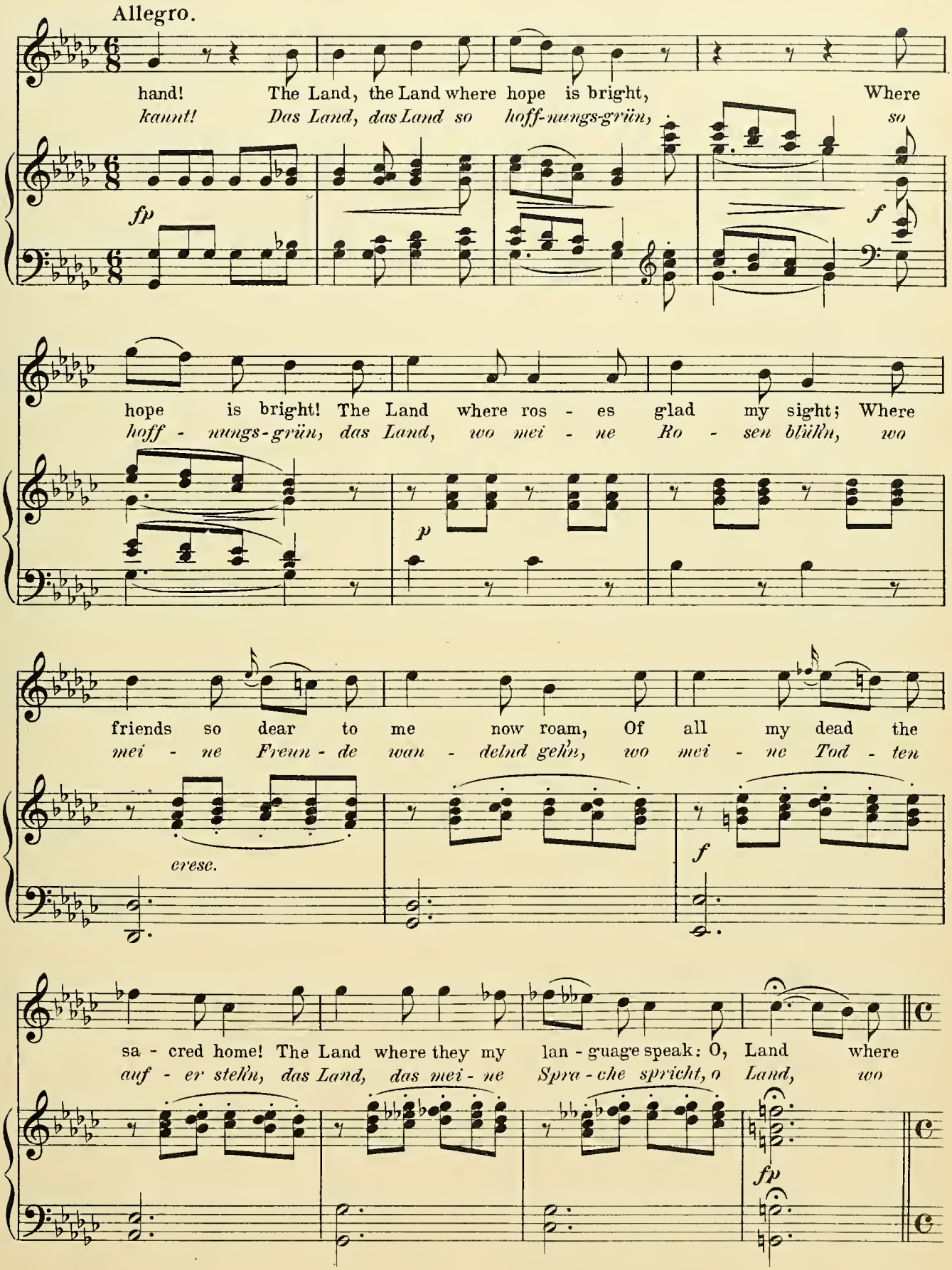
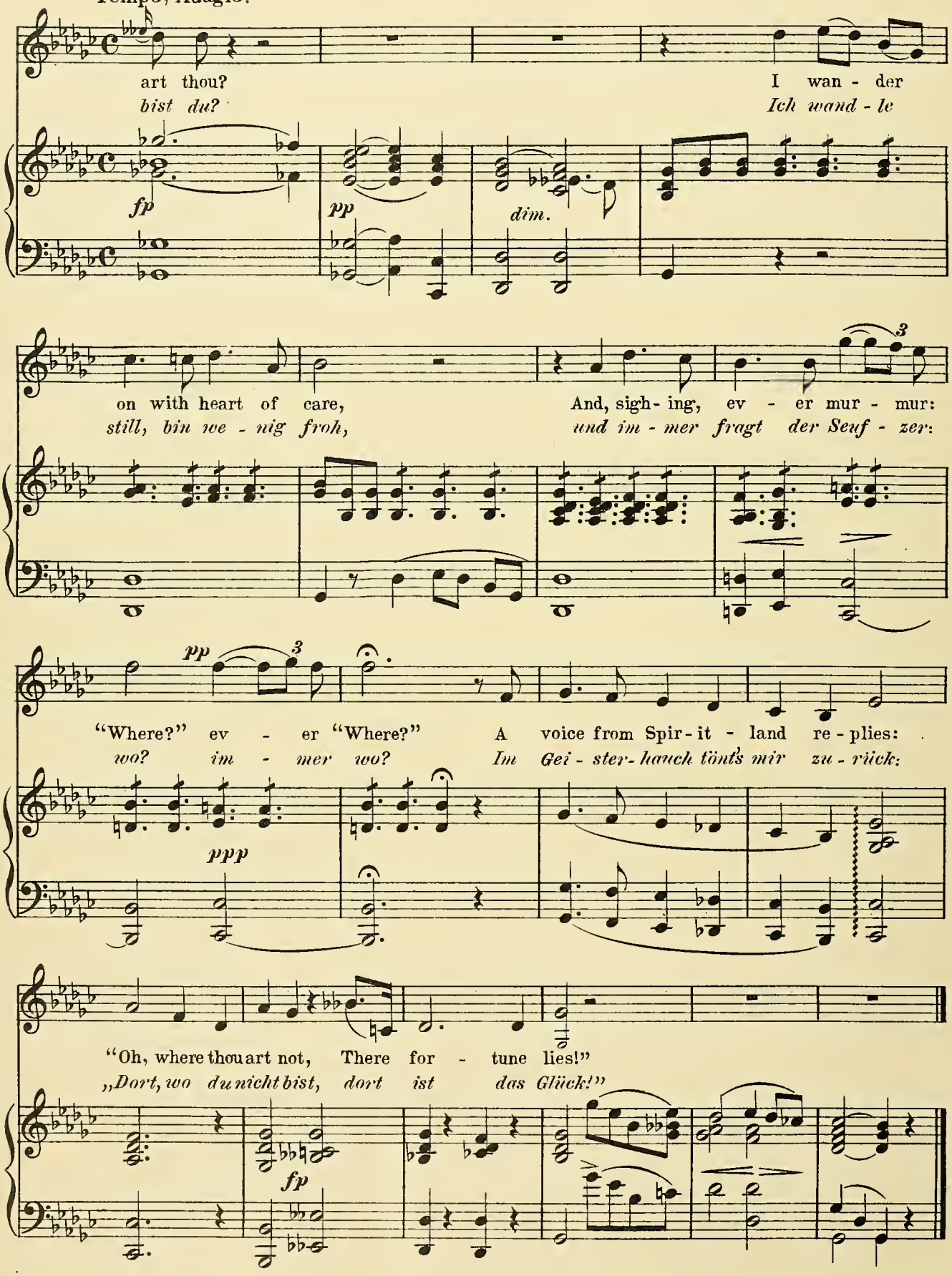
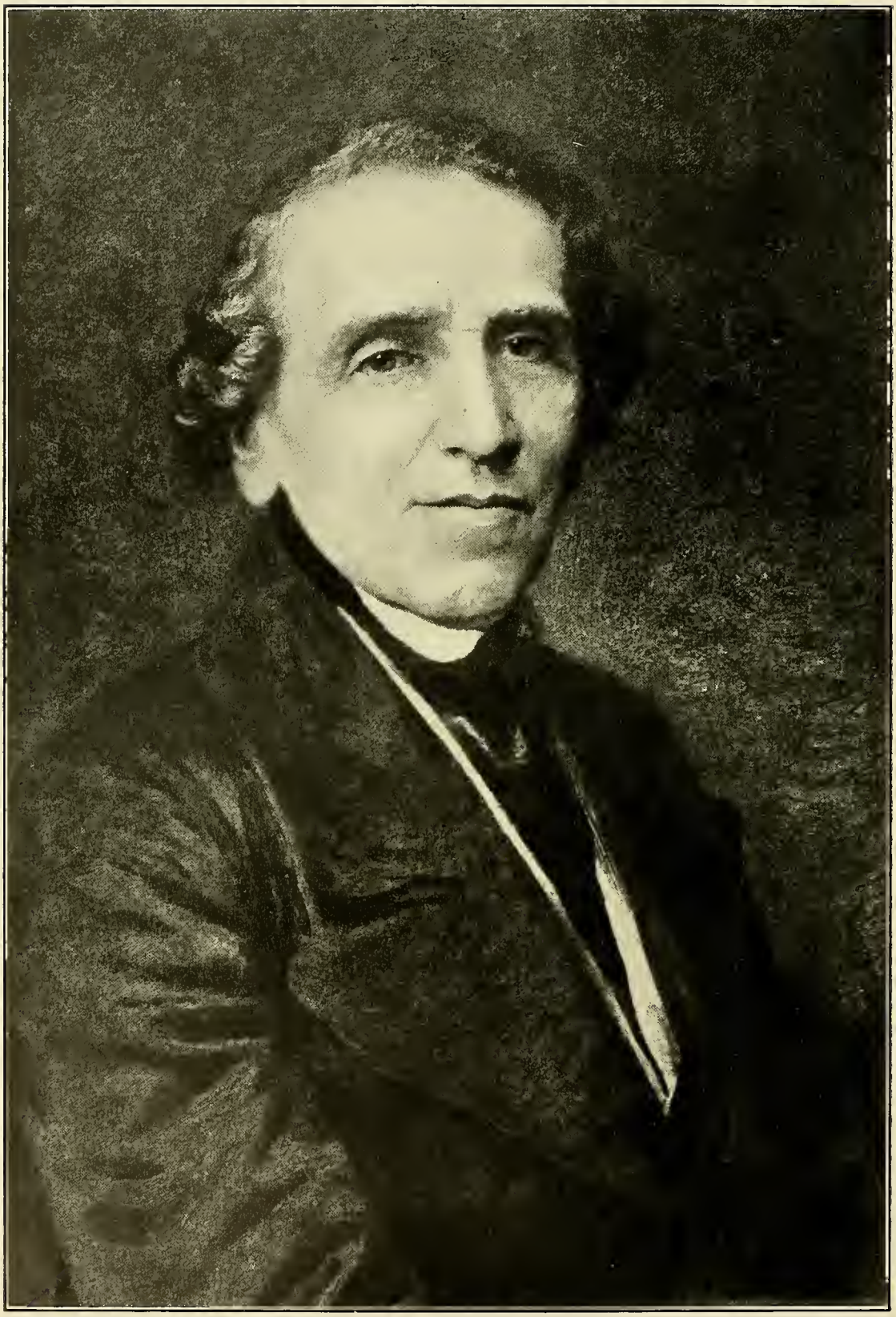

drear.
I wan - der on with heart of
Meer.
Ich wand - le still, bin we - nig
fp
pp
pp
care,
And, sigh - ing, ev - er mur - mur:
froh,
und im - mer fragt der Seuf - - zer:
3
"Where?" ev - - er "Where?"
The sun - shine here seems
Wo? im - - mer Wo?
Die son - ne dunkt mich
ppp
pp
dark and cold, The flow'rs are dull, and life seems old; They
hier so kalt, die Blü - - the welk, das Le - ben alt, und


speak to me in ac - - cents strange, And ev - 'ry - where I
was sie re - - den, lee - - rer Schall, ich bin ein Fremd - ling
Piu mosso.
friend - less range. Where art thou? Where art thou?
ü - ber - all. Wo bist du, wo bist du,
pp
mf
My be - lov - - ed Land? I seek for
mein ge - lieb - - tes Land? ge - sucht, ge -
thee on ev' - - - - ry
ahnt und nie ge -
p
pp


Allegro.
hand! The Land, the Land where hope is bright, Where
kannt! Das Land, das Land so hoff-nungs-grün, so
fp
f
hope is bright! The Land where ros - es glad my sight; Where
hoff - nungs-grün, das Land, wo mei - ne Ro - sen blühn, wo
p
friends so dear to me now roam, Of all my dead the
mei - ne Freun - de wan - delnd gehn, wo mei - ne Tod - ten
cresc.
f
sa - cred home! The Land where they my lan - guage speak: O, Land where
auf - er stehn, das Land, das mei - ne Spra - che spricht, o Land, wo
fp

Tempo, Adagio.





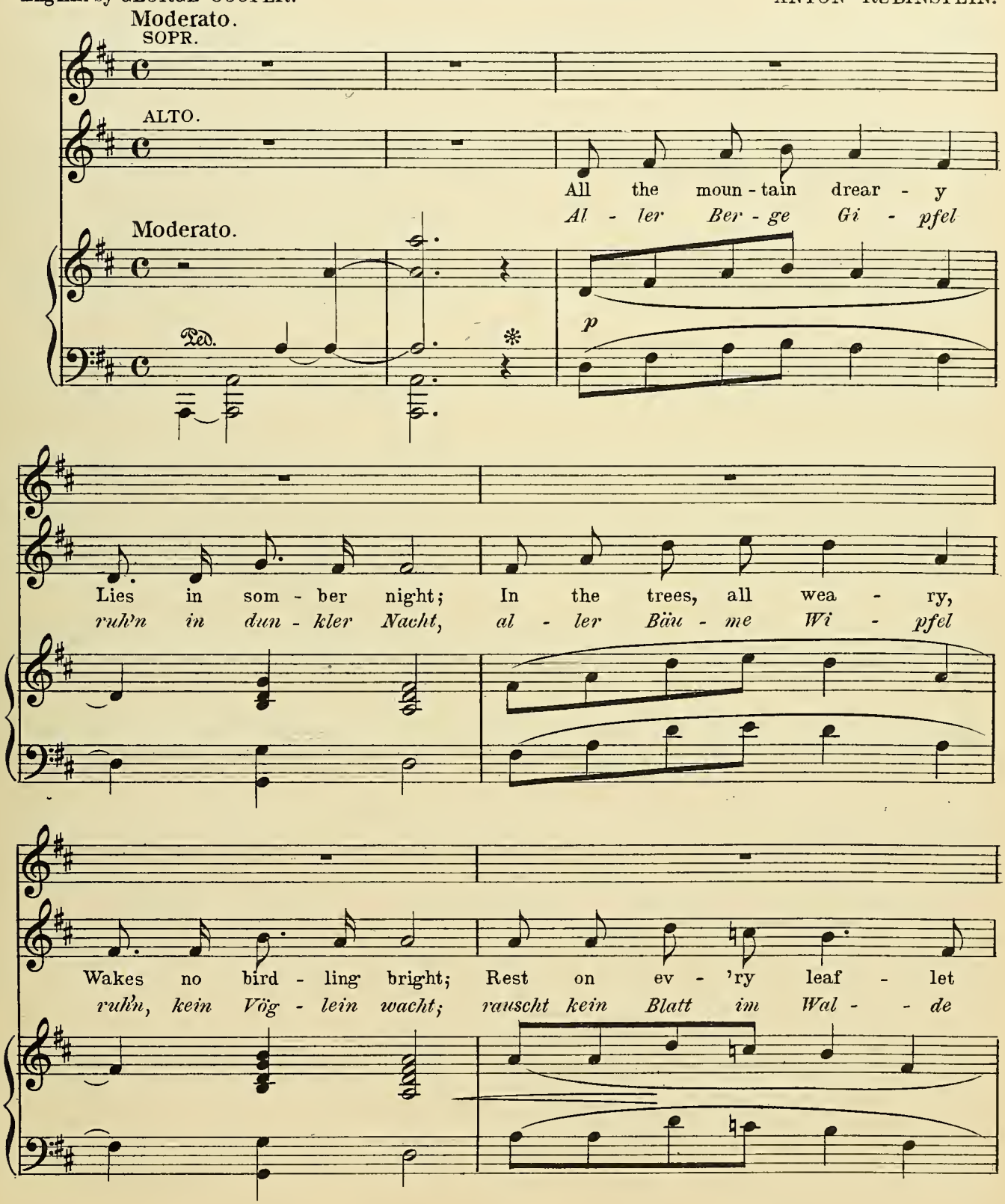
MEYERBEER

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

(WANDERER'S NACHTLIED.)

DUET FOR SOPRANO AND ALTO.

English by GEORGE COOPER. ANTON RUBINSTEIN.



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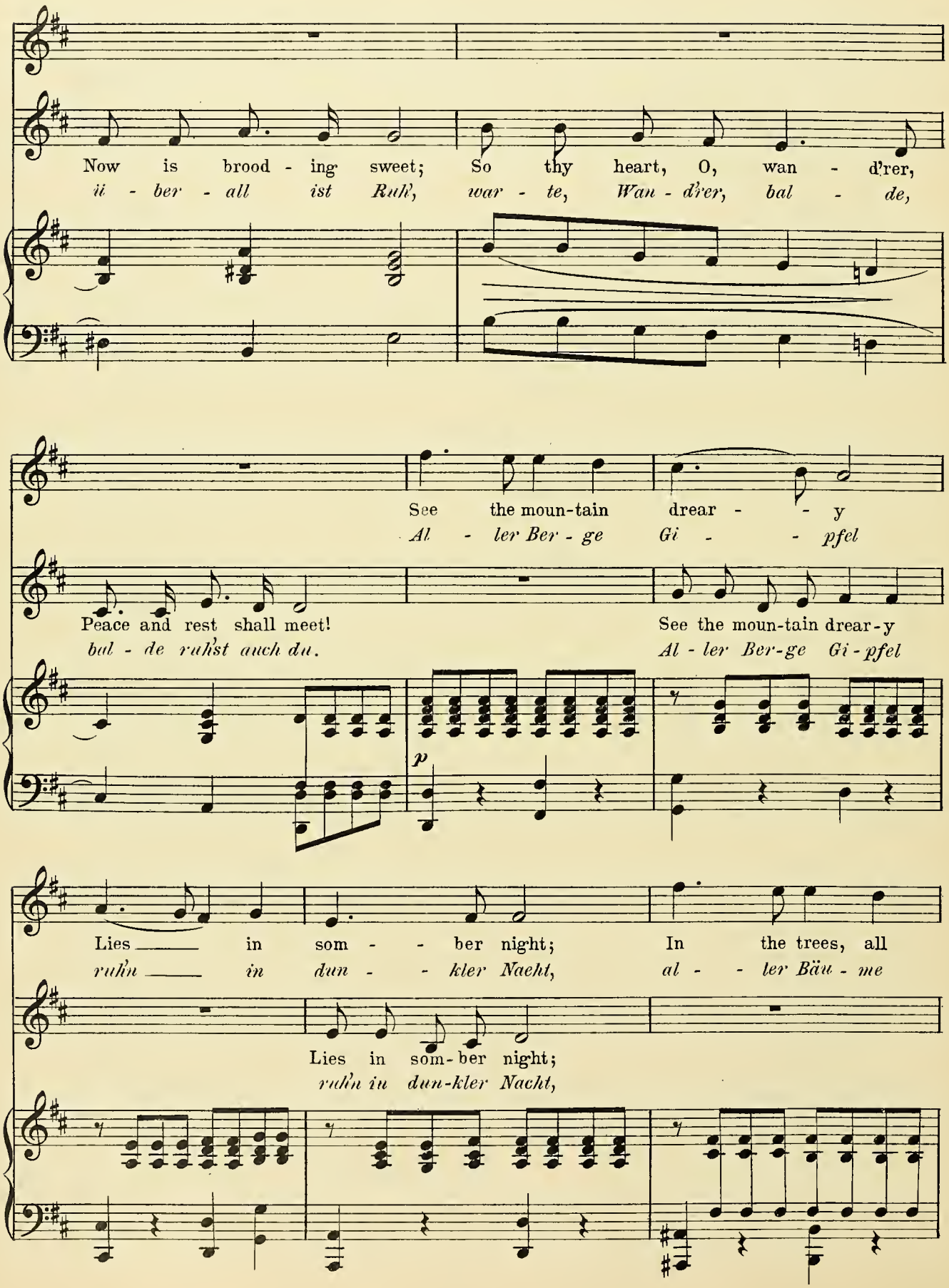
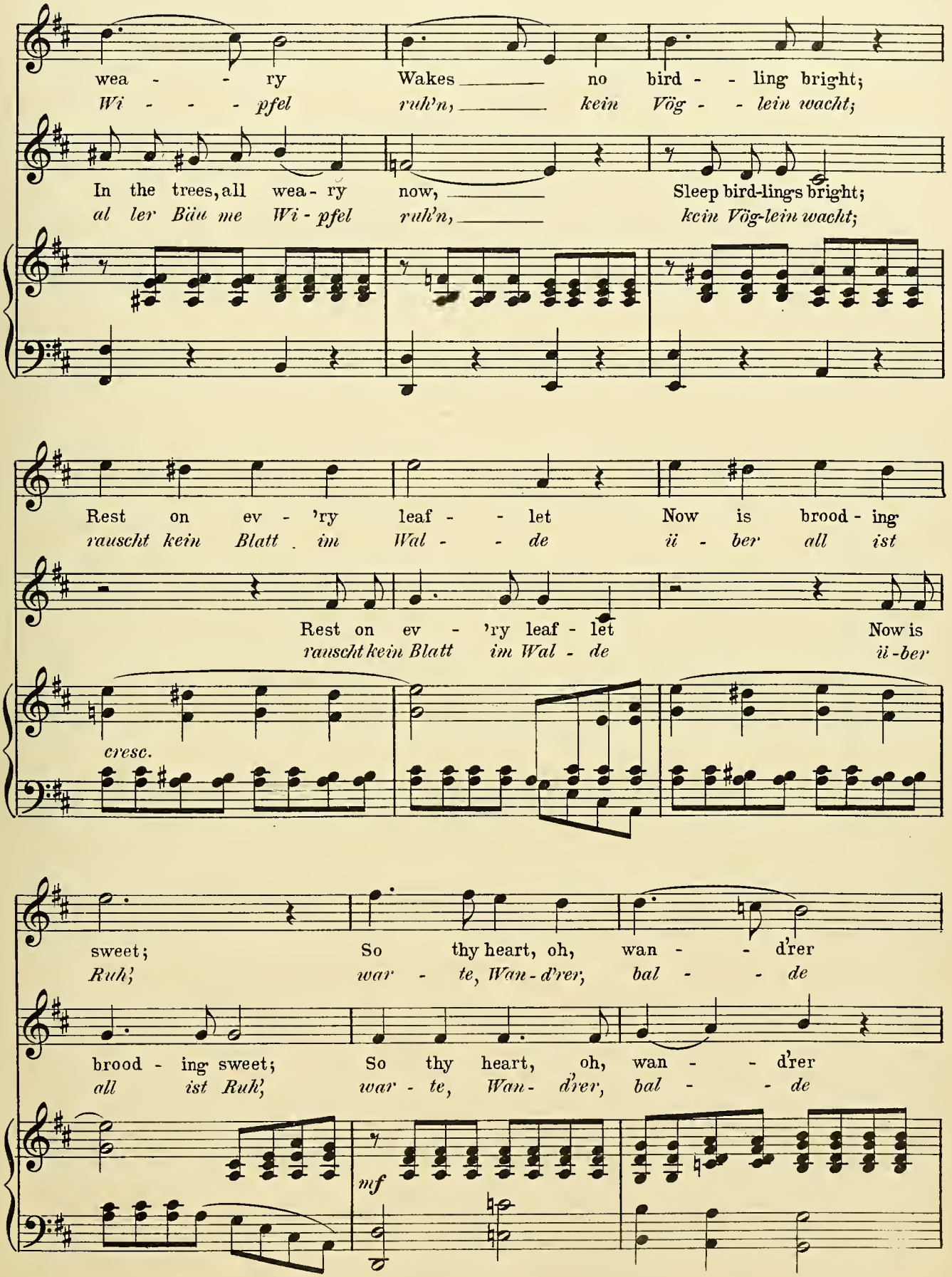
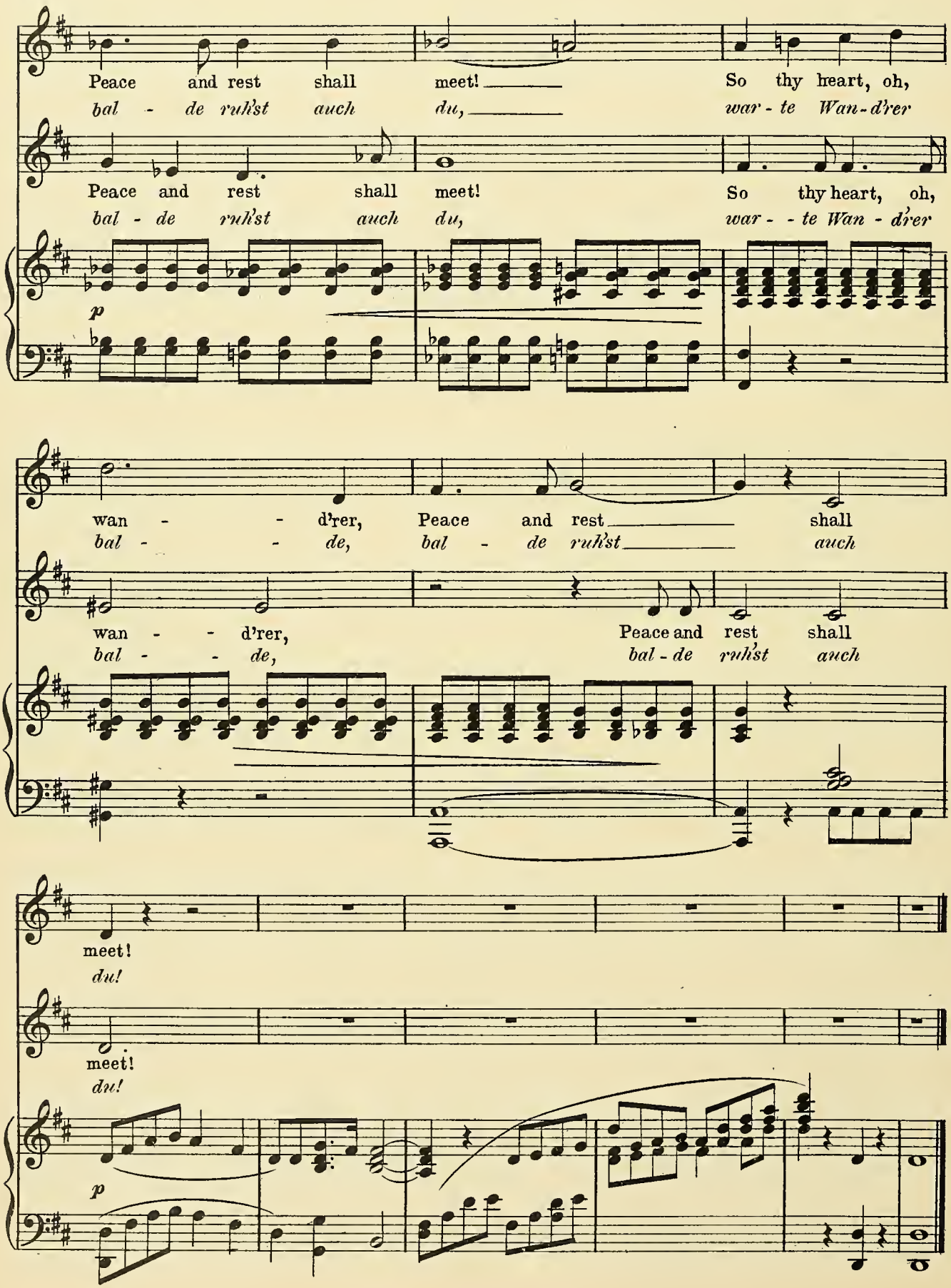

Now is brood - ing sweet; So thy heart, O, wan - d'rer,
ü - ber - all ist Ruh', war - te, Wan - d'rer, bal - de,
See the moun-tain drear - - y
Al - ler Ber - ge Gi - - pfel
Peace and rest shall meet!
bal - de ruh'st auch du.
See the moun-tain drear-y
Al - ler Ber-ge Gi-pfel
p
Lies in som - - ber night; In the trees, all
ruh'n in dun - - kler Nacht, al - - ler Bäu - me
Lies in som-ber night;
ruh'n in dun-kler Nacht,

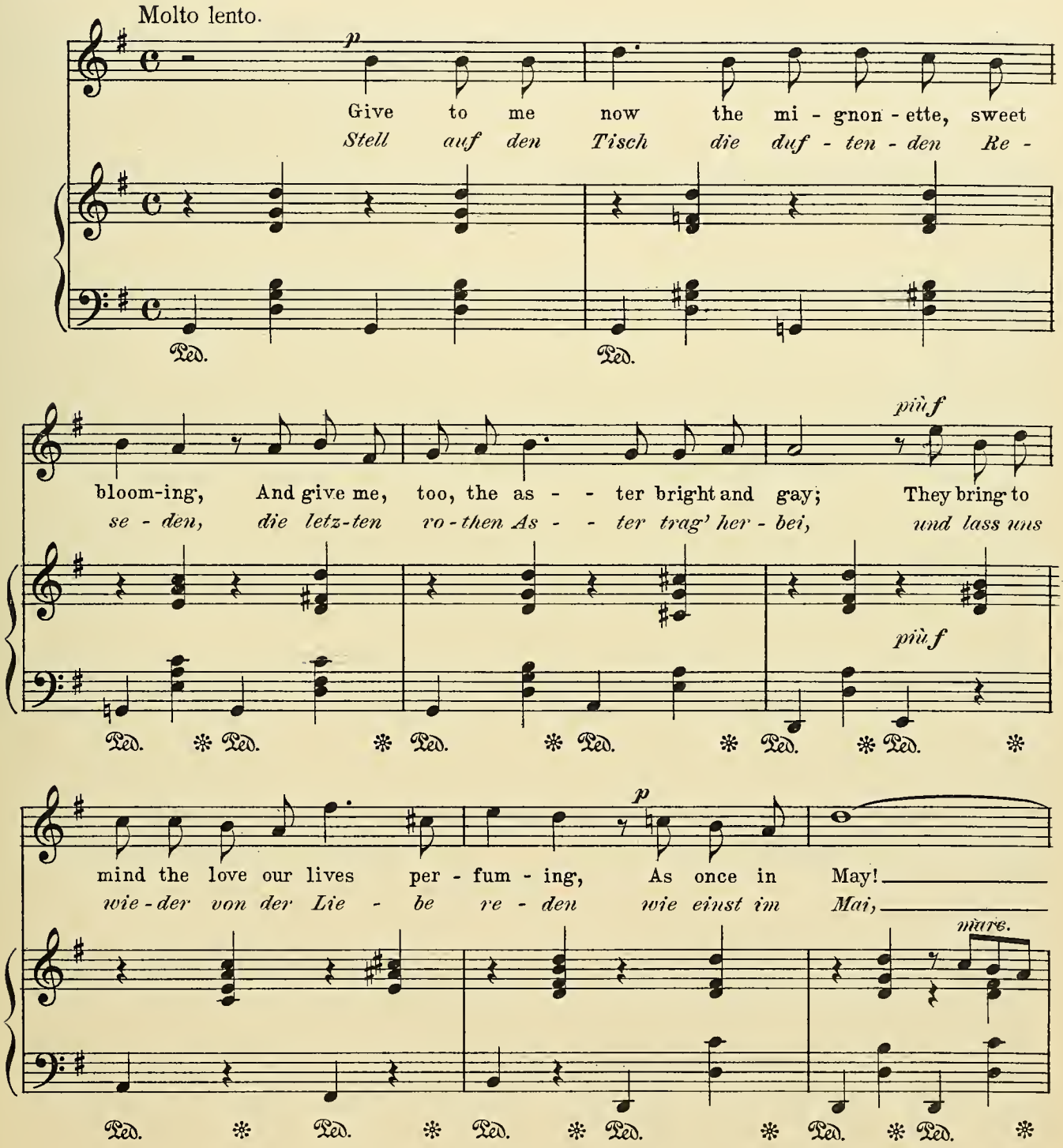

wea - - ry Wakes no bird - - ling bright;
Wi - - - pfel ruh'n, kein Vög - - lein wacht;
In the trees, all wea - ry now, Sleep bird-lings bright;
al ler Bäu me Wi - pfel ruh'n, kein Vög-lein wacht;
Rest on ev - 'ry leaf - let Now is brood - ing
rauscht kein Blatt im Wal - de ii - ber all ist
Rest on ev - 'ry leaf - let Now is
rauscht kein Blatt im Wal - de ii - ber
cresc.
sweet; So thy heart, oh, wan - - d'rer
Ruh'; war - te, Wan - d'rer, bal - - de
brood - ing sweet; So thy heart, oh, wan - - d'rer
all ist Ruh'; war - te, Wan - d'rer, bal - - de
mf


Peace and rest shall meet! So thy heart, oh,
bal - de ruh'st auch du, war - te Wan - d'rer
Peace and rest shall meet! So thy heart, oh,
bal - de ruh'st auch du, war - - te Wan - d'rer
p
wan - - d'rer, Peace and rest shall
bal - - de, bal - de ruh'st auch
wan - - d'rer, Peace and rest shall
bal - - de, bal - de ruh'st auch
meet!
du!
meet!
du!
p

ALL SOULS' DAY.

(ALLERSEELEN.)

English by GEORGE COOPER. ED. LASSEN.



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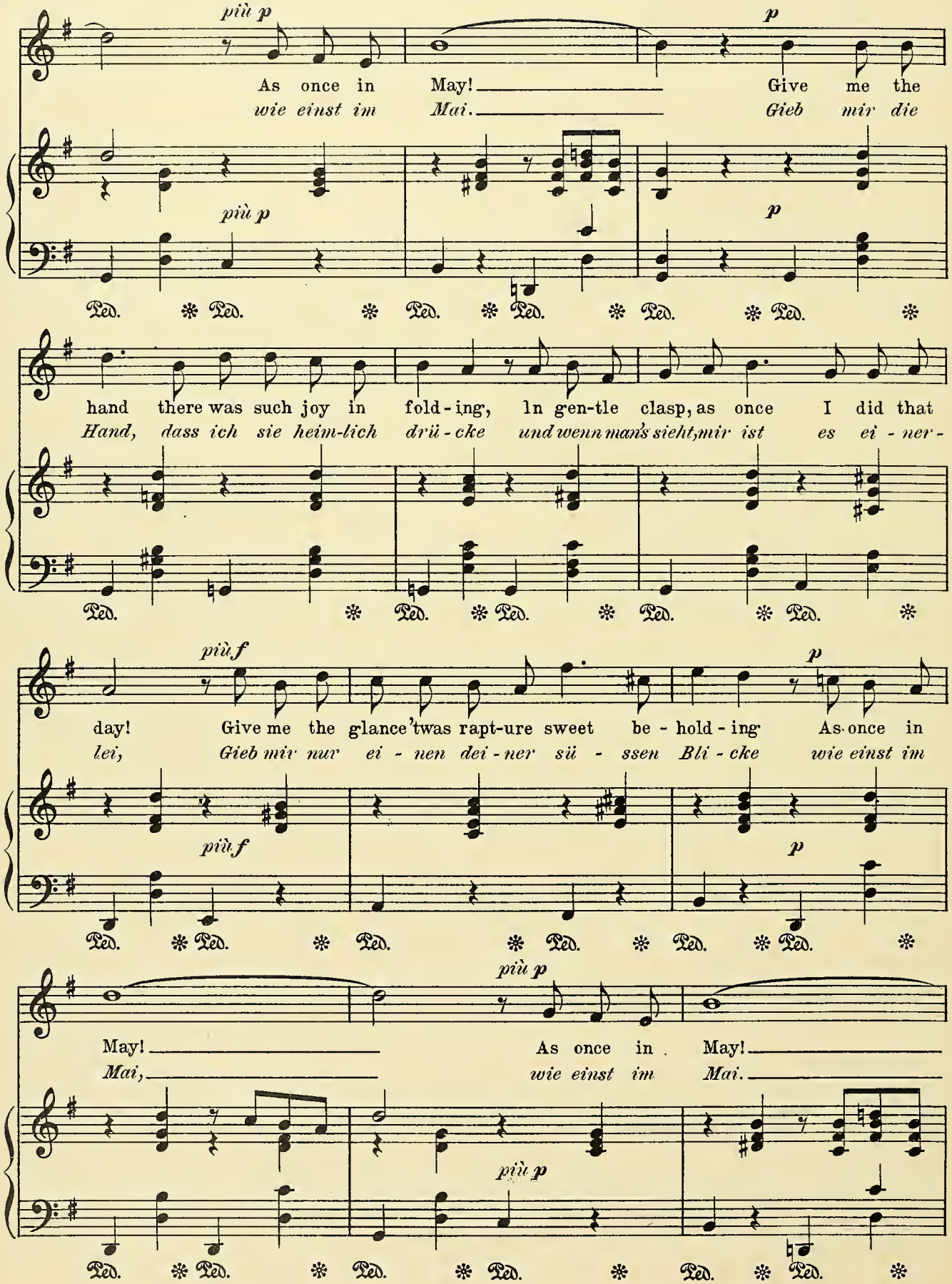
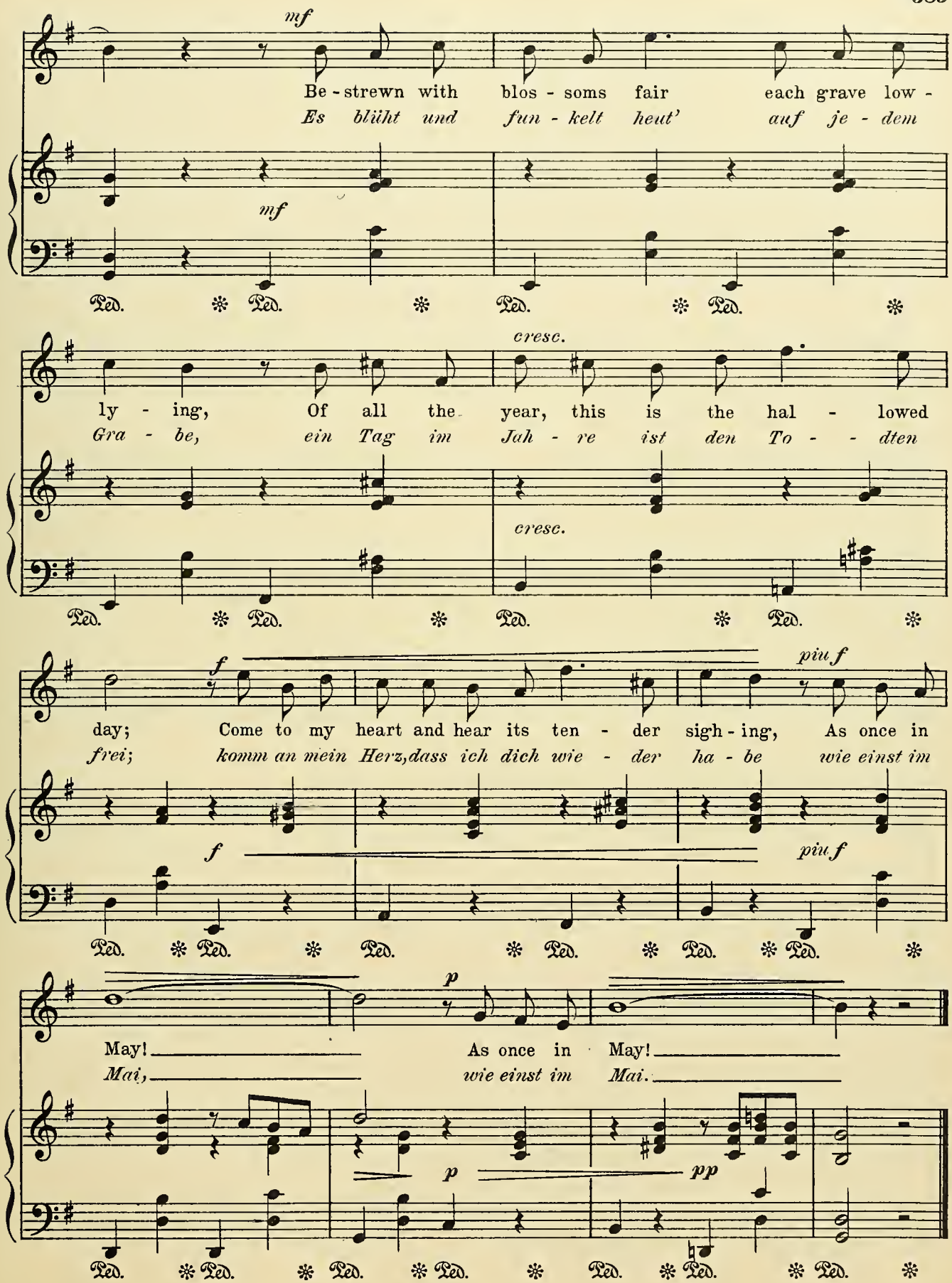
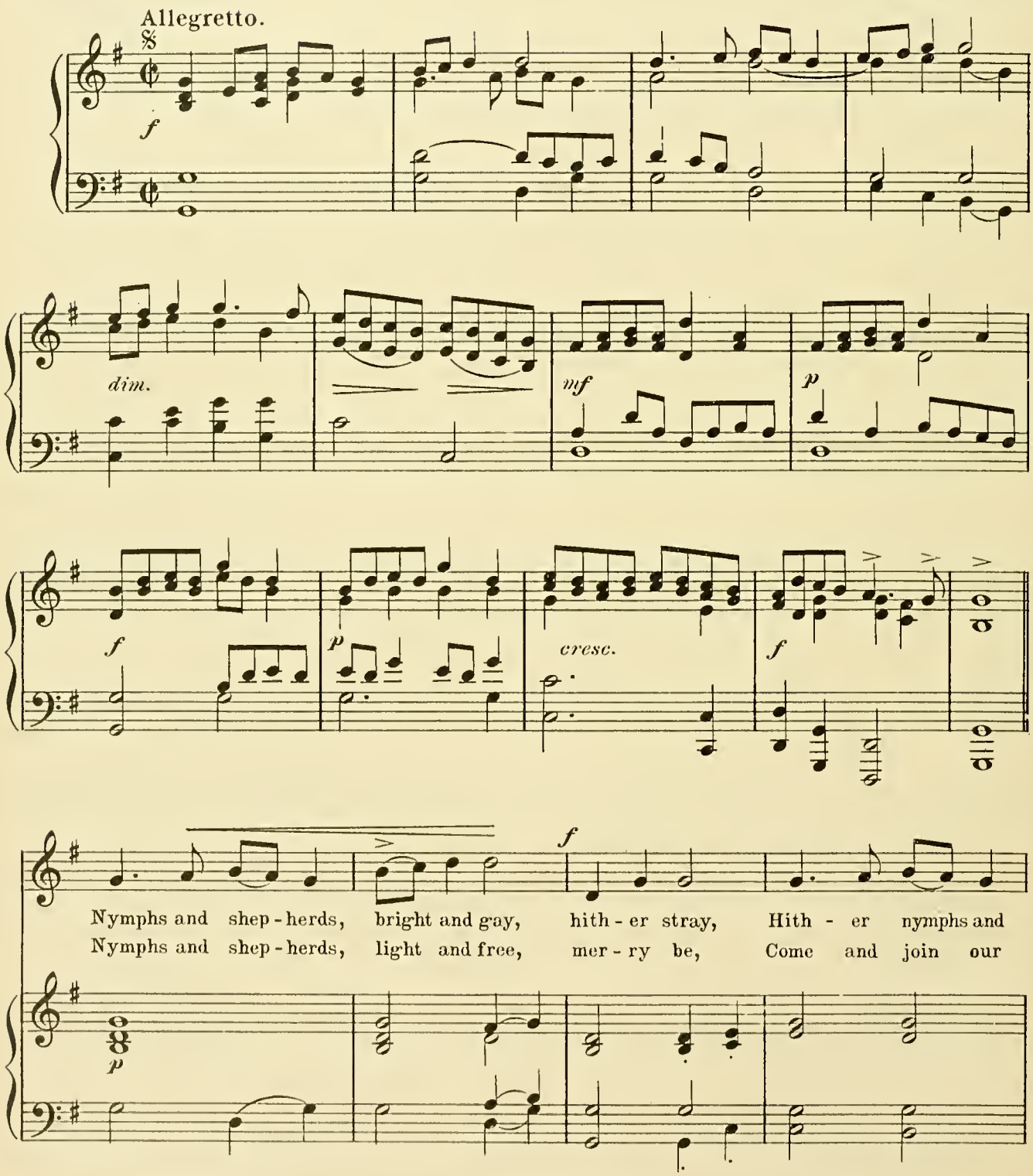

più p
p
As once in May! Give me the
wie einst im Mai. Gieb mir die
più p
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
hand there was such joy in fold-ing, In gen-tle clasp, as once I did that
Hand, dass ich sie heim-lich drü-cke und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es ei-ner-
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
più f
p
day! Give me the glance 'twas rapt-ure sweet be-hold-ing As once in
lei, Gieb mir nur ei-nen dei-ner sü-ssen Bli-cke wie einst im
più f
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
più p
May! As once in May!
Mai, wie einst im Mai.
più p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


mf
Be - strewn with blos - soms fair each grave low -
Es blüht und fun - kelt heut' auf je - dem
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
cresc.
ly - ing, Of all the year, this is the hal - lowed
Gra - be, ein Tag im Jah - re ist den To - - dten
cresc.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
f
piu f
day; Come to my heart and hear its ten - der sigh - ing, As once in
frei; komm an mein Herz, dass ich dich wie - der ha - be wie einst im
f
piu f
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
p
May! As once in May!
Mai, wie einst im Mai.
p
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS.

GEORGE COOPER.

HENRY PURCELL.
(1658-1695)



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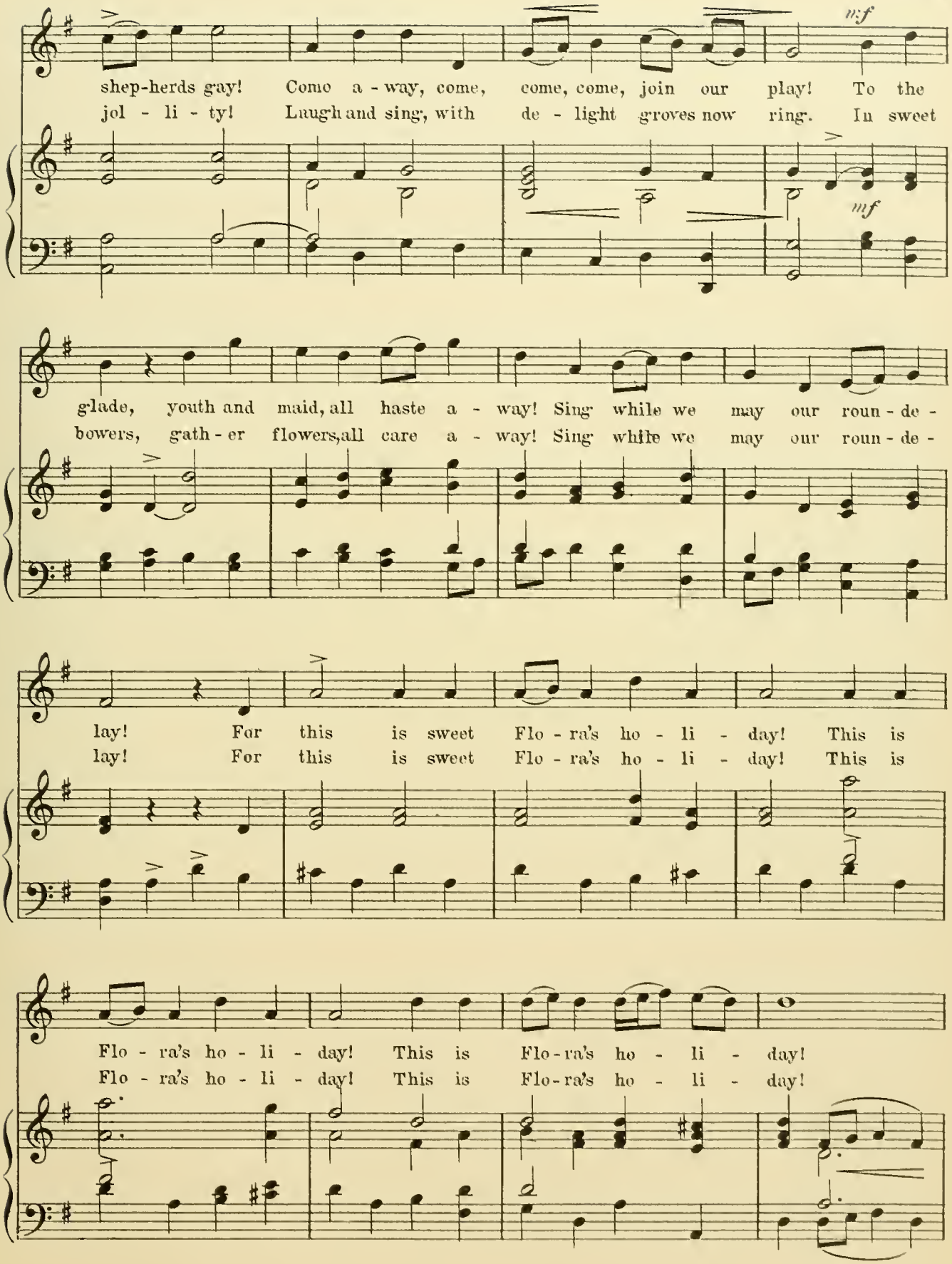
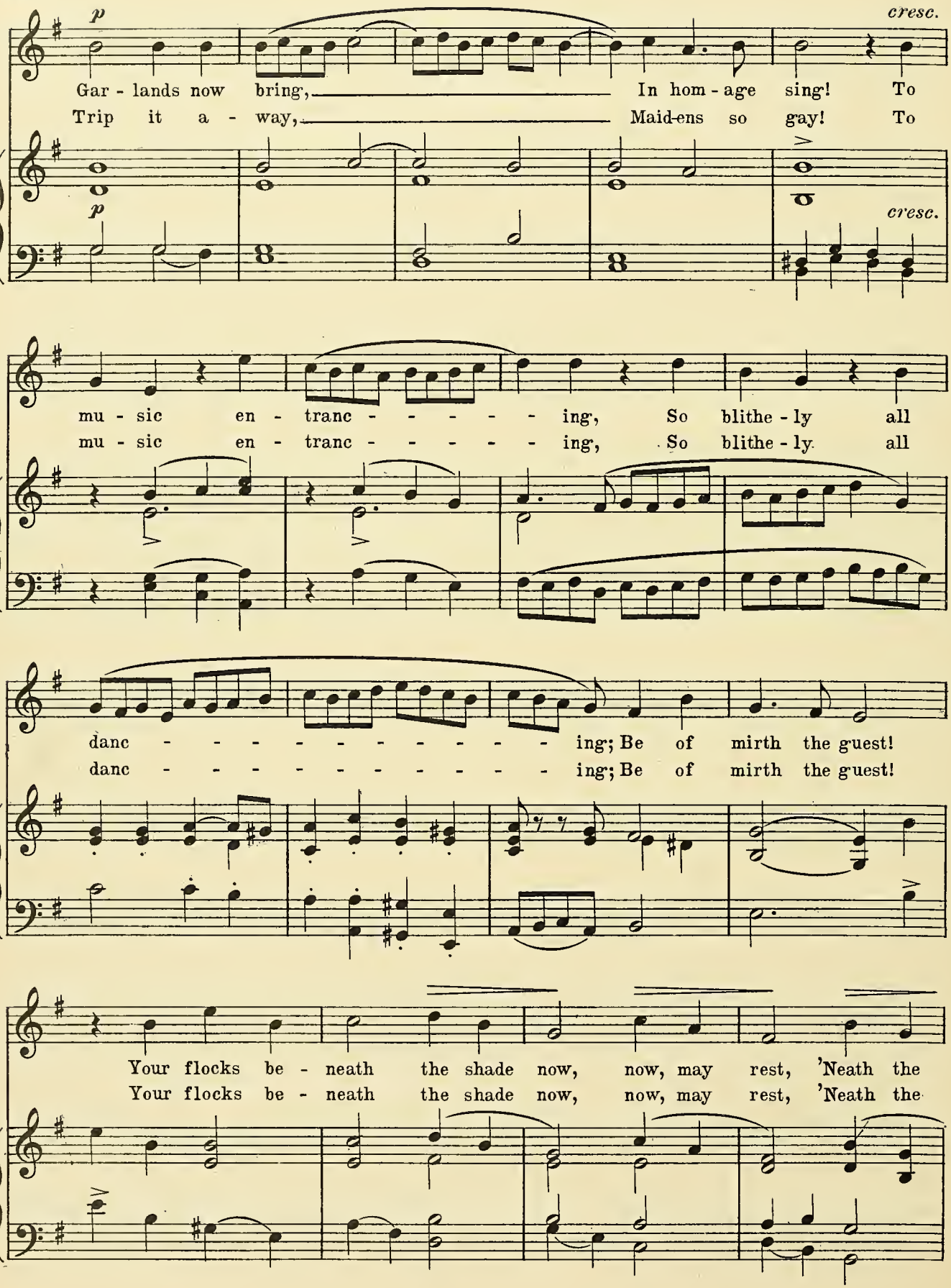
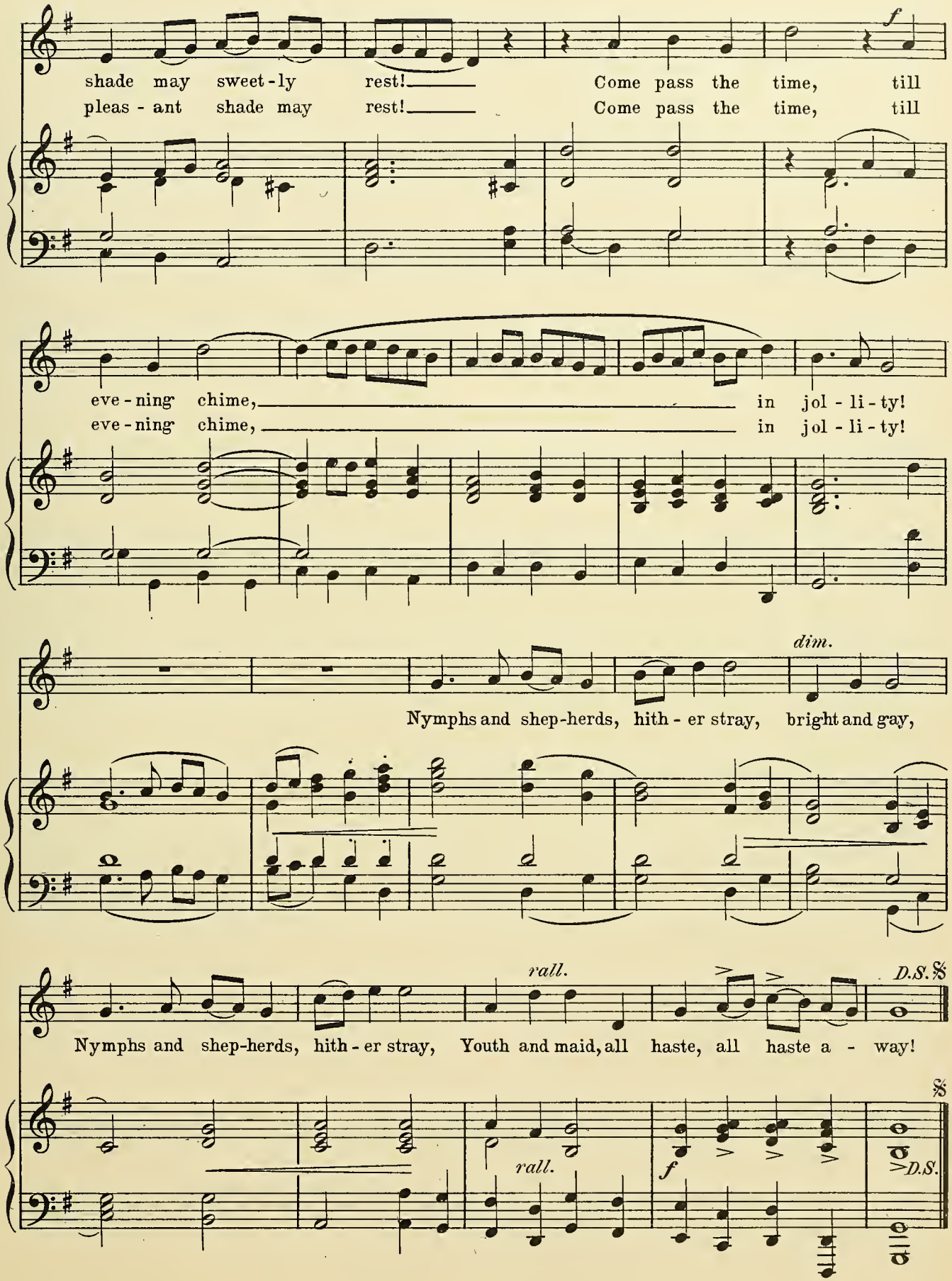

mf
shep-herds gay! Come a - way, come, come, come, join our play! To the
jol - li - ty! Laugh and sing, with de - light groves now ring. In sweet
mf
glade, youth and maid, all haste a - way! Sing while we may our roun - de -
bowers, gath - er flowers, all care a - way! Sing while we may our roun - de -
lay! For this is sweet Flo - ra's ho - li - day! This is
lay! For this is sweet Flo - ra's ho - li - day! This is
Flo - ra's ho - li - day! This is Flo - ra's ho - li - day!
Flo - ra's ho - li - day! This is Flo - ra's ho - li - day!


p
cresc.
Gar - lands now bring, In hom - age sing! To
Trip it a - way, Maid-ens so gay! To
p
cresc.
mu - sic en - tranc - - - - - ing, So blithe - ly all
mu - sic en - tranc - - - - - ing, So blithe - ly all
danc - - - - - - - - - - ing; Be of mirth the guest!
danc - - - - - - - - - - ing; Be of mirth the guest!
Your flocks be - neath the shade now, now, may rest, 'Neath the
Your flocks be - neath the shade now, now, may rest, 'Neath the


f
shade may sweet-ly rest! Come pass the time, till
pleas-ant shade may rest! Come pass the time, till
eve-ning chime, in jol-li-ty!
eve-ning chime, in jol-li-ty!
dim.
Nymphs and shep-herds, hith-er stray, bright and gay,
rall.
D.S. 𝄋
Nymphs and shep-herds, hith-er stray, Youth and maid, all haste, all haste a-way!
𝄋
rall.
f
D.S.

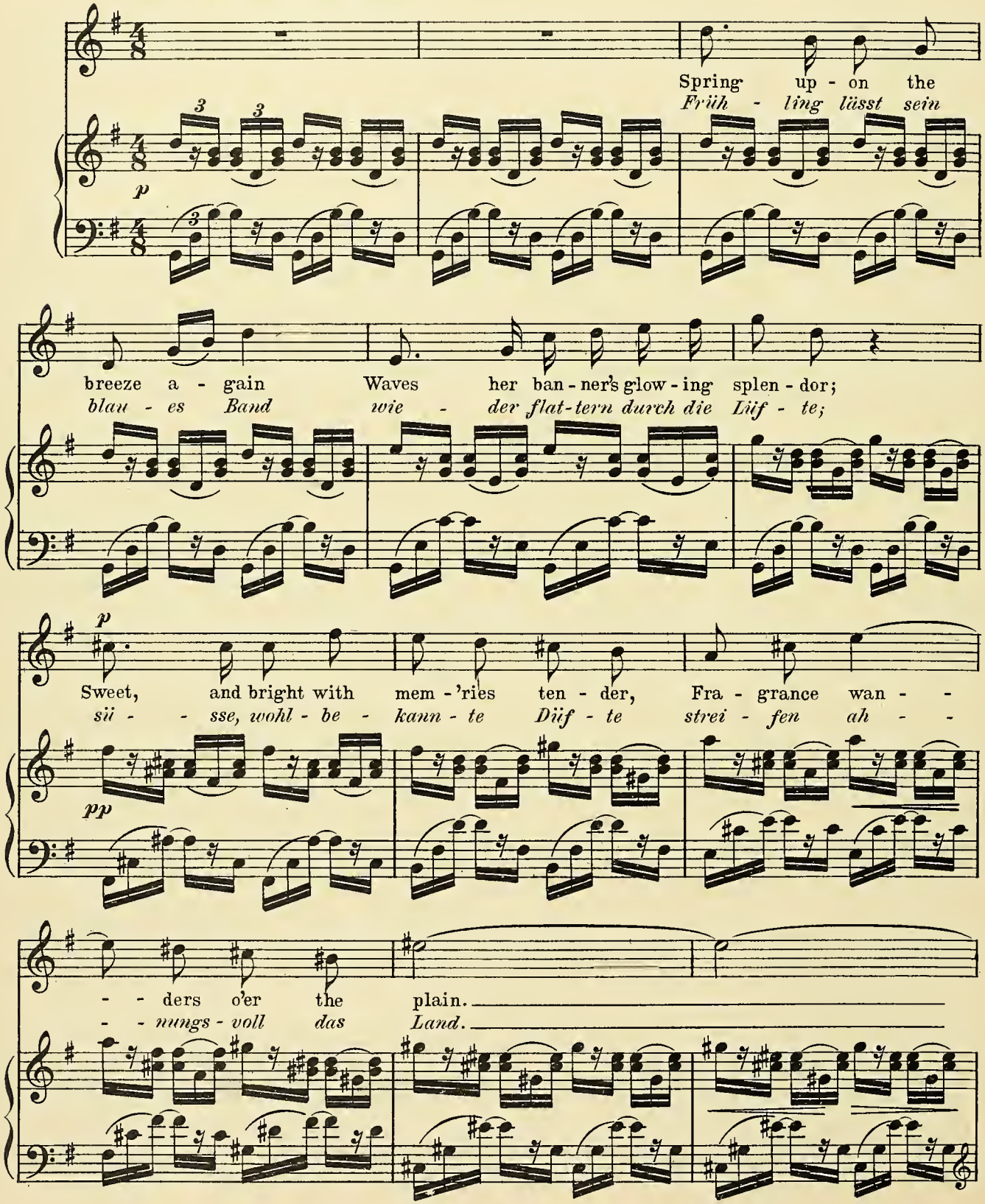
'TIS SPRING.

ER IST'S.

EDUARD MÖRIKE.
English by George Cooper.

HUGO WOLF.

Molto animato giubilando.



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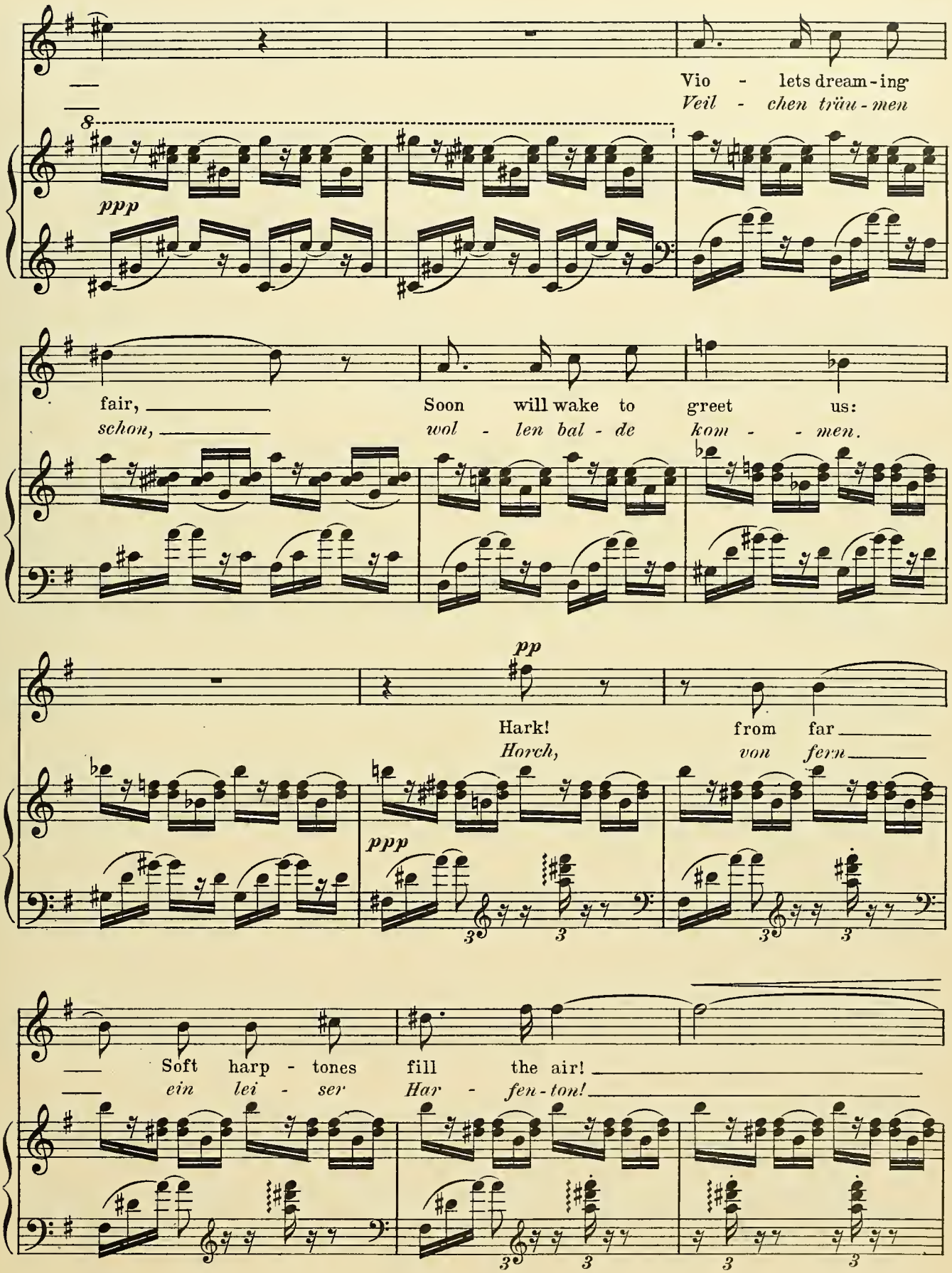
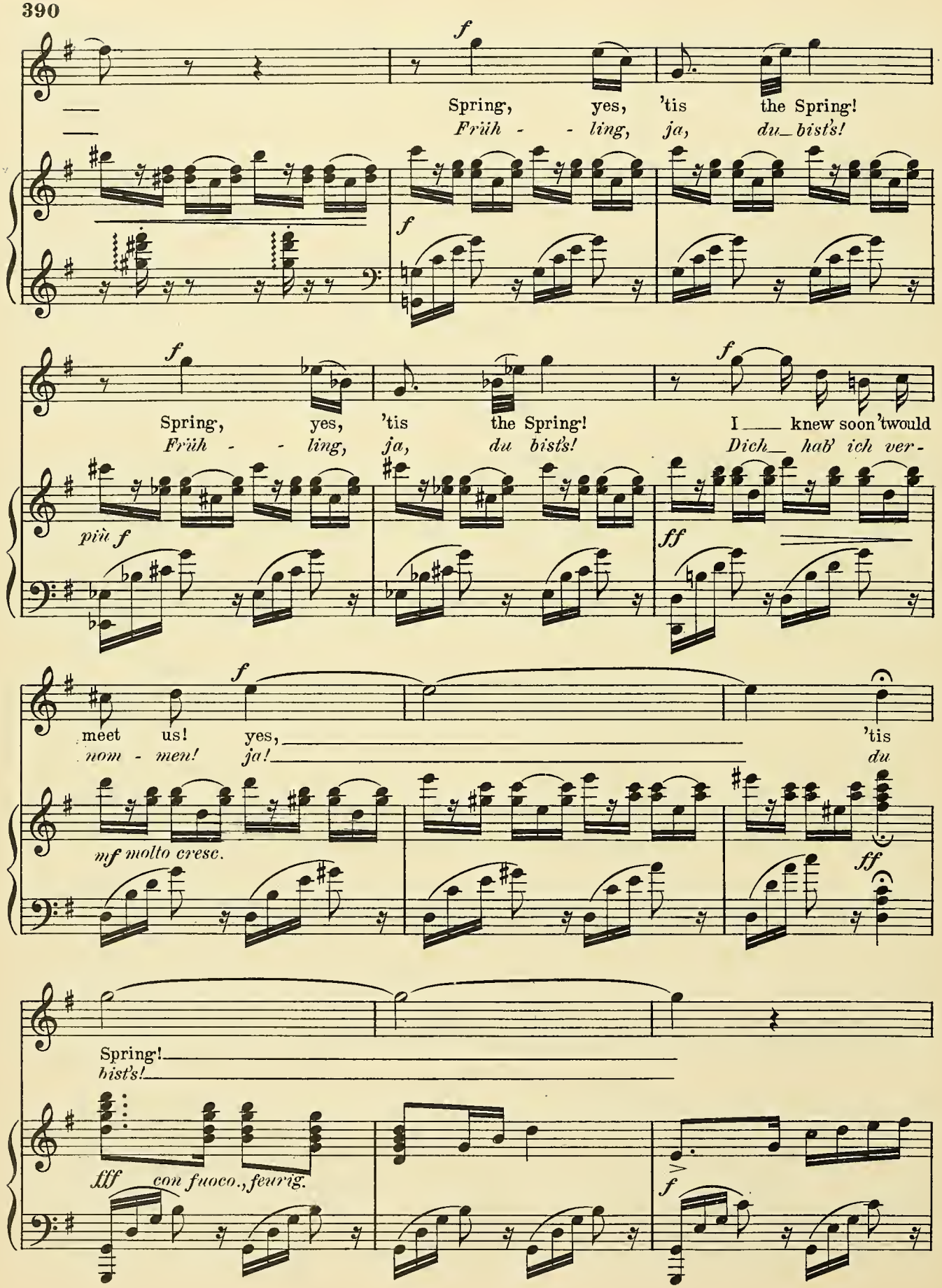
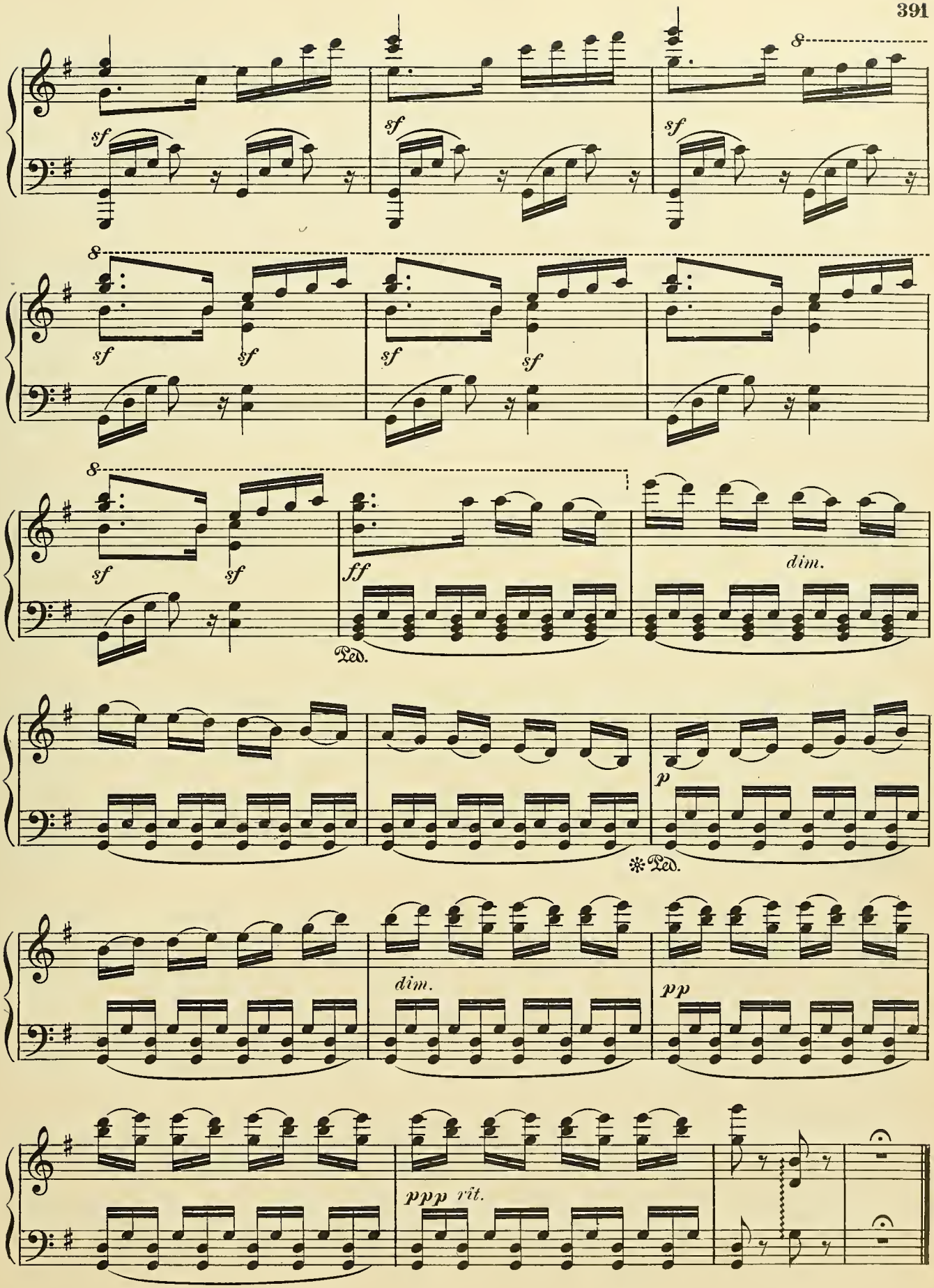

Vio - lets dream-ing
Veil - chen träu-men
ppp
fair,
schon,
Soon will wake to greet us:
wol - len bal - de kom - - men.
pp
Hark!
Horch,
from far
von fern
ppp
Soft harp - tones fill the air!
ein lei - ser Har - fen-ton!


f
Spring, yes, 'tis the Spring!
Früh - - ling, ja, du bist's!
f
f
Spring, yes, 'tis the Spring!
Früh - - ling, ja, du bist's!
I ___ knew soon 'twould
Dich_ hab' ich ver-
più f
ff
f
meet us! yes, 'tis
nom - men! ja! du
mf molto cresc.
ff
Spring!
hist's!
fff con fuoco., feurig.
f

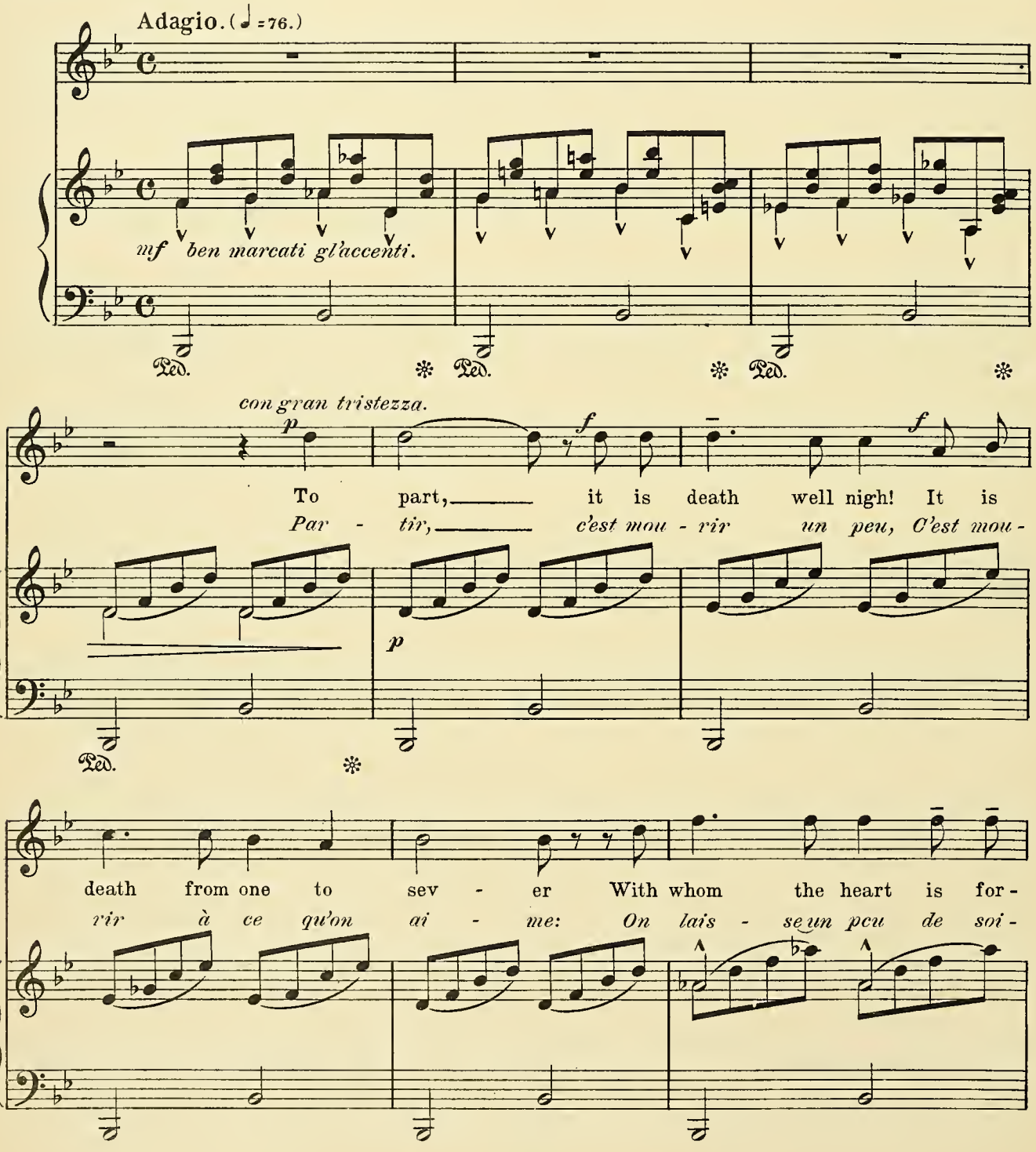

8
sf
sf
sf
8
sf
sf
sf
sf
8
sf
sf
ff
dim.
Ped.
p
✻Ped.
dim.
pp
ppp rit.

SONG OF FAREWELL.

(RONDEL DE L' ADIEU.)

EDMOND HARAUCOURT.
English by George Cooper.

ISIDORE de LARA.



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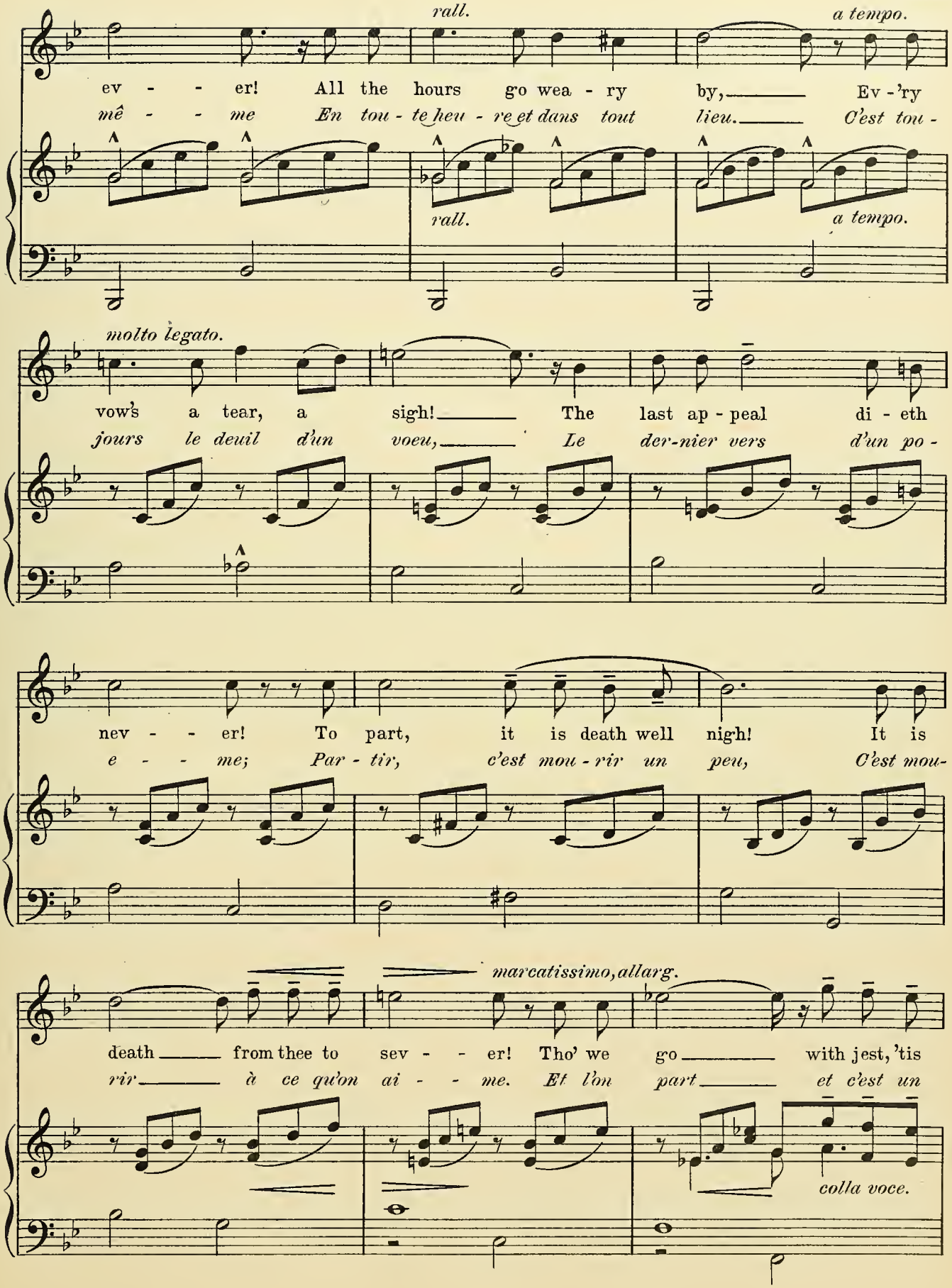
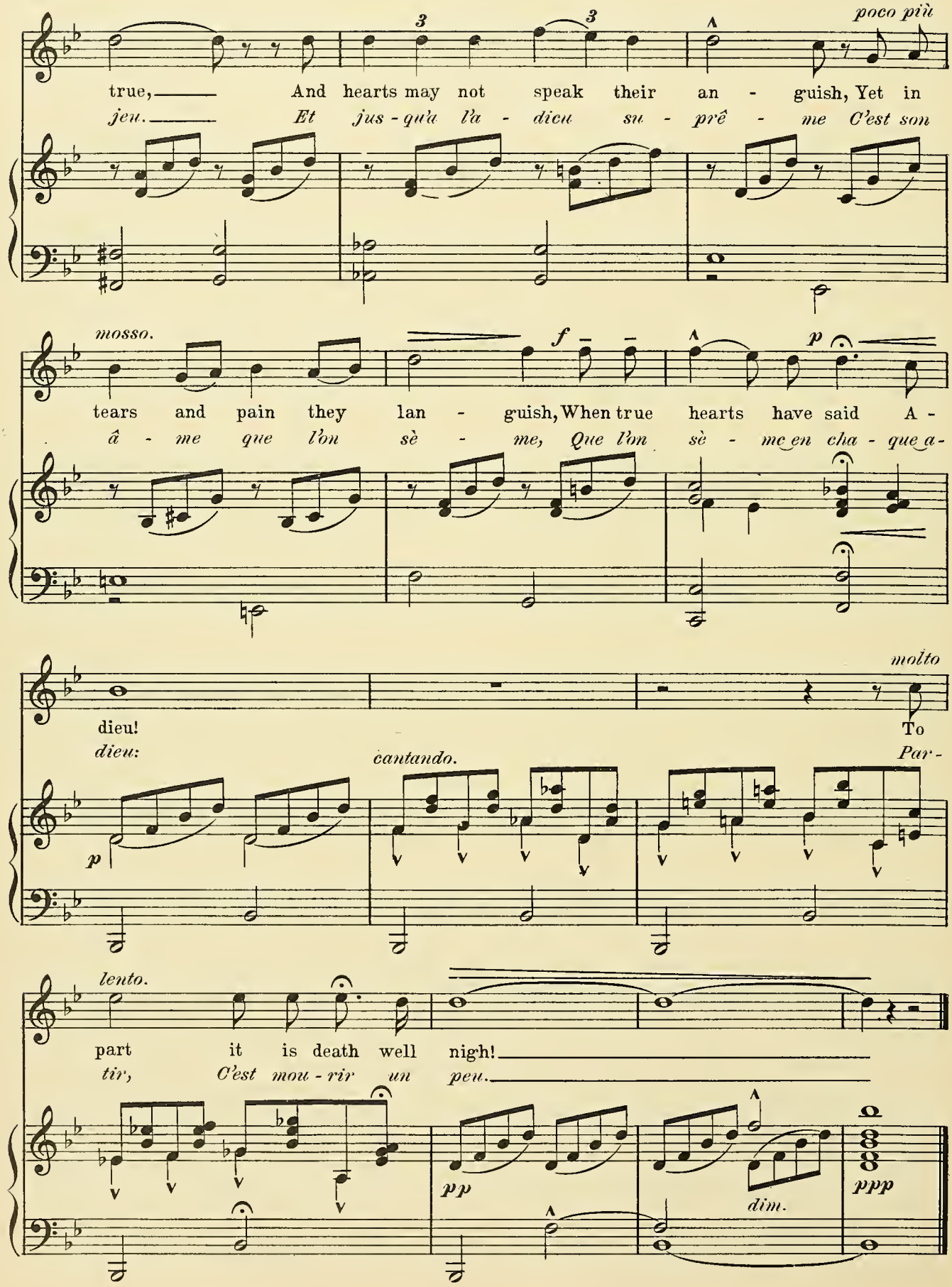
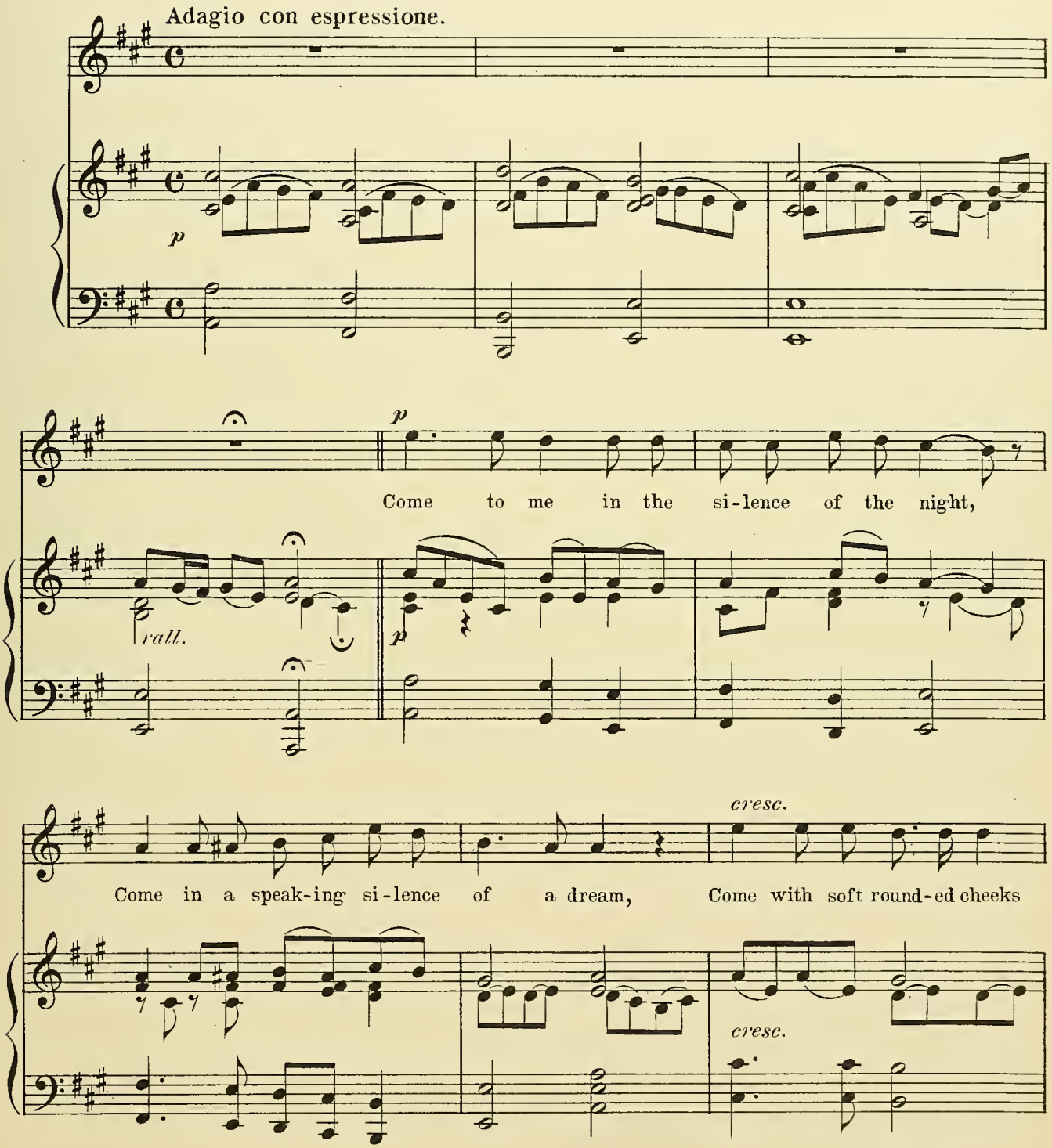
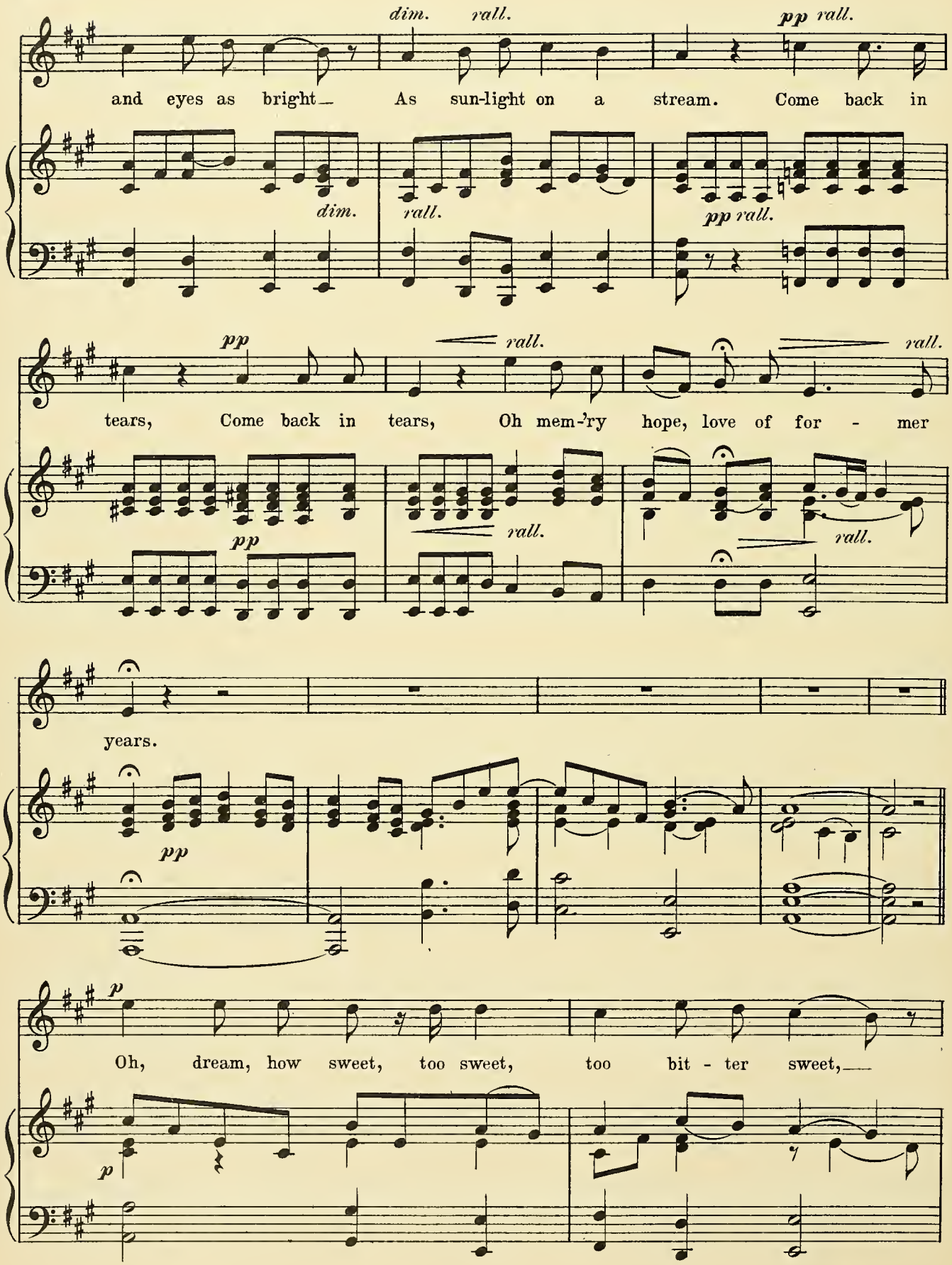

rall.
a tempo.
ev - - er! All the hours go wea - ry by, Ev - 'ry
mê - - me En tou - te heu - re et dans tout lieu. C'est tou -
rall.
a tempo.
molto legato.
vow's a tear, a sigh! The last ap - peal di - eth
jours le deuil d'un voeu, Le der-nier vers d'un po -
nev - - er! To part, it is death well nigh! It is
e - - me; Par - tir, c'est mou - rir un peu, C'est mou-
marcatissimo, allarg.
death from thee to sev - - er! Tho' we go with jest, 'tis
rir à ce qu'on ai - - me. Et l'on part et c'est un
colla voce.

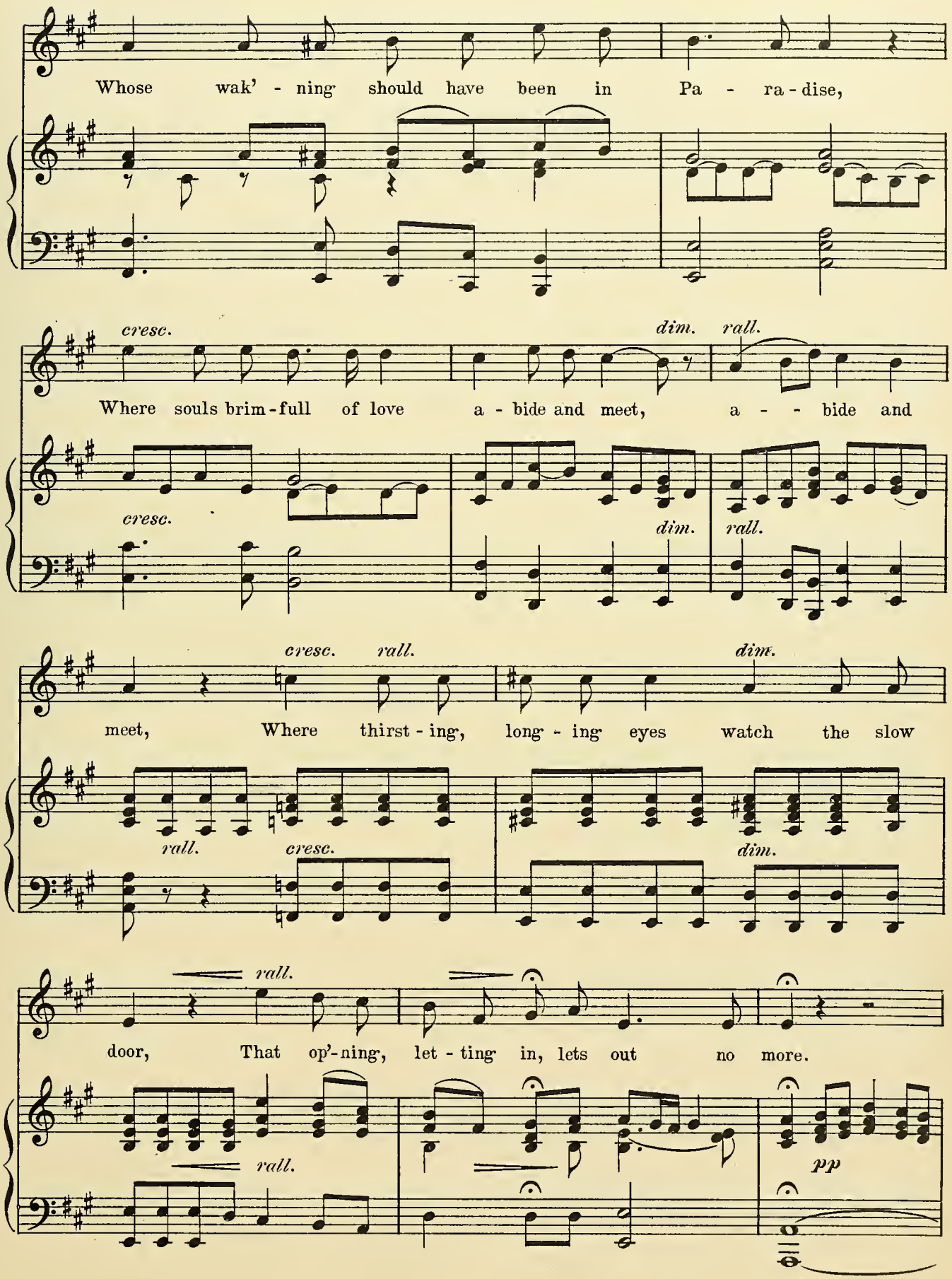

poco più
true, And hearts may not speak their an - guish, Yet in
jeu. Et jus - qu'a l'a - dieu su - prê - me C'est son
mosso.
f
p
tears and pain they lan - guish, When true hearts have said A -
â - me que l'on sè - me, Que l'on sè - me en cha - que a -
molto
dieu!
dieu:
To
Par -
p
cantando.
lento.
part it is death well nigh!
tir, C'est mou - rir un peu.
pp
dim.
ppp

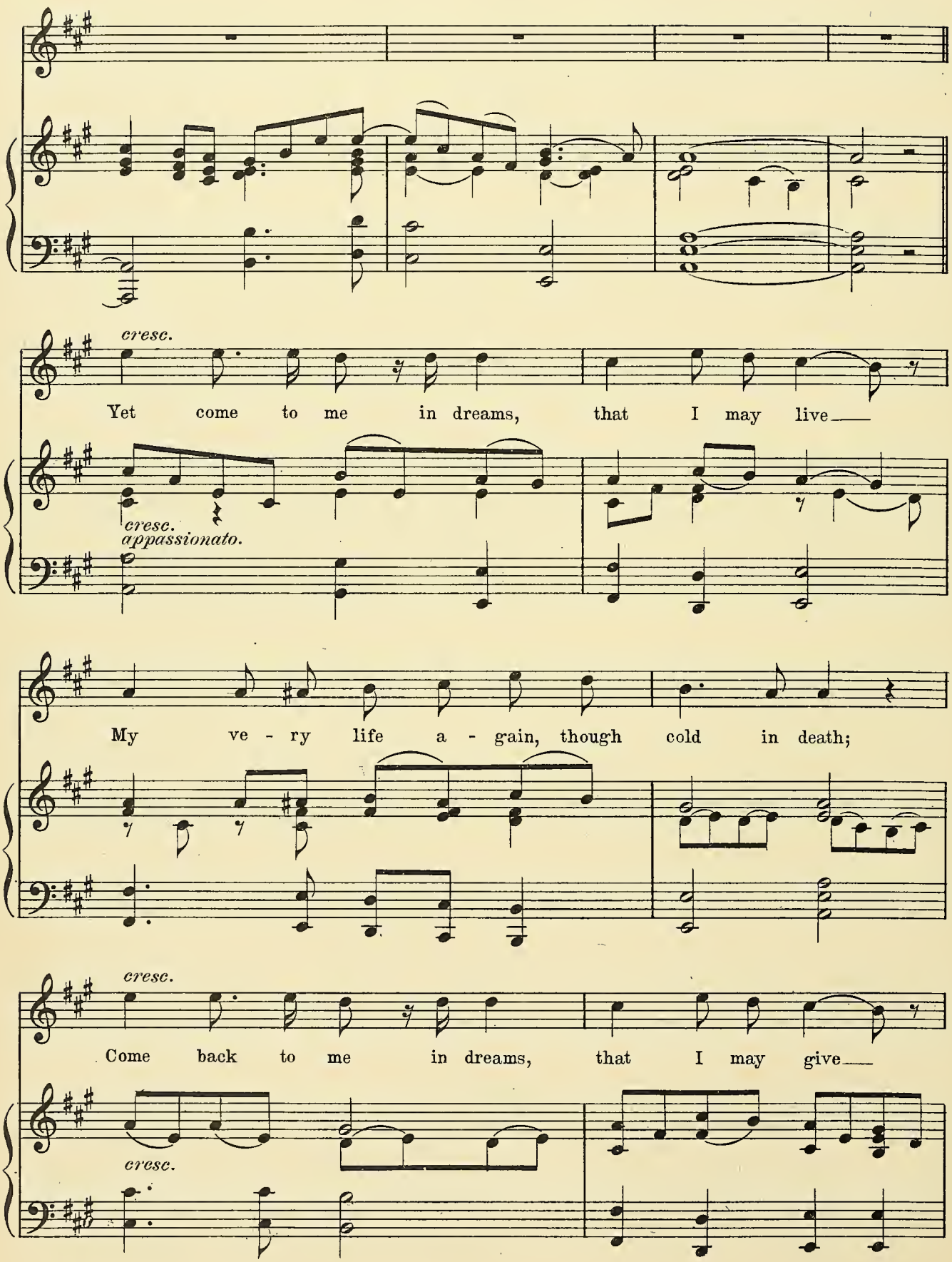
ECHO.

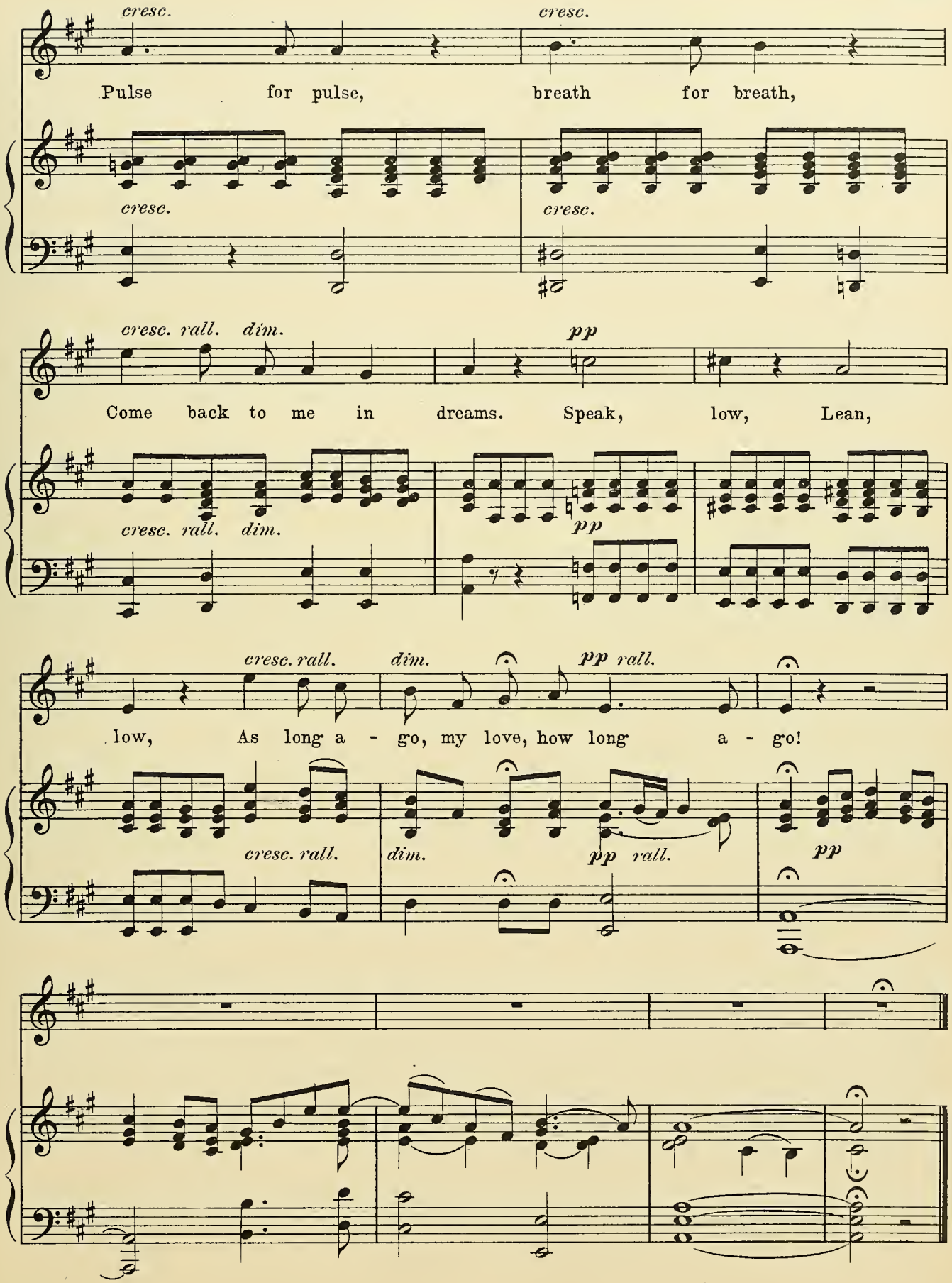
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. LORD HENRY SOMERSET.




dim. rall.
pp rall.
and eyes as bright— As sun-light on a stream. Come back in
dim.
rall.
pp rall.
pp
rall.
rall.
tears, Come back in tears, Oh mem-'ry hope, love of for - mer
pp
rall.
rall.
years.
pp
p
Oh, dream, how sweet, too sweet, too bit - ter sweet,—
p

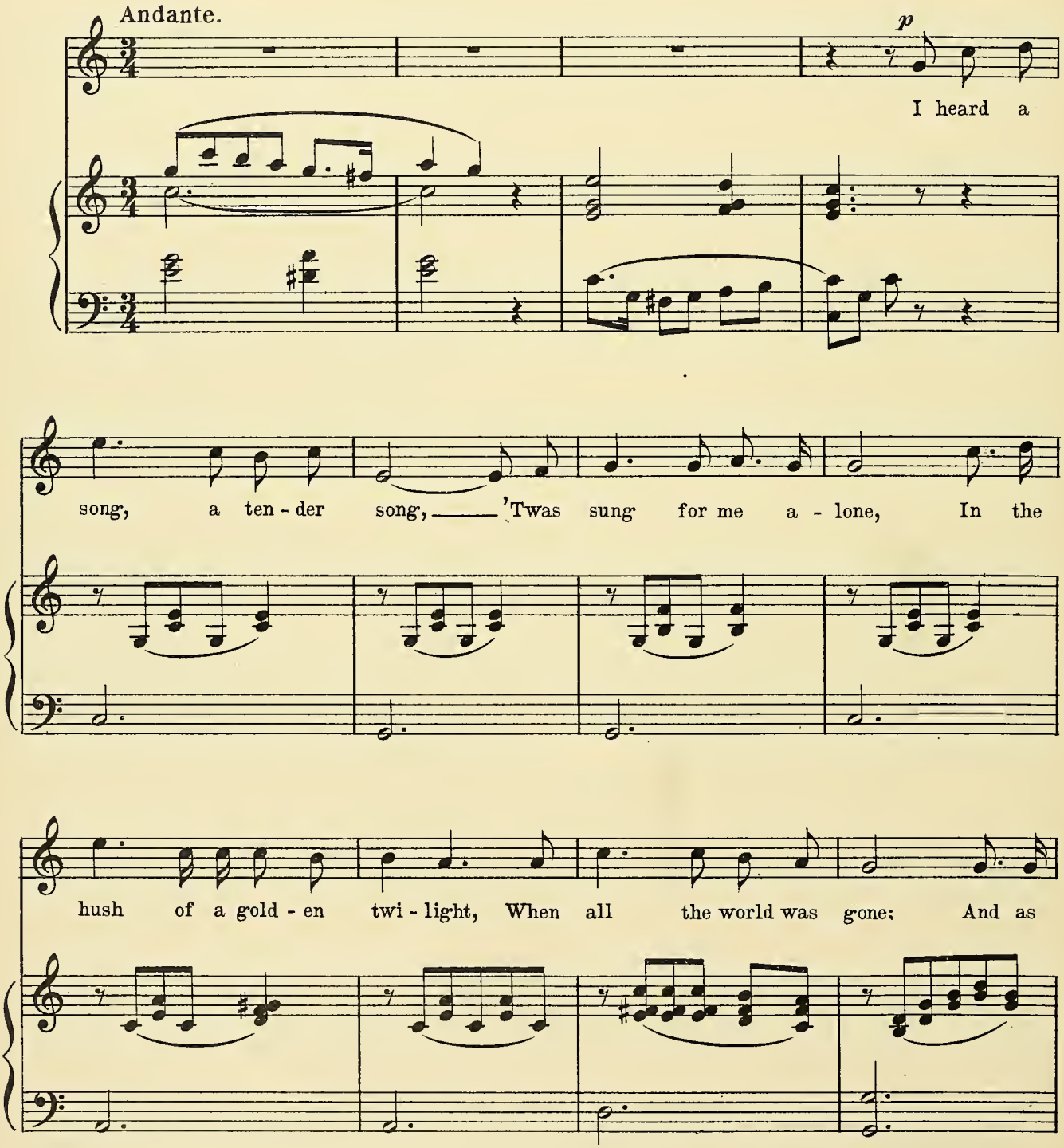

Whose wak' - ning should have been in Pa - ra - dise,
cresc.
dim.
rall.
Where souls brim - full of love a - bide and meet, a - - - bide and
cresc.
dim.
rall.
cresc.
rall.
dim.
meet, Where thirst - ing, long - ing eyes watch the slow
rall.
cresc.
dim.
rall.
door, That op'-ning, let - ting in, lets out no more.
rall.
pp

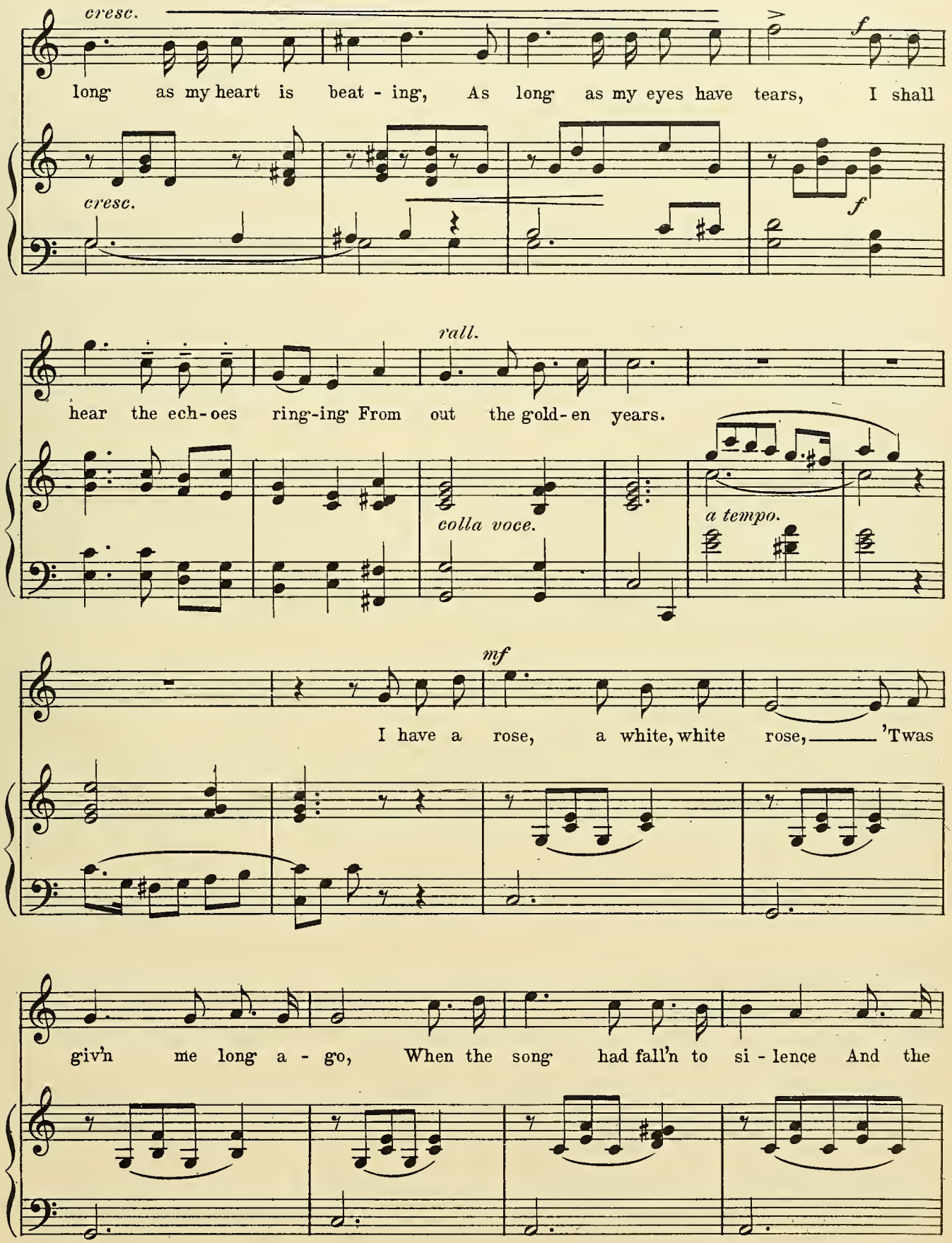

cresc.
Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
cresc. appassionato.
My ve - ry life a - gain, though cold in death;
cresc.
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
cresc.

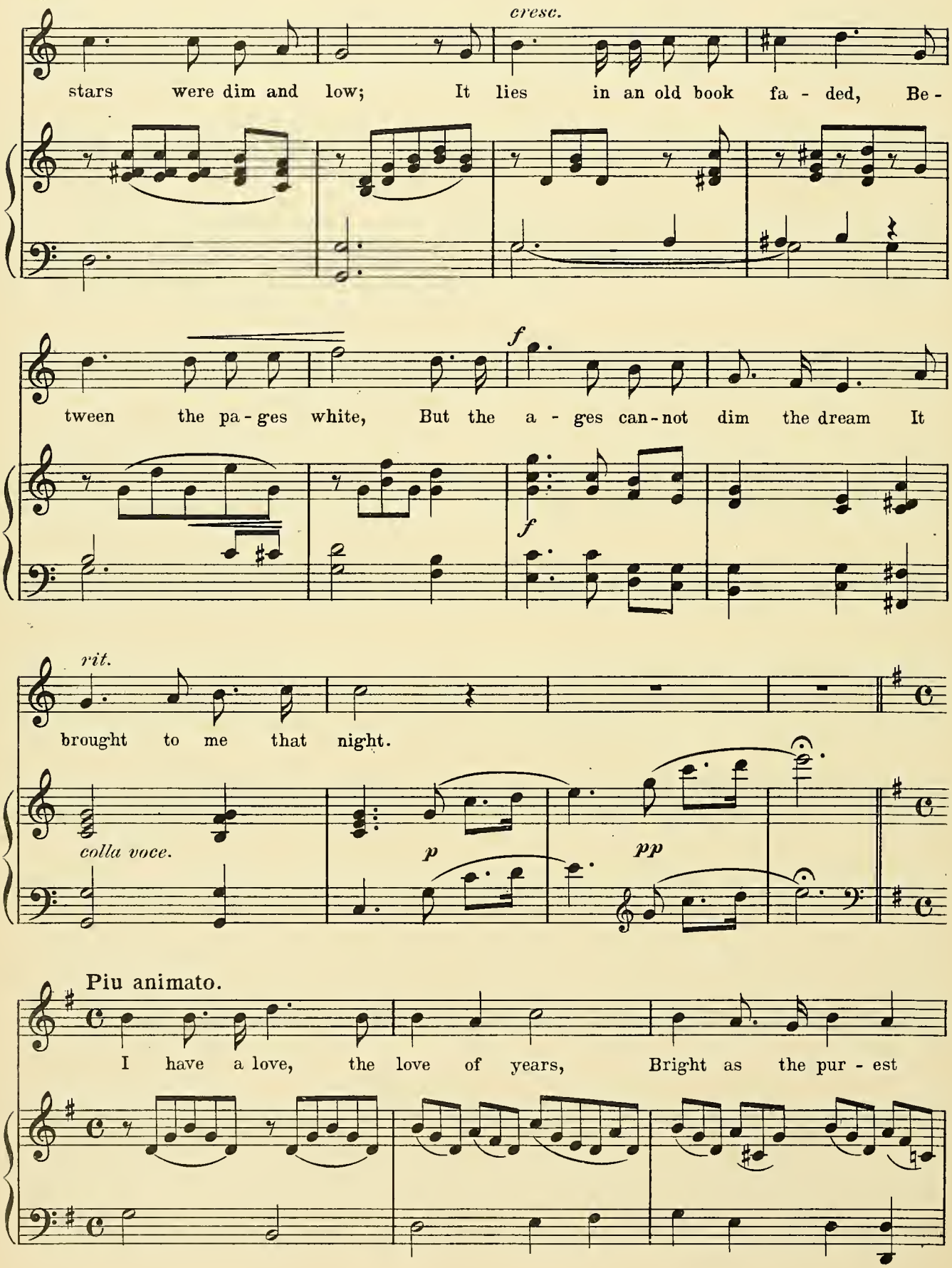

cresc.
cresc.
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath,
cresc.
cresc.
cresc. rall. dim.
pp
Come back to me in dreams. Speak, low, Lean,
cresc. rall. dim.
pp
cresc. rall.
dim.
pp rall.
low, As long a - go, my love, how long a - go!
cresc. rall.
dim.
pp rall.
pp

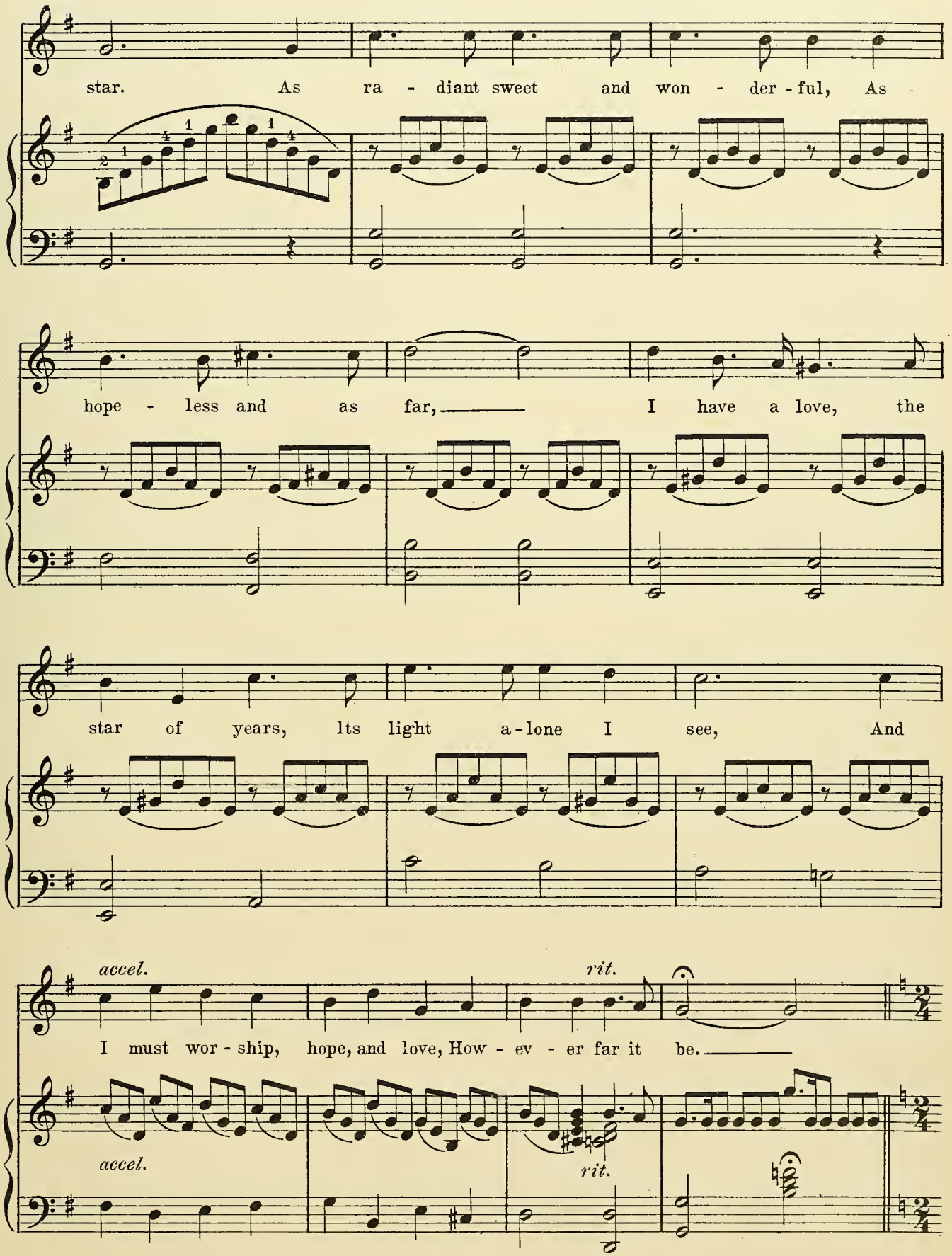
THE FLIGHT OF AGES.

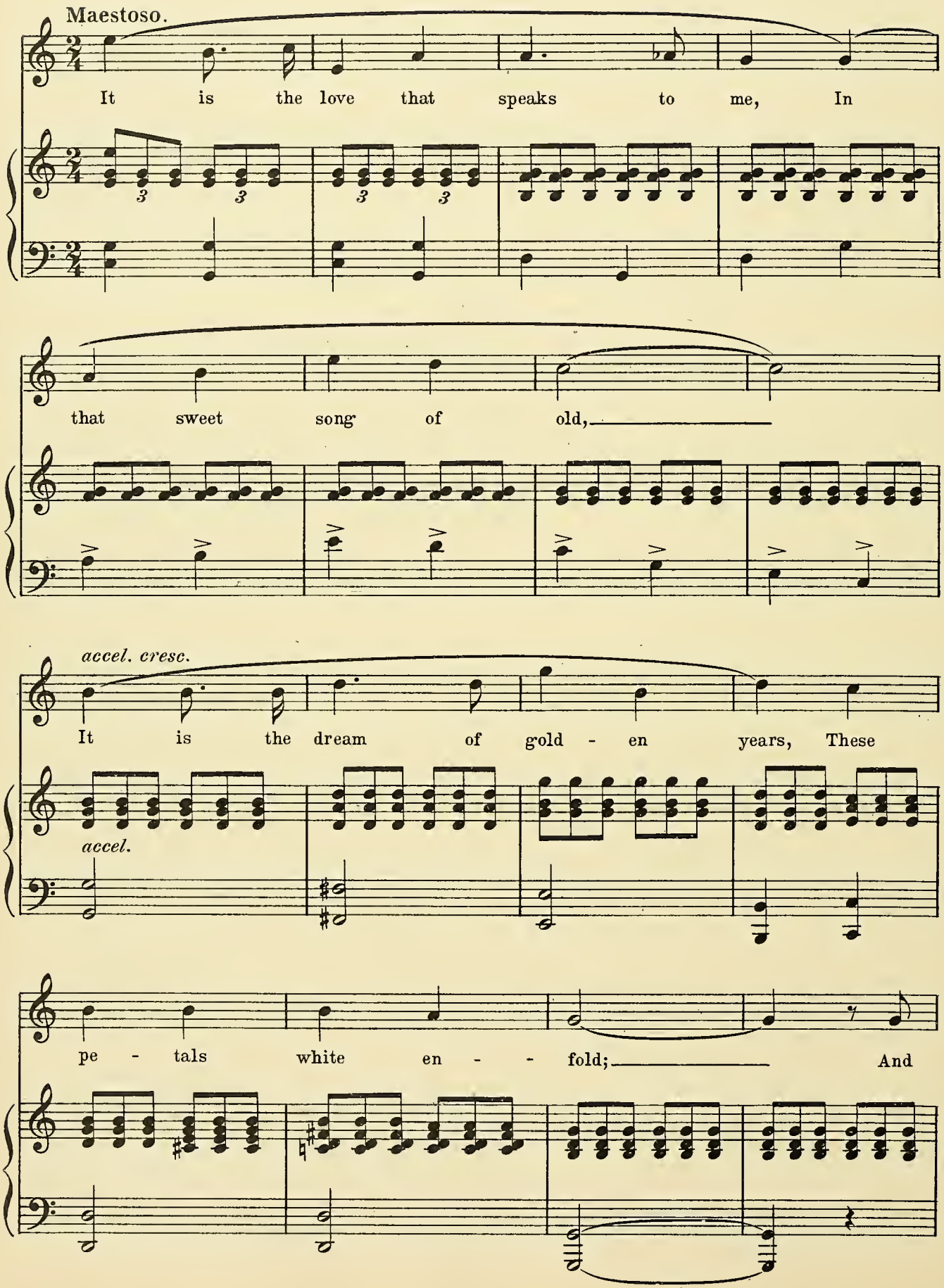
FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY. FREDERICK BEVAN.

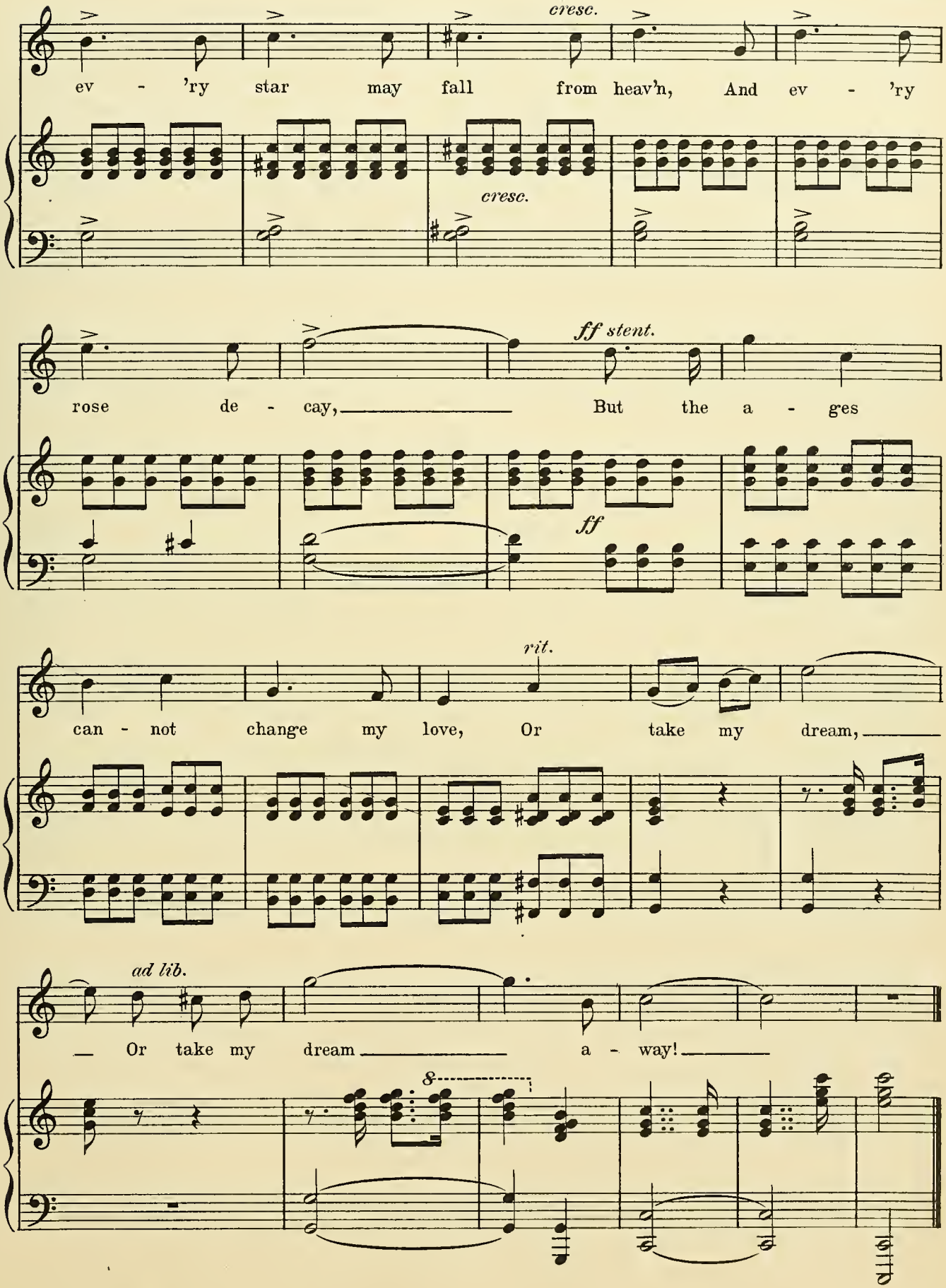



cresc.
long as my heart is beat - ing, As long as my eyes have tears, I shall
cresc.
f
f
rall.
hear the ech - oes ring-ing From out the gold - en years.
colla voce.
a tempo.
mf
I have a rose, a white, white rose, 'Twas
giv'n me long a - go, When the song had fall'n to si - lence And the


cresc.
stars were dim and low; It lies in an old book fa - ded, Be -
f
tween the pa - ges white, But the a - ges can - not dim the dream It
f
rit.
brought to me that night.
colla voce.
p
pp
Piu animato.
I have a love, the love of years, Bright as the pur - est


star. As ra - diant sweet and won - der - ful, As
hope - less and as far, I have a love, the
star of years, Its light a - lone I see, And
accel.
rit.
I must wor - ship, hope, and love, How - ev - er far it be.
accel.
rit.


Maestoso.
It is the love that speaks to me, In
that sweet song of old,
accel. cresc.
It is the dream of gold - en years, These
accel.
pe - tals white en - - fold; And


cresc.
ev - 'ry star may fall from heav'n, And ev - 'ry
cresc.
ff stent.
rose de - cay, But the a - ges
ff
rit.
can - not change my love, Or take my dream,
ad lib.
Or take my dream a - way!
8

HOW SO FAIR.

From the Opera of

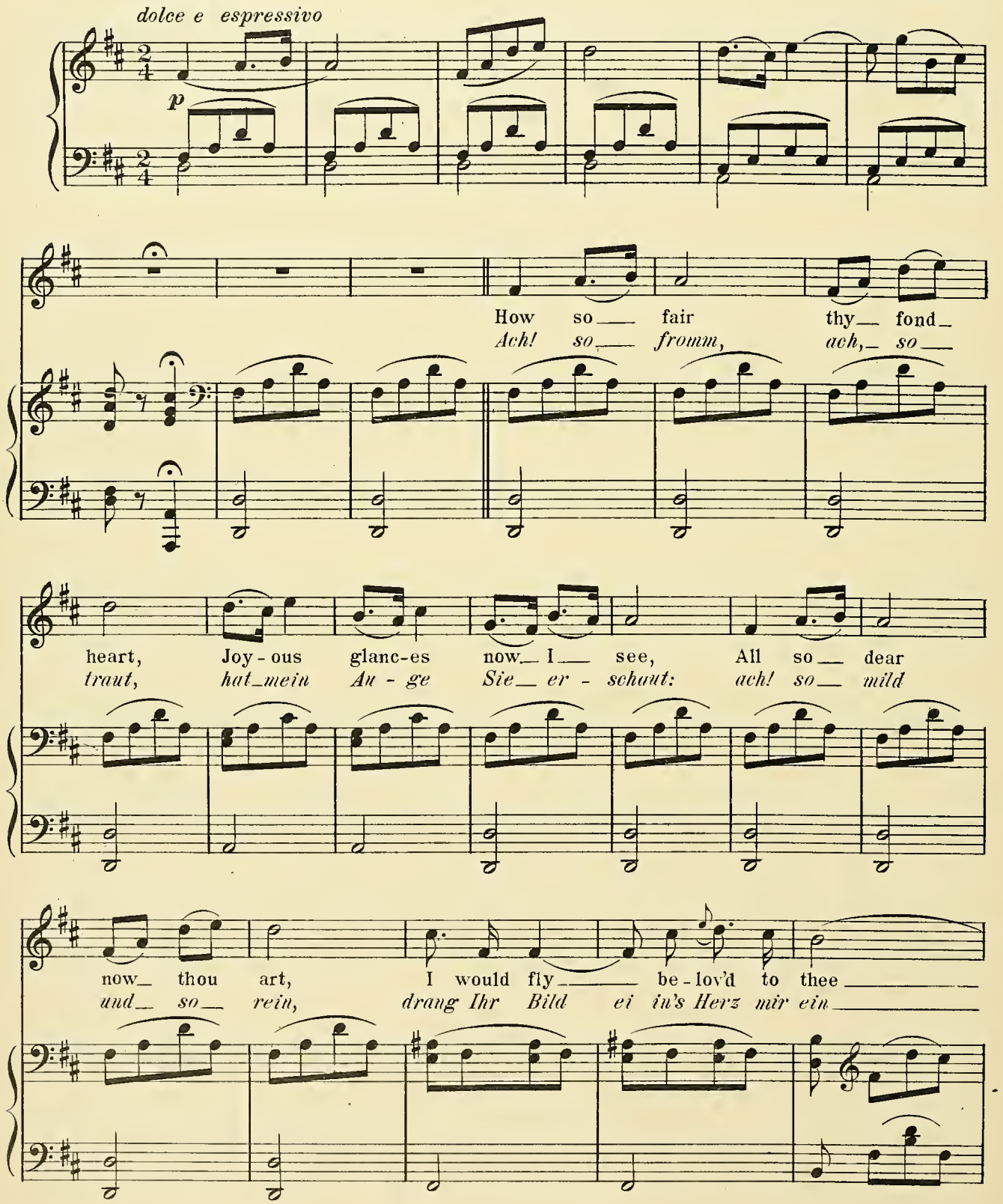
Martha.

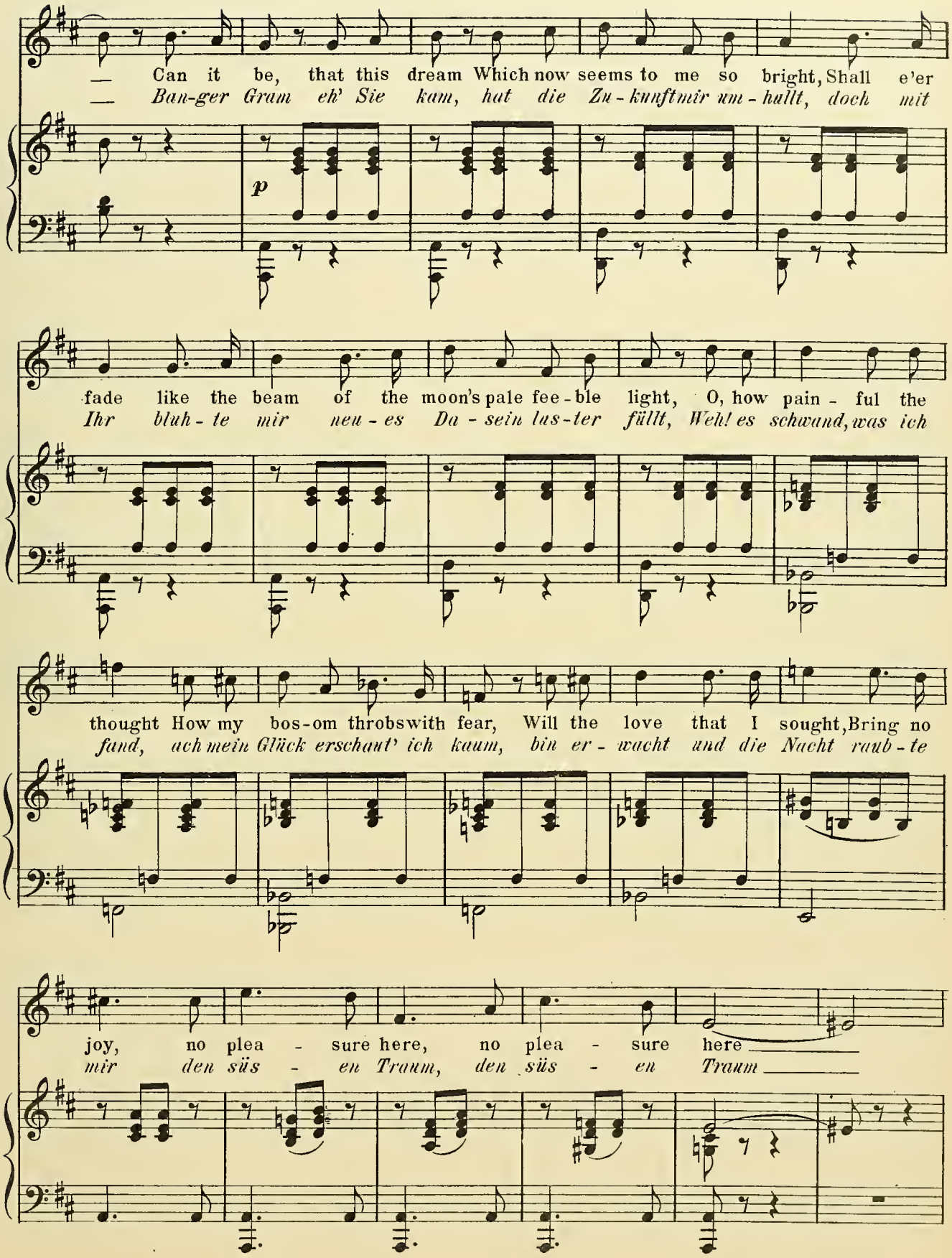
English version by
Dr. W. J. WETMORE.

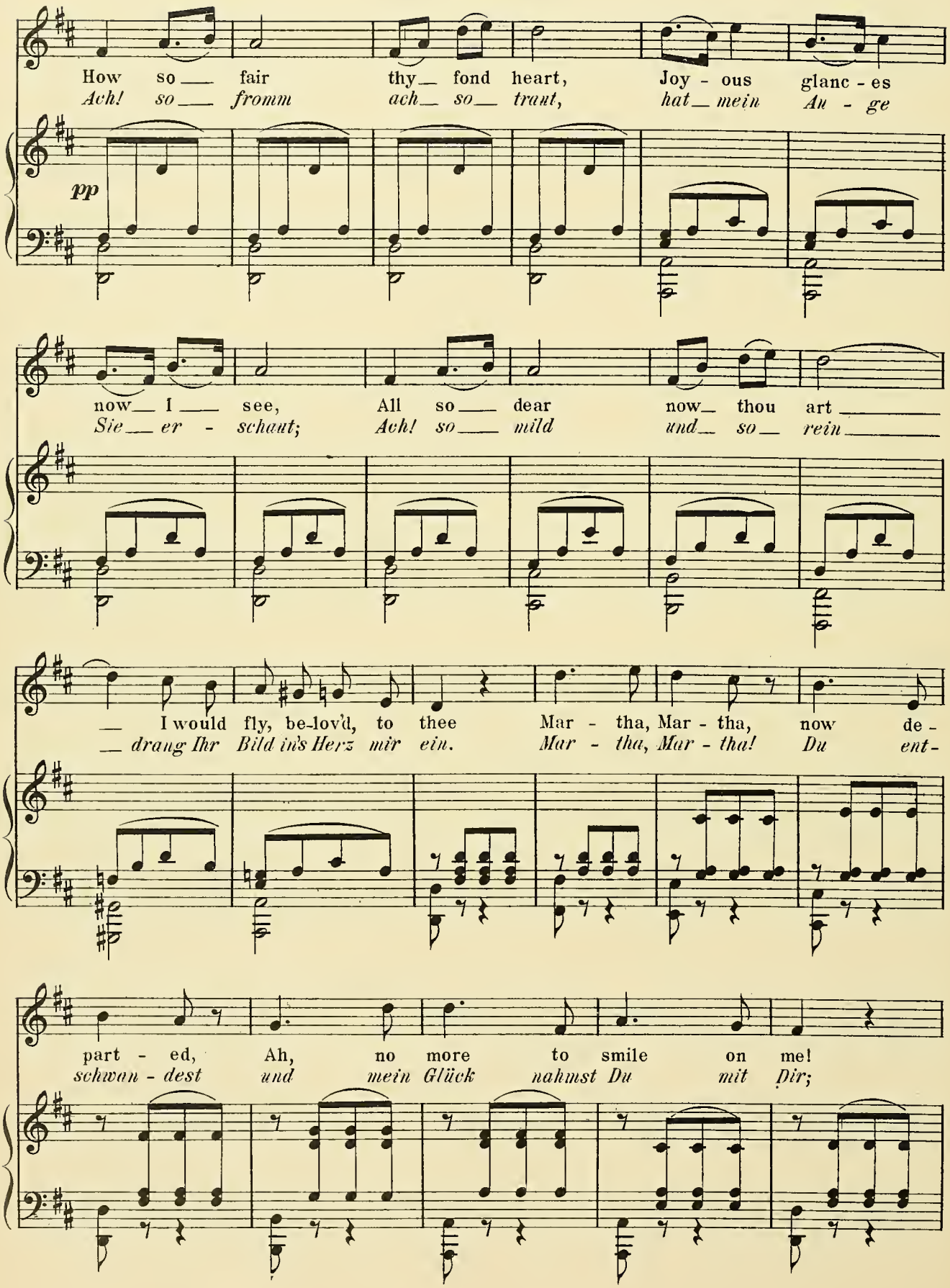
FLOTOW.

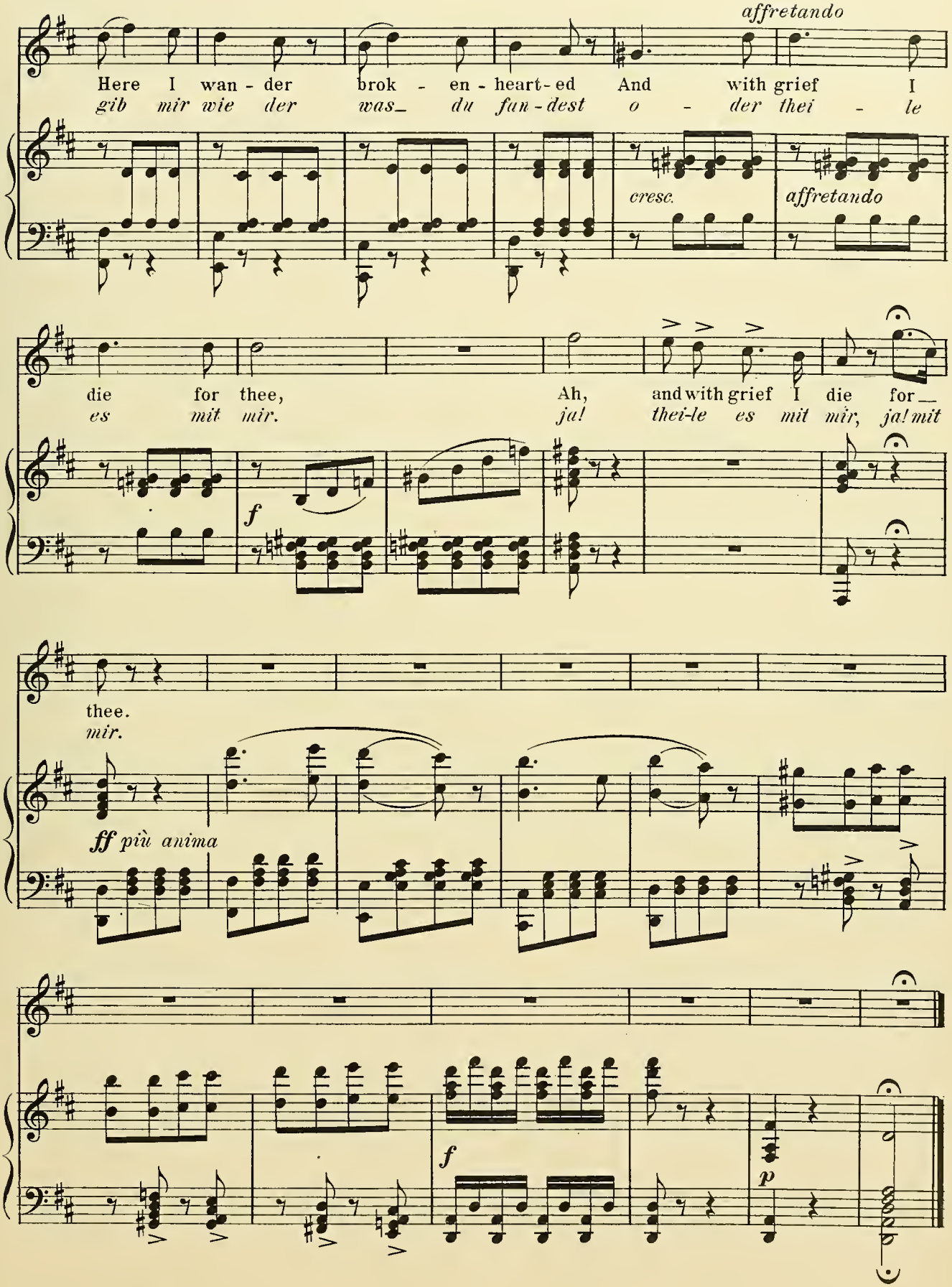
Moderato.

dolce e espressivo




— Can it be, that this dream Which now seems to me so bright, Shall e'er
— Ban-ger Gram eh' Sie kam, hat die Zu-kunftmir um-hullt, doch mit
p
fade like the beam of the moon's pale fee-ble light, O, how pain-ful the
Ihr bluh-te mir neu-es Da-sein lus-ter füllt, Weh! es schwand, was ich
thought How my bos-om throbswith fear, Will the love that I sought, Bring no
fand, ach mein Glück erschaut' ich kaum, bin er-wacht und die Nacht raub-te
joy, no plea-sure here, no plea-sure here
mir den süs-en Traum, den süs-en Traum


How so fair thy fond heart, Joy - ous glanc - es
Ach! so fromm ach so traut, hat mein Au - ge
pp
now I see, All so dear now thou art
Sie er - schaut; Ach! so mild und so rein
I would fly, be-lov'd, to thee Mar - tha, Mar - tha, now de -
drang Ihr Bild in's Herz mir ein. Mar - tha, Mar - tha! Du ent -
part - ed, Ah, no more to smile on me!
schwan - dest und mein Glück nahmst Du mit Dir;

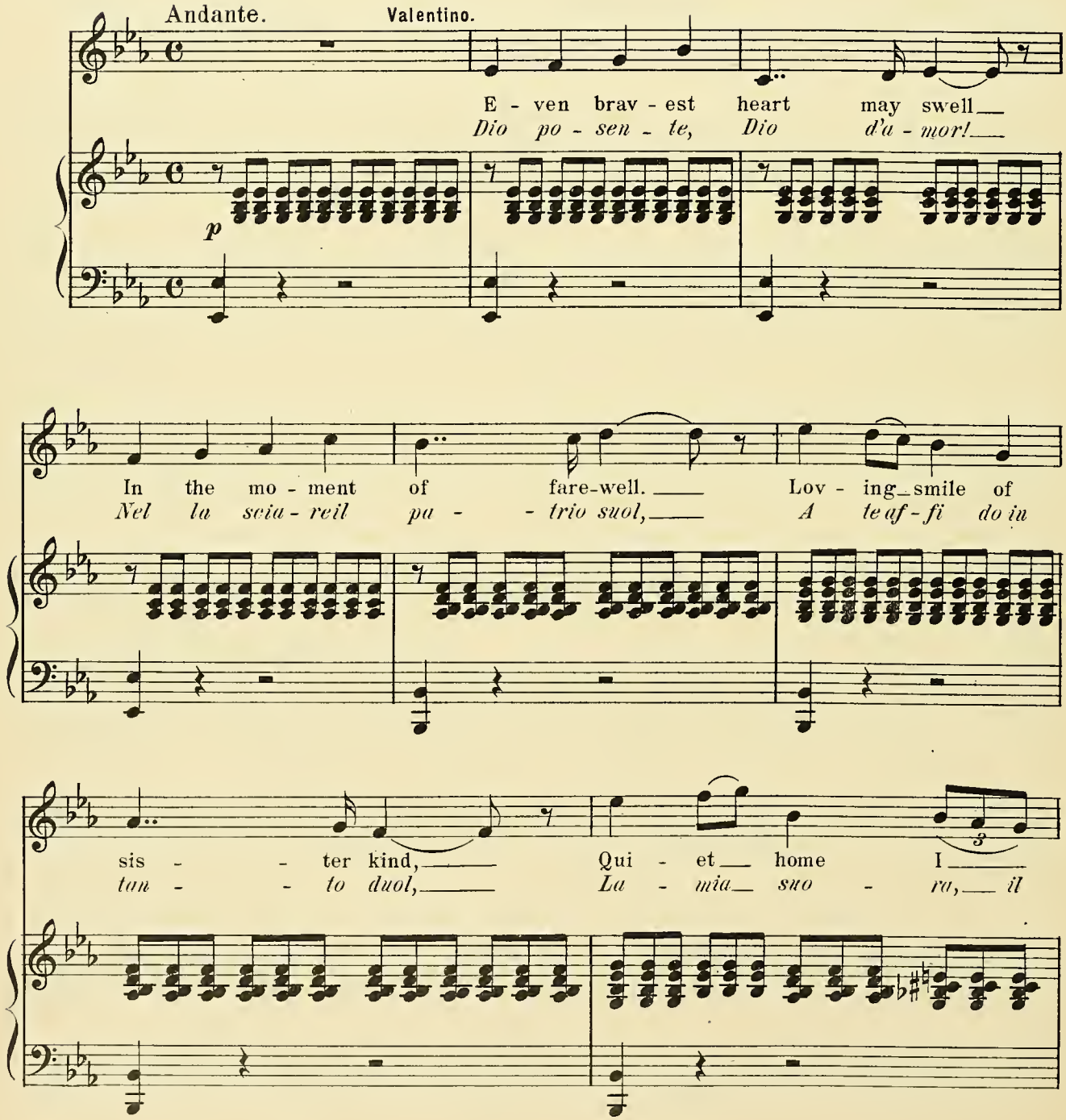

affretando
Here I wan - der brok - en - heart - ed And with grief I
gib mir wie der was_ du fan - dest o - der thei - le
cresc.
affretando
die for thee, Ah, and with grief I die for_
es mit mir. ja! thei-le es mit mir, ja! mit
f
thee.
mir.
ff più anima
f
p

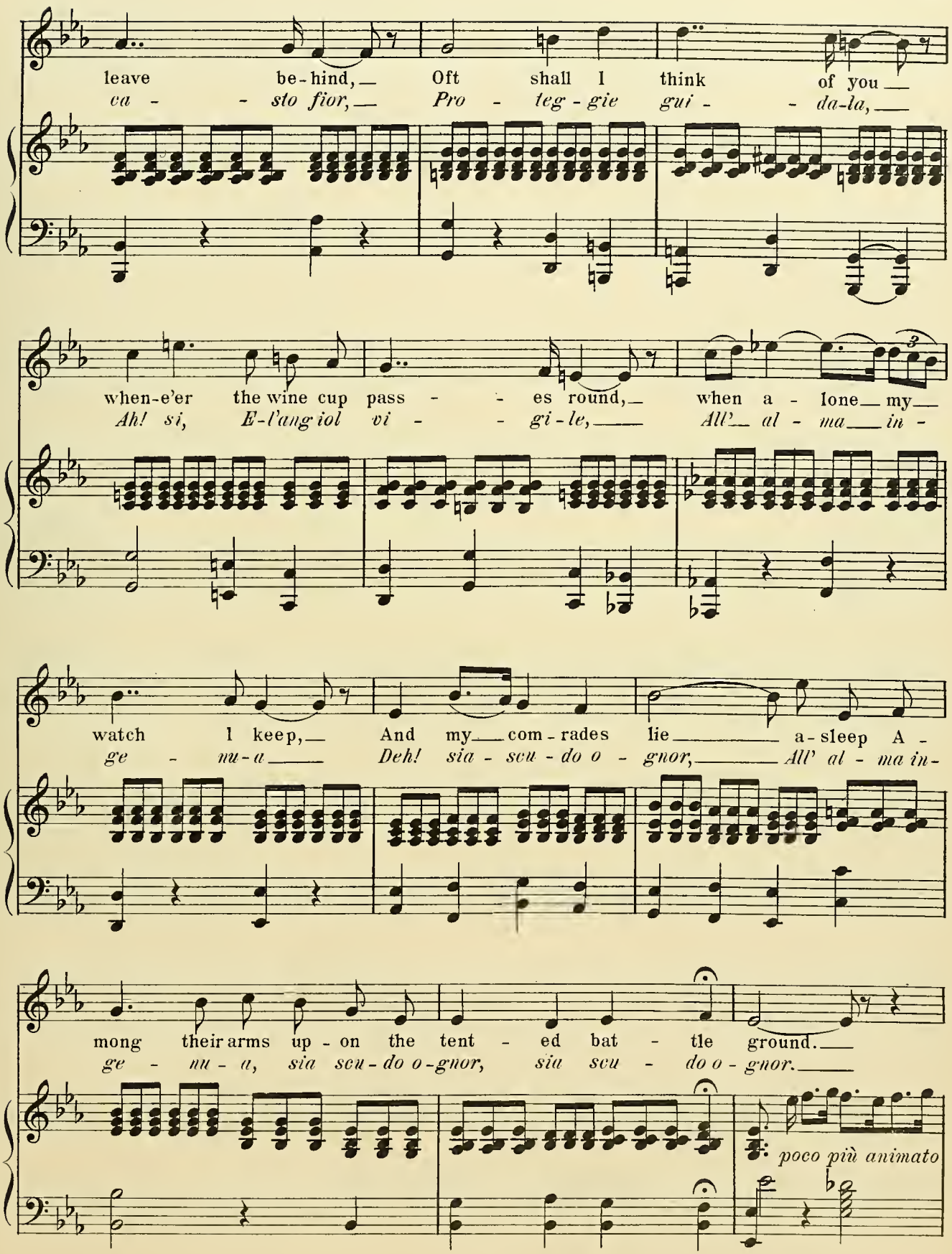
EVEN BRAVEST HEART.

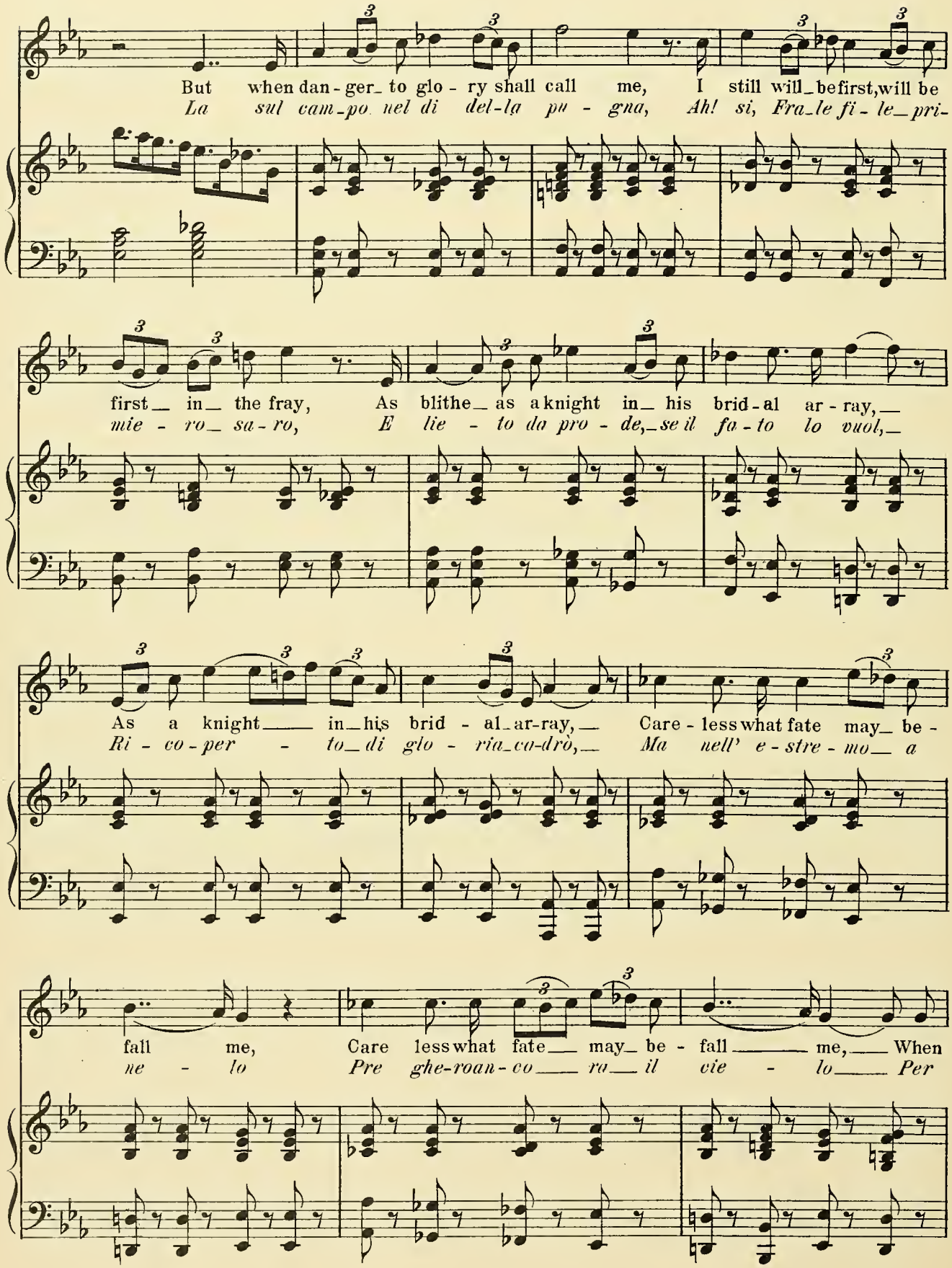
Dio possente, Dio d'amor.

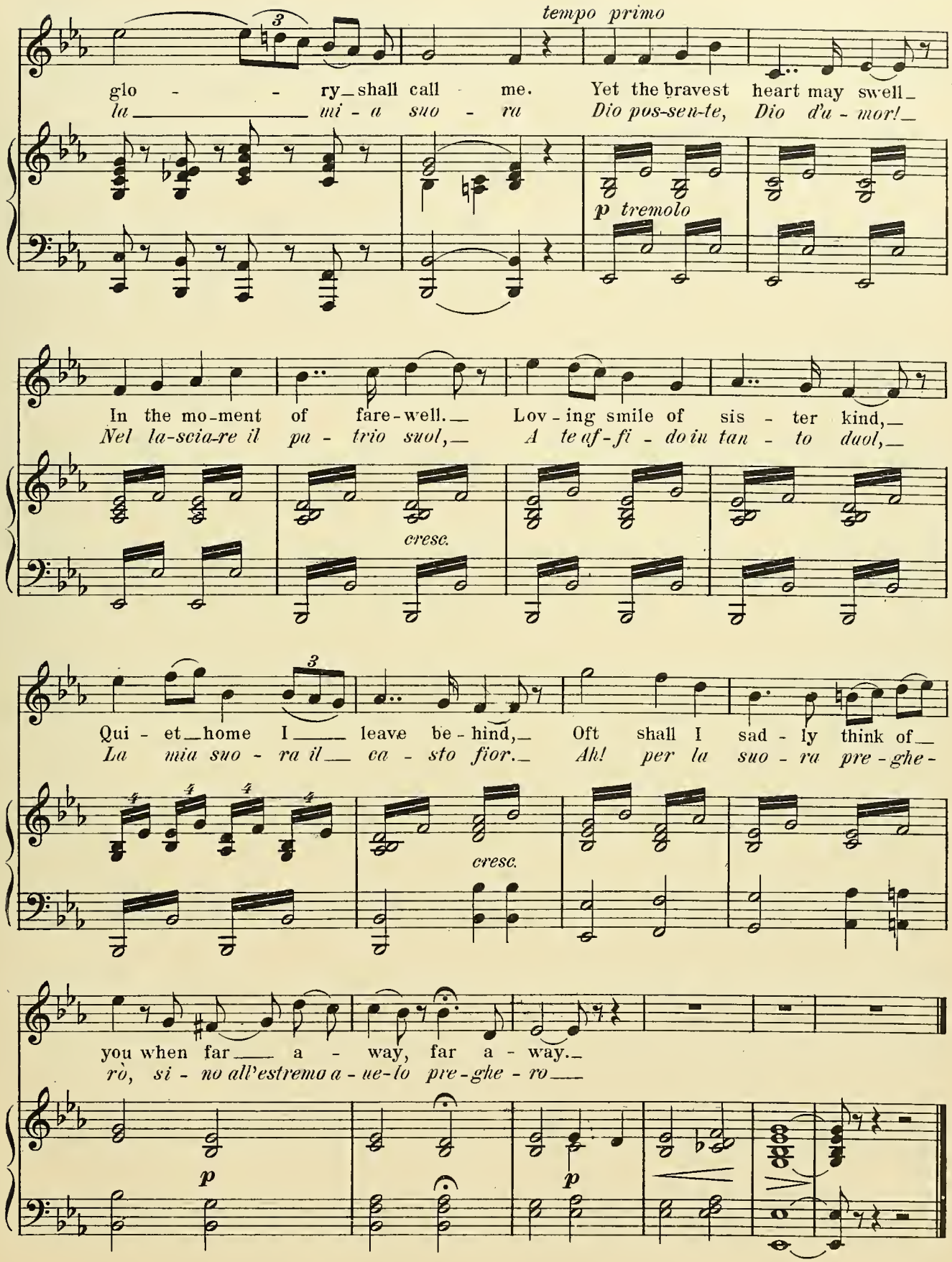
Faust.

CH. GOUNOD.




leave be-hind, Oft shall I think of you
ca - - sto fior, Pro - teg-gie gui - - da-la,
when-e'er the wine cup pass - - es round, when a - lone my
Ah! si, E-l'ang iol vi - - gi-le, All' al - ma in -
watch I keep, And my com-rades lie a-sleep A -
ge - nu-a Deh! sia - scu-do o - gnor, All' al - ma in-
mong their arms up-on the tent - ed bat - tle ground.
ge - nu - a, sia scu-do o-gnor, sia scu - do o - gnor.
poco più animato


But when dan-ger_ to glo-ry shall call me, I still will_be first, will be
La sul cam-po nel di del-la pu-gna, Ah! si, Fra_le fi-le_pri-
first_ in_ the fray, As blithe_ as a knight in_ his brid-al ar-ray,_
mie-ro_ sa-ro, E lie-to da pro-de,_se il fa-to lo vuol,_
As a knight_____ in_his brid-al_ar-ray,_ Care-less what fate may_ be-
Ri-co-per-to_di glo-ria_co-drò,_ Ma nell' e-stre-mo_ a
fall me, Care less what fate_ may_ be-fall_____ me,_ When
ne-lo Pre ghe-roan-co_____ ra_ il vie-lo_____ Per

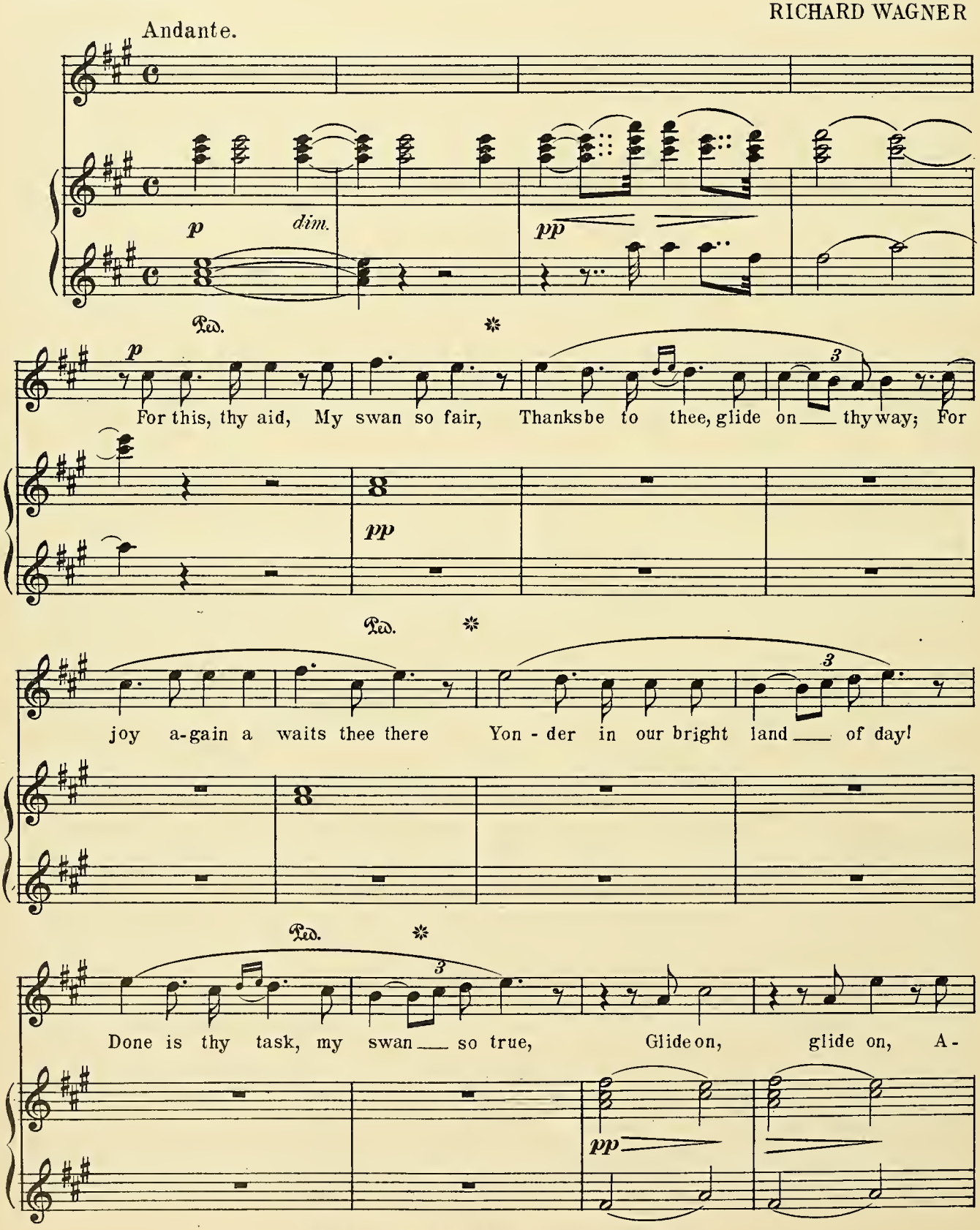

tempo primo
glo - - ry shall call me. Yet the bravest heart may swell
la mi - a suo - ra Dio pos-sen-te, Dio d'a - mor!
p tremolo
In the mo-ment of fare-well. Lov-ing smile of sis - ter kind,
Nel la-scia-re il pa - trio suol, A te af-fi - do in tan - to duol,
cresc.
Qui - et home I leave be - hind, Oft shall I sad - ly think of
La mia suo - ra il ca - sto fior. Ah! per la suo - ra pre - ghe -
cresc.
you when far a - way, far a - way.
rò, si - no all'estremo a - ue-lo pre - ghe - ro
p
p

SWAN SONG.

(Lohengrin.)

English version by
GEORGE COOPER

RICHARD WAGNER



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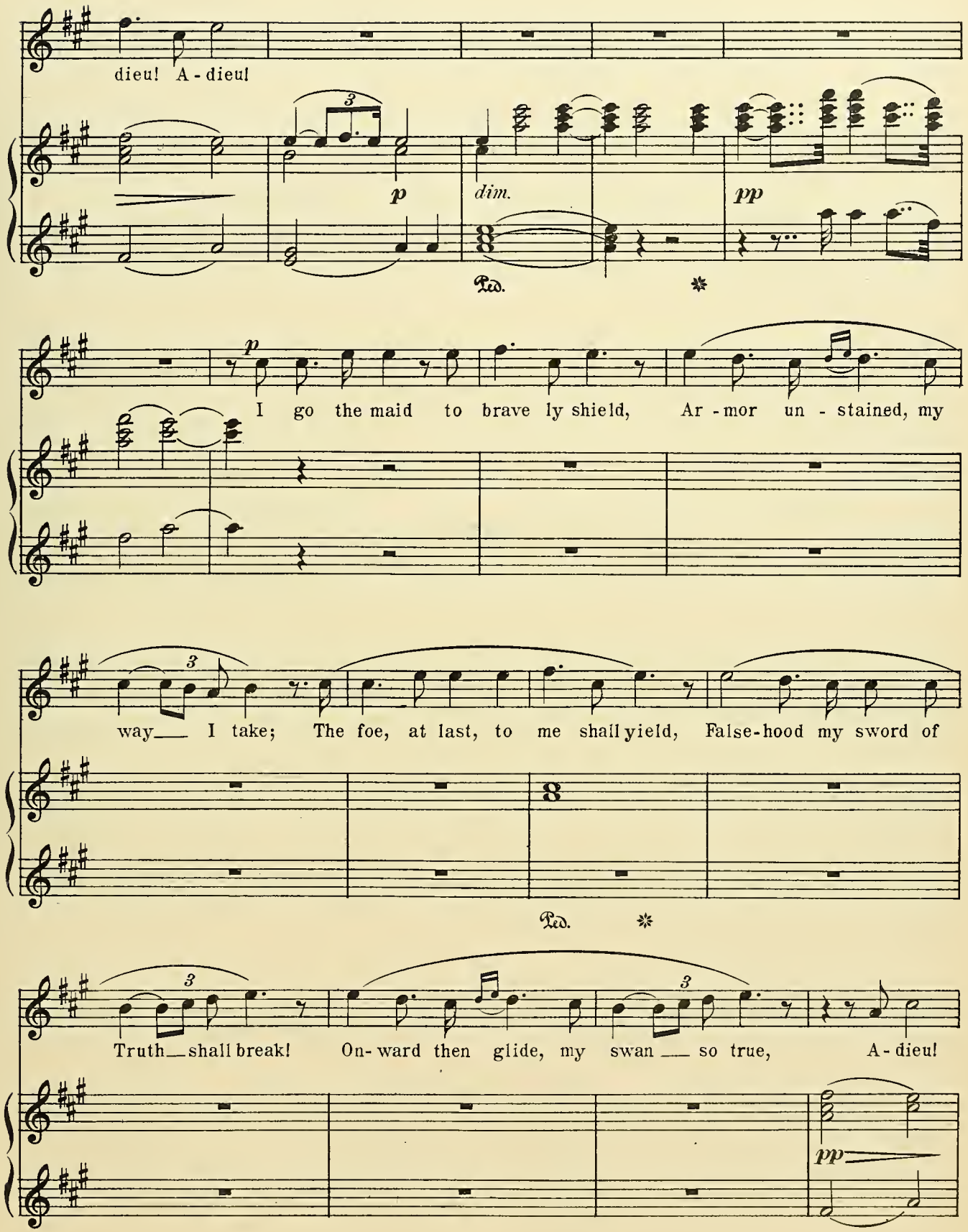
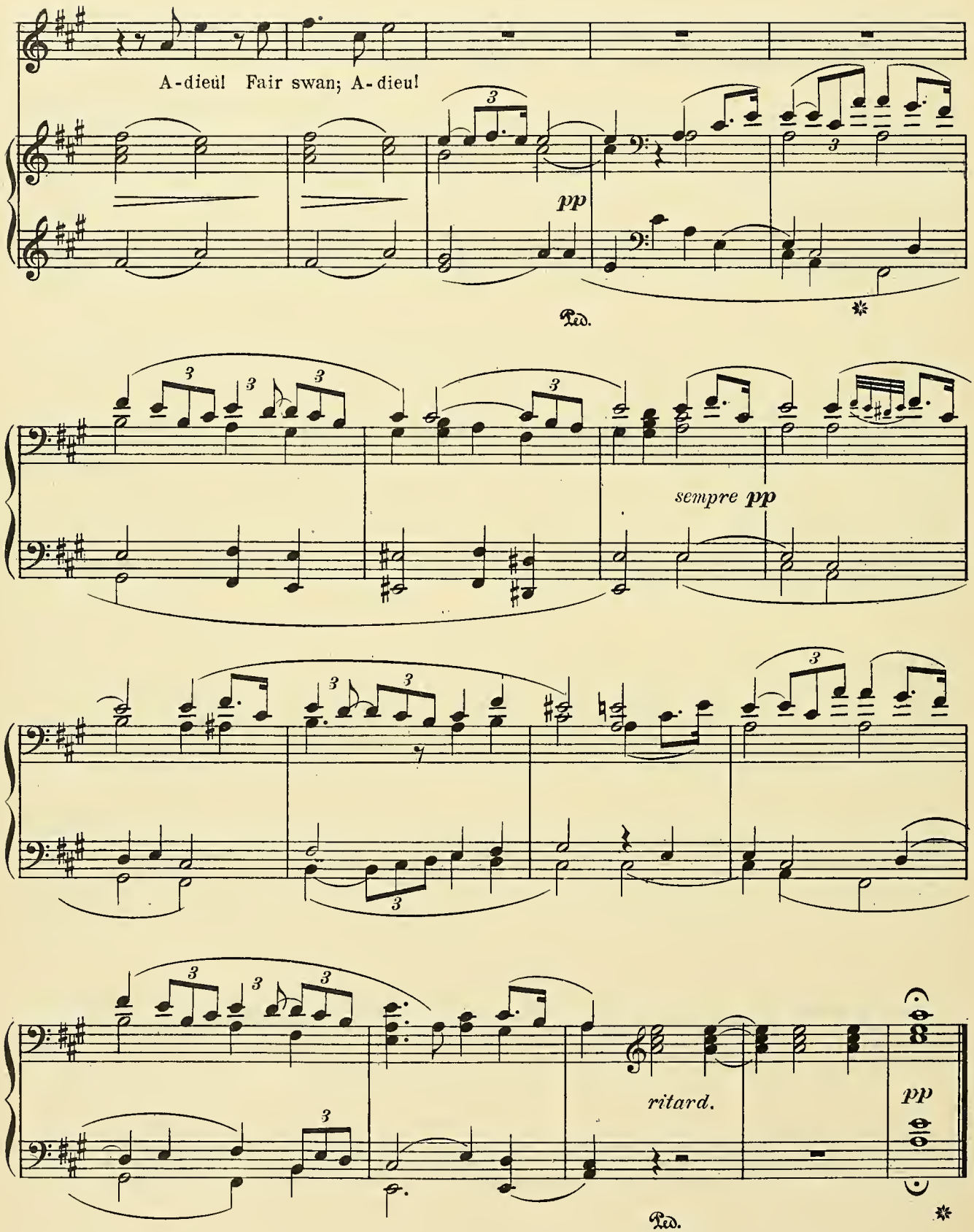

dieu! A - dieu!
p
dim.
pp
Ped.
*
p
I go the maid to brave ly shield, Ar - mor un - stained, my
way__ I take; The foe, at last, to me shall yield, False-hood my sword of
Ped.
*
Truth__ shall break! On- ward then glide, my swan__ so true, A - dieu!
pp


A-dieu! Fair swan; A-dieu!
pp
Ped.
sempre pp
ritard.
pp
Ped.

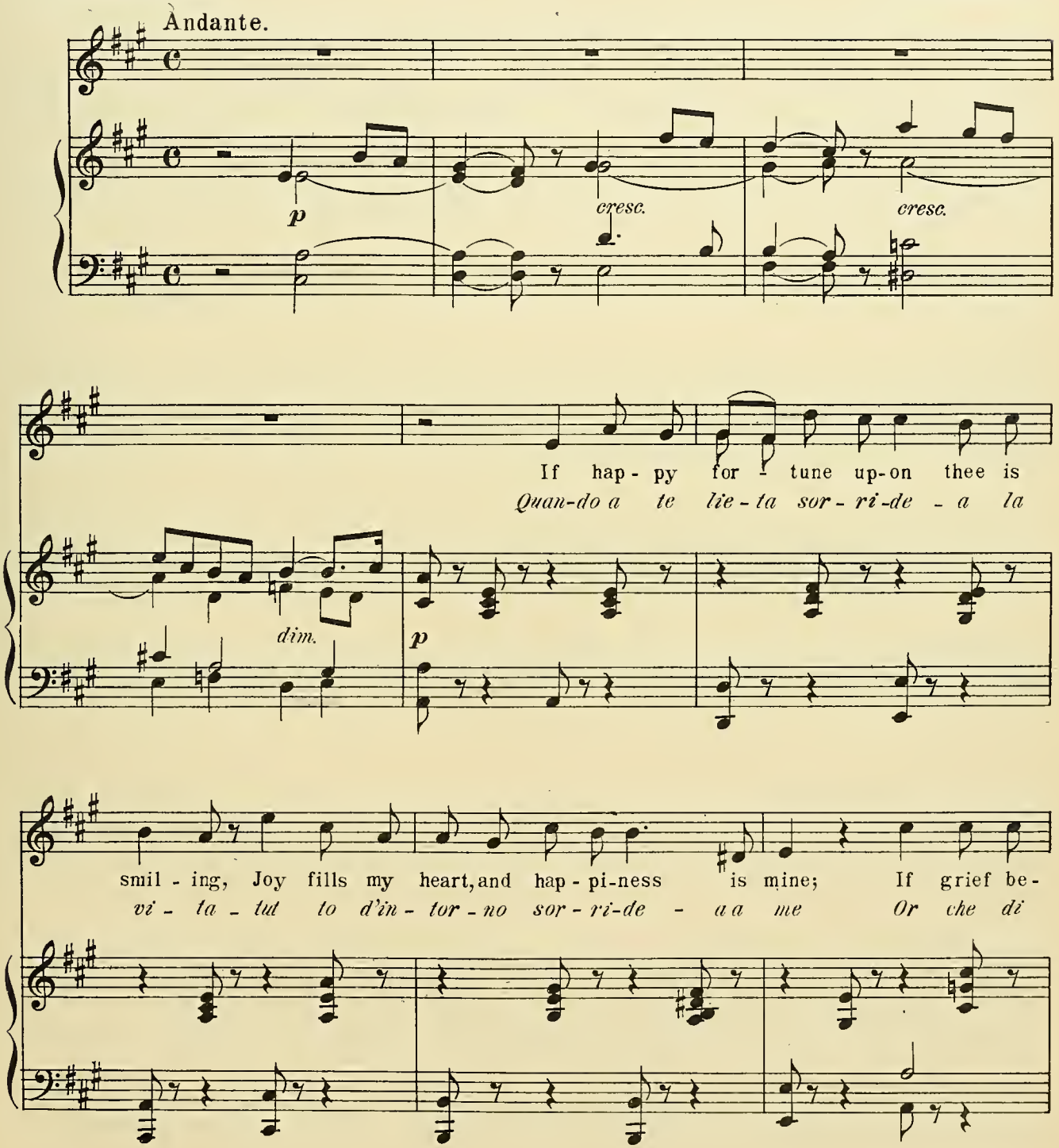
IF HAPPY FORTUNE.

Quando a te lieta.

Romanza from Faust.

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

CH. GOUNOD.



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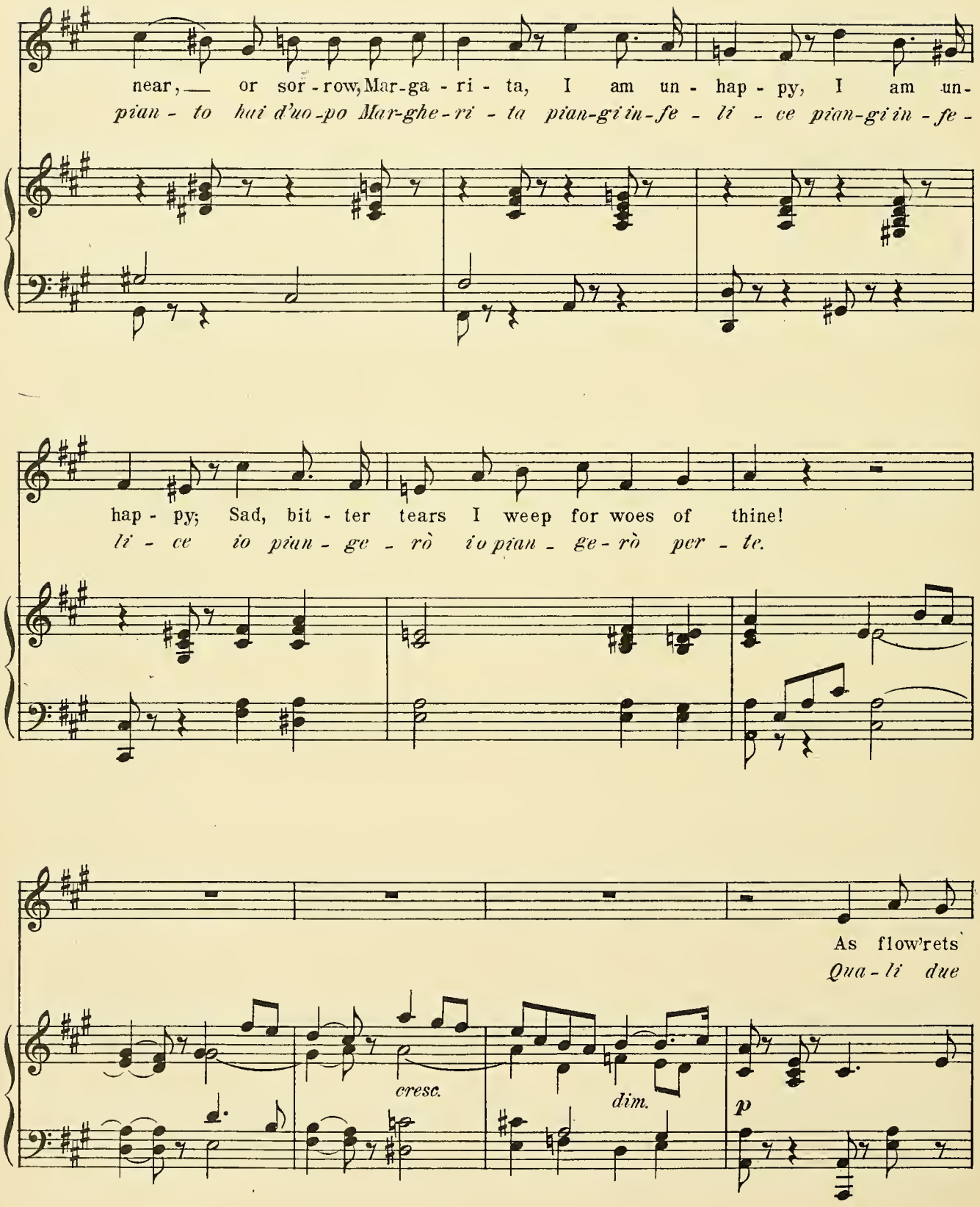
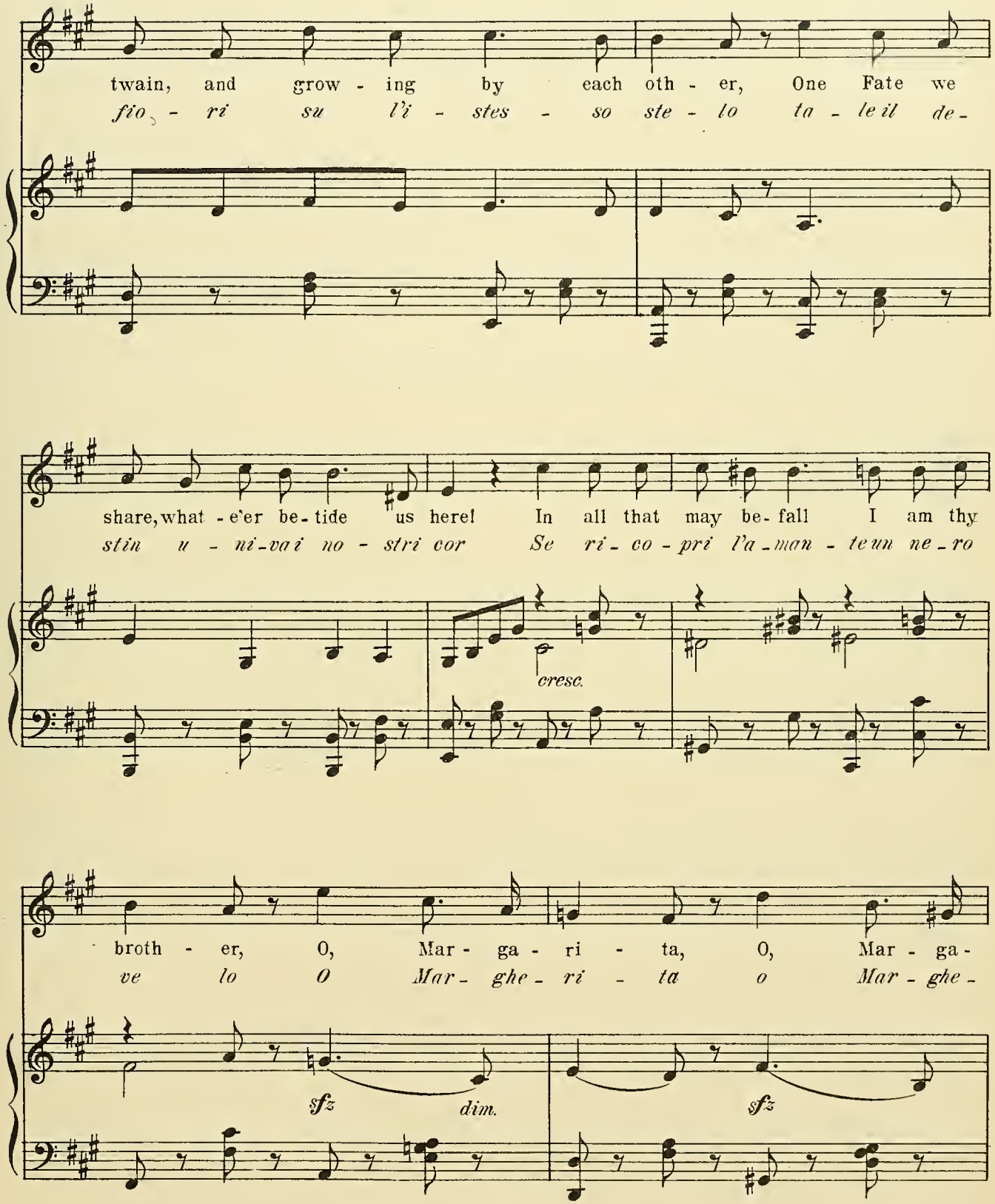
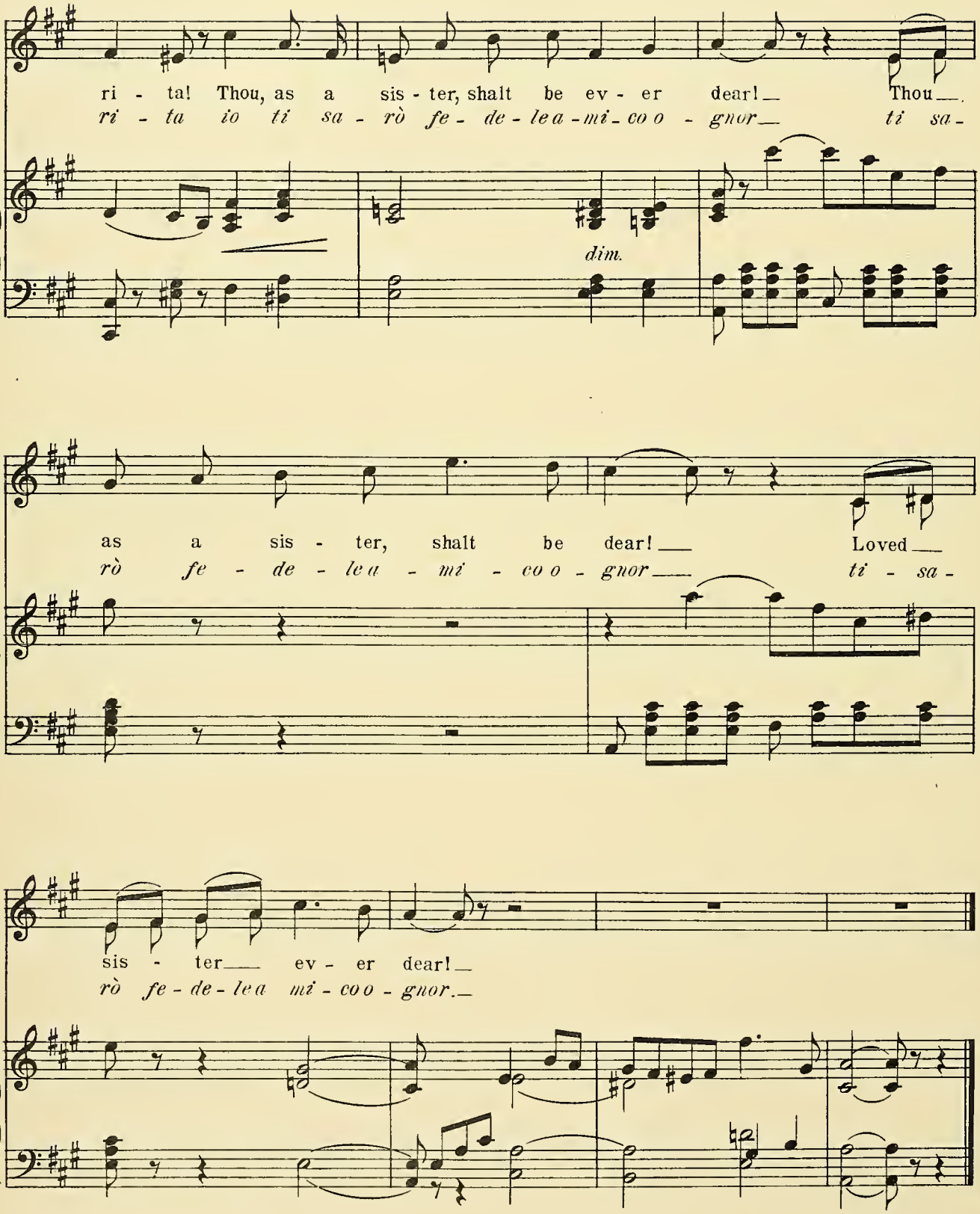

near, — or sor - row, Mar-ga - ri - ta, I am un - hap - py, I am un-
pian - to hai d'uo-po Mar-ghe-ri - ta pian-gi in-fe - li - ce pian-gi in - fe -
hap - py; Sad, bit - ter tears I weep for woes of thine!
li - ce io pian - ge - rò io pian - ge-rò per - te.
As flow'rets
Qua - li due
cresc.
dim.
p


twain, and grow - ing by each oth - er, One Fate we
fio - ri su l'i - stes - so ste - lo ta - le il de -
share, what - e'er be - tide us here! In all that may be - fall I am thy
stin u - ni - vai no - stri cor Se ri - co - pri l'a - man - te un ne - ro
cresc.
broth - er, O, Mar - ga - ri - ta, O, Mar - ga -
ve lo O Mar - ghe - ri - ta o Mar - ghe -
sfz
dim.
sfz


ri - ta! Thou, as a sis - ter, shalt be ev - er dear! Thou
ri - ta io ti sa - rò fe - de - le a - mi - co o - gnor ti sa -
dim.
as a sis - ter, shalt be dear! Loved
rò fe - de - le a - mi - co o - gnor ti - sa -
sis - ter ev - er dear!
rò fe - de - le a mi - co o - gnor.

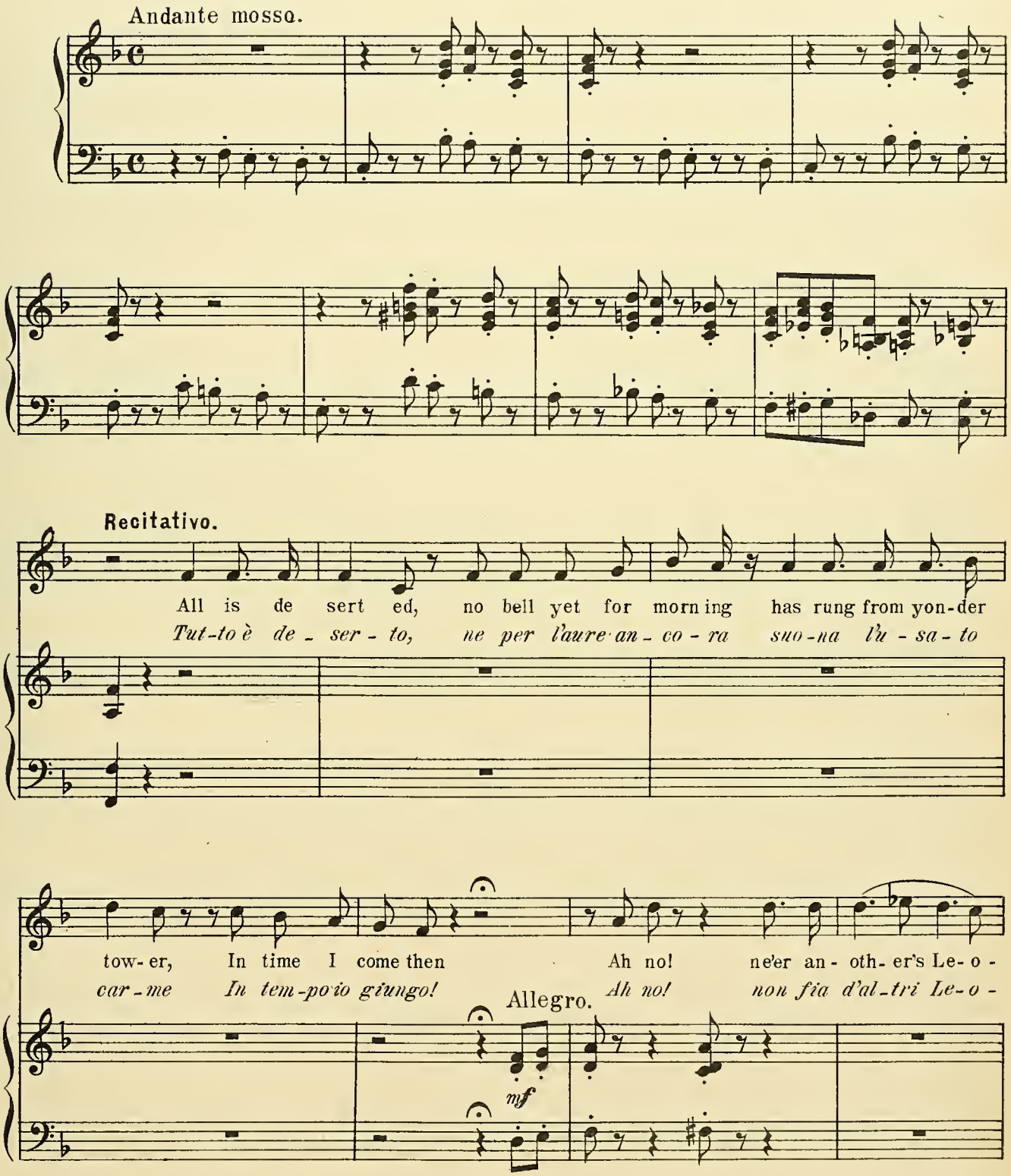
TEMPEST OF THE HEART.

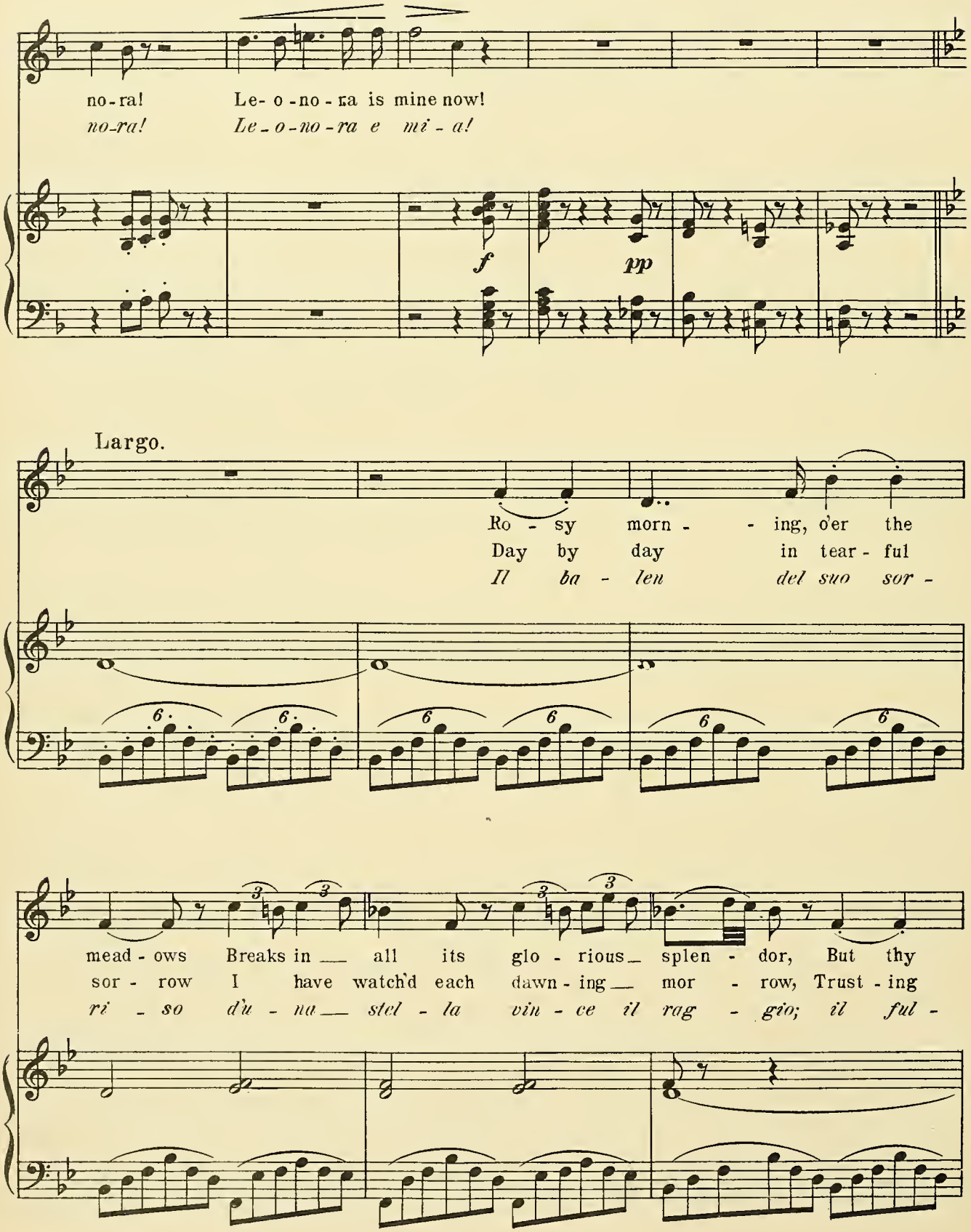
Il balen del suo sorriso.

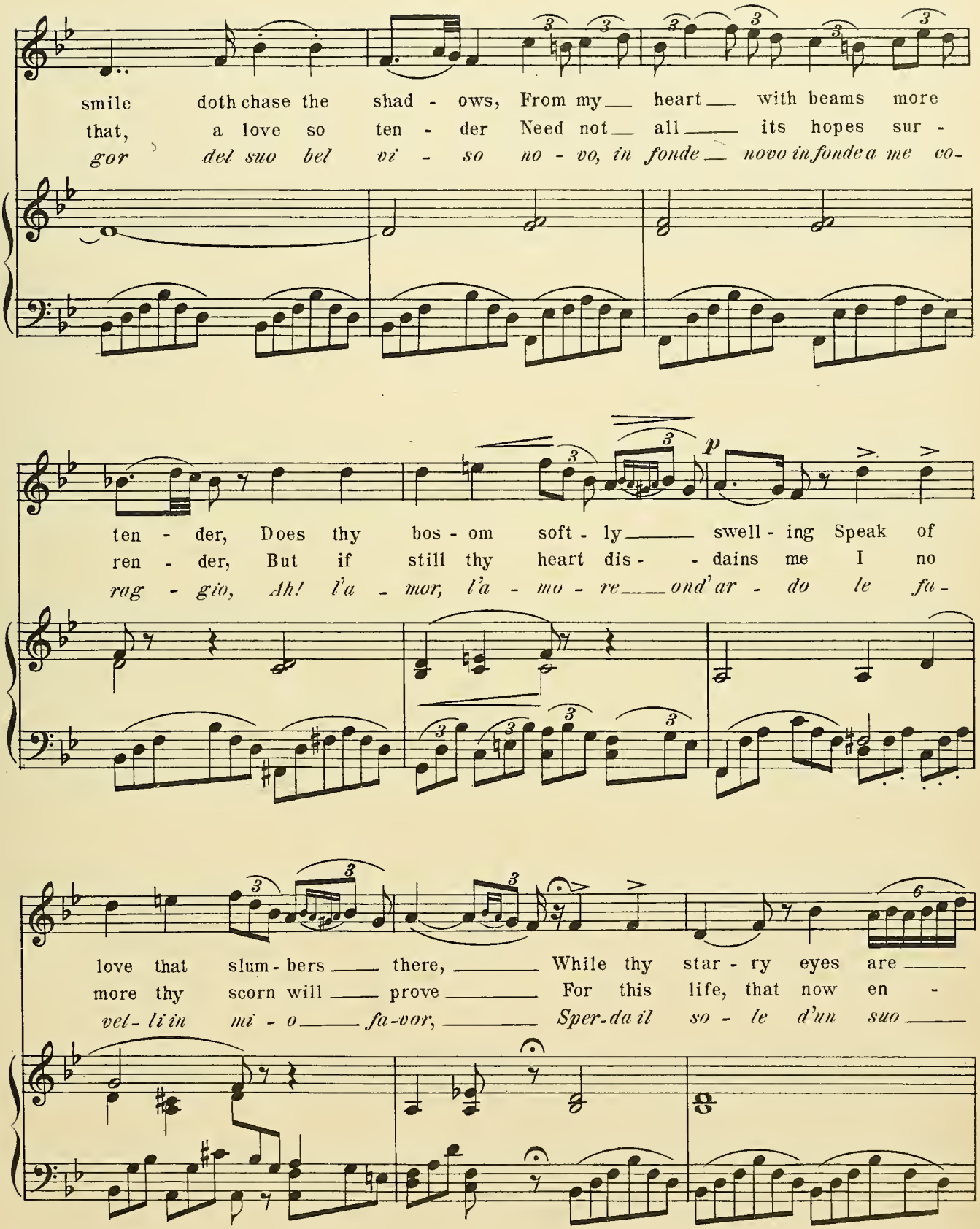
Il Trovatore.

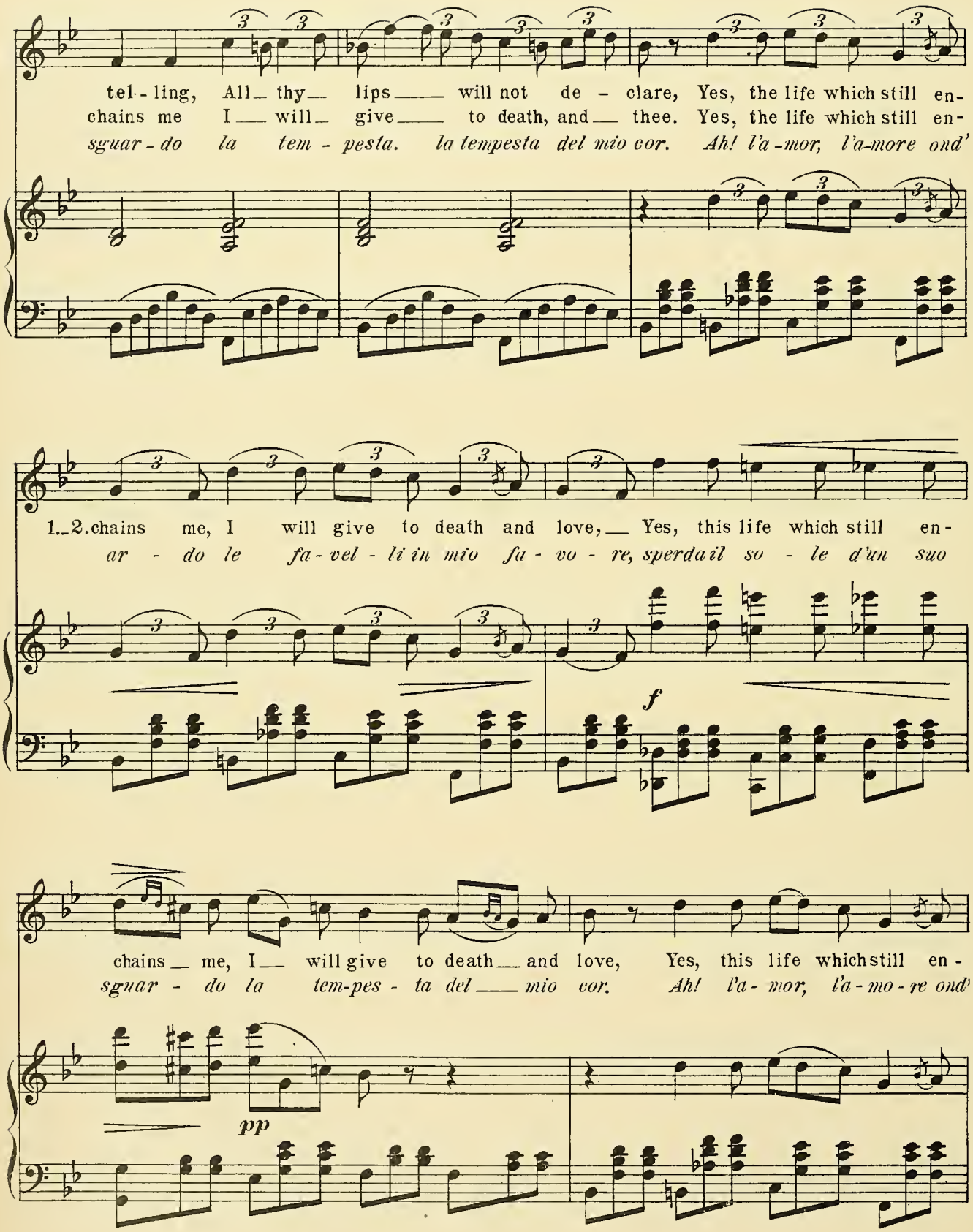
Scene and Aria.

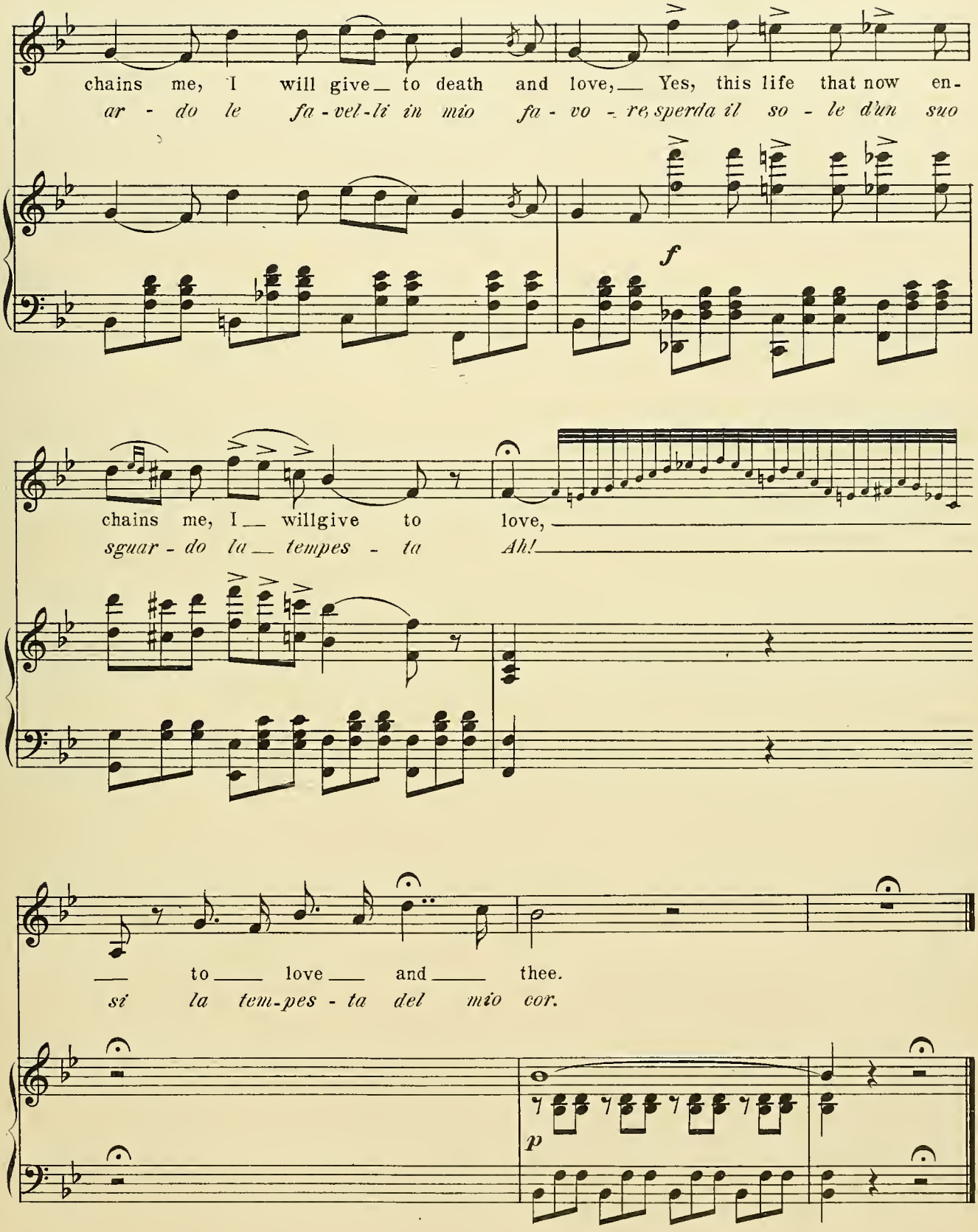
VERDI.




no-ra! Le-o-no-ra is mine now!
no-ra! Le-o-no-ra e mi-a!
f
pp
Largo.
Ro-sy morn-ing, o'er the
Day by day in tear-ful
Il ba-len del suo sor-
mead-ows Breaks in all its glo-rious splen-dor, But thy
sor-row I have watch'd each dawn-ing mor-row, Trust-ing
ri-so d'u-na stel-la vin-ce il rag-gio; il ful-

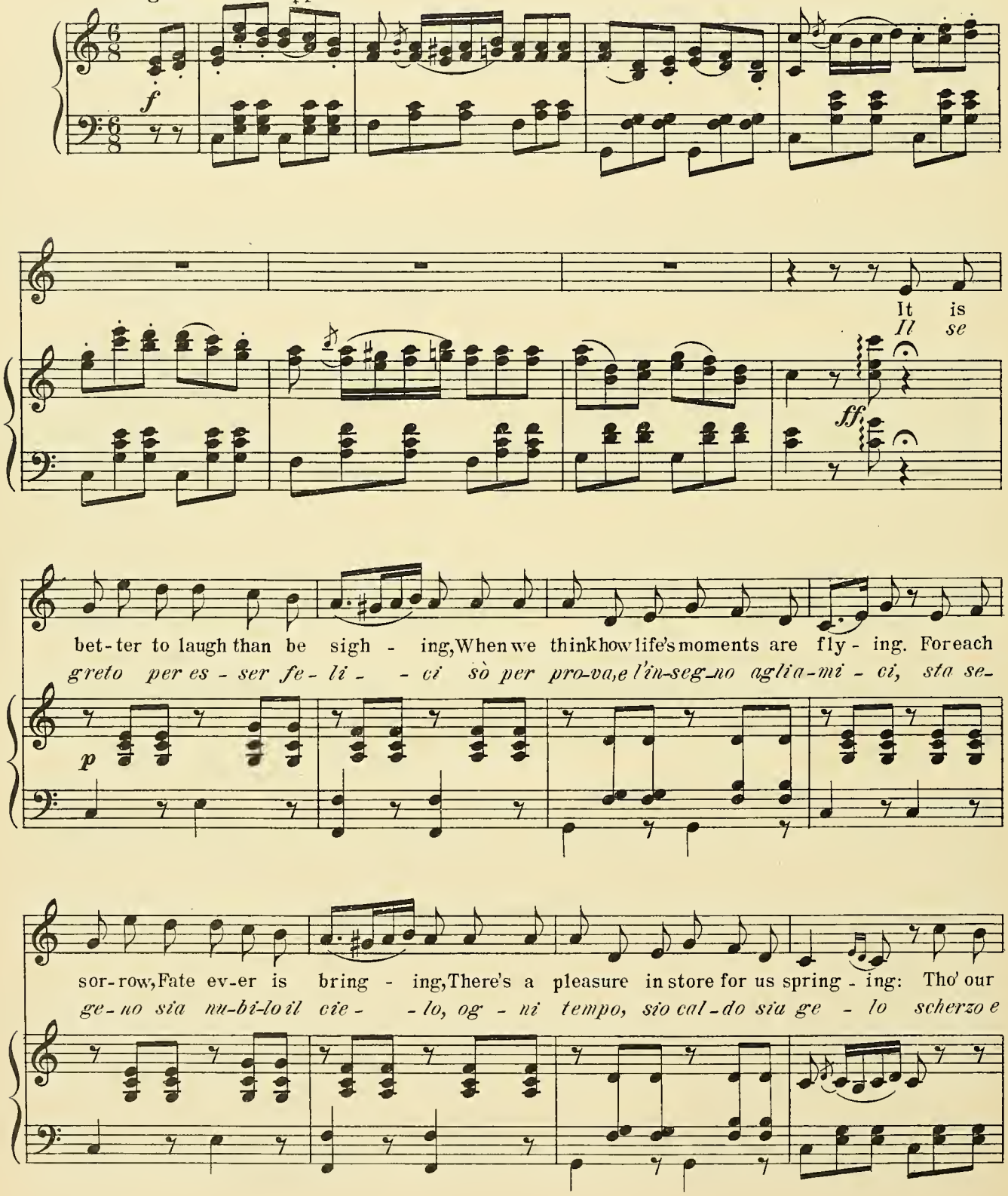

smile doth chase the shad - ows, From my heart with beams more
that, a love so ten - der Need not all its hopes sur -
gor del suo bel vi - so no - vo, in fonde novo in fonde a me co-
ten - der, Does thy bos - om soft - ly swell - ing Speak of
ren - der, But if still thy heart dis - - dains me I no
rag - gio, Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo - re ond'ar - do le fa -
p
love that slum - bers there, While thy star - ry eyes are
more thy scorn will prove For this life, that now en -
vel - li in mi - o fa-vor, Sper-da il so - le d'un suo

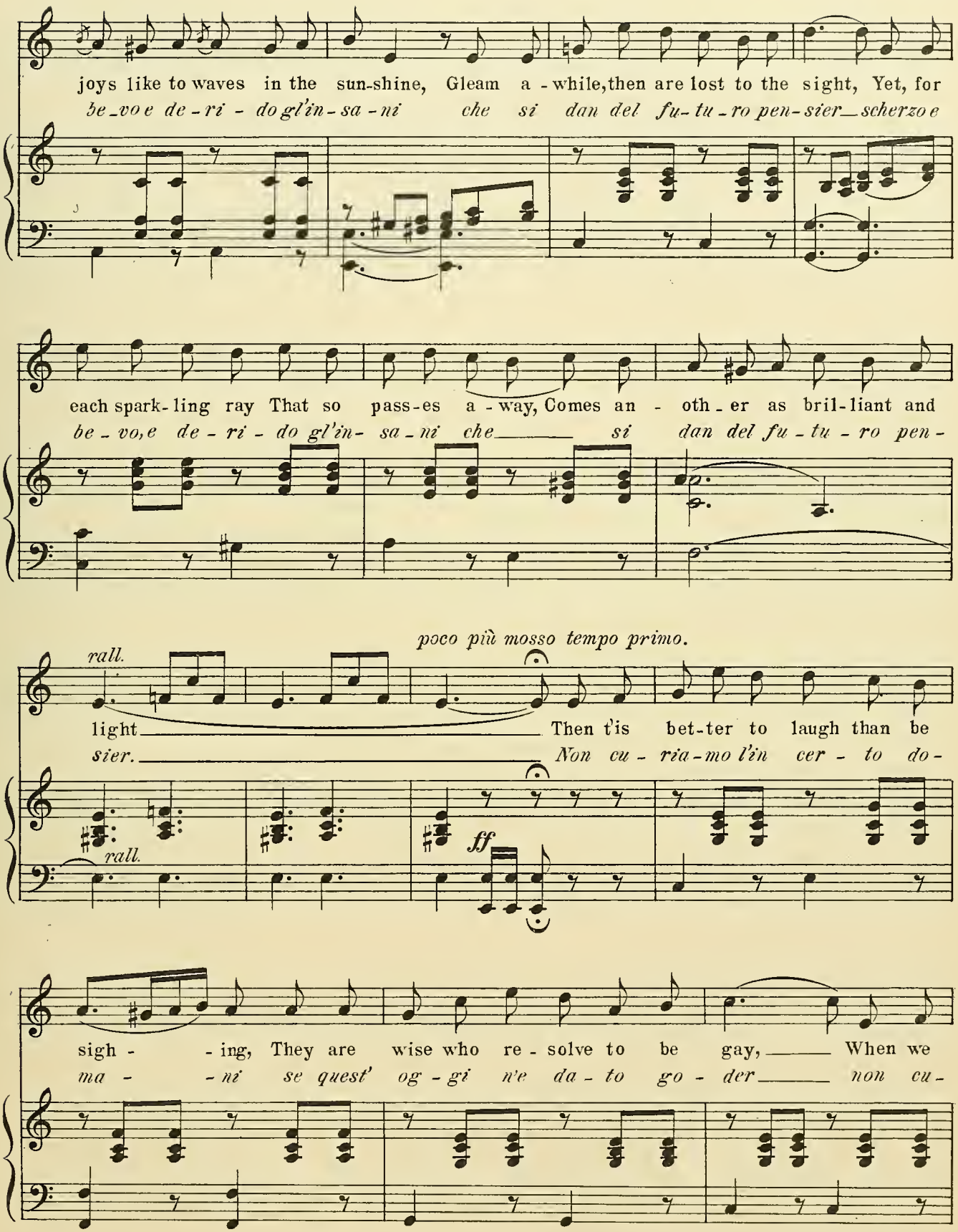

tel - ling, All thy lips will not de - clare, Yes, the life which still en-
chains me I will give to death, and thee. Yes, the life which still en-
sguar - do la tem - pesta. la tempesta del mio cor. Ah! l'a-mor, l'a-more ond'
1. 2. chains me, I will give to death and love, Yes, this life which still en-
ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa - vo - re, sperda il so - le d'un suo
f
chains me, I will give to death and love, Yes, this life which still en -
sguar - do la tem-pes - ta del mio cor. Ah! l'a - mor, l'a - mo - re ond'
pp

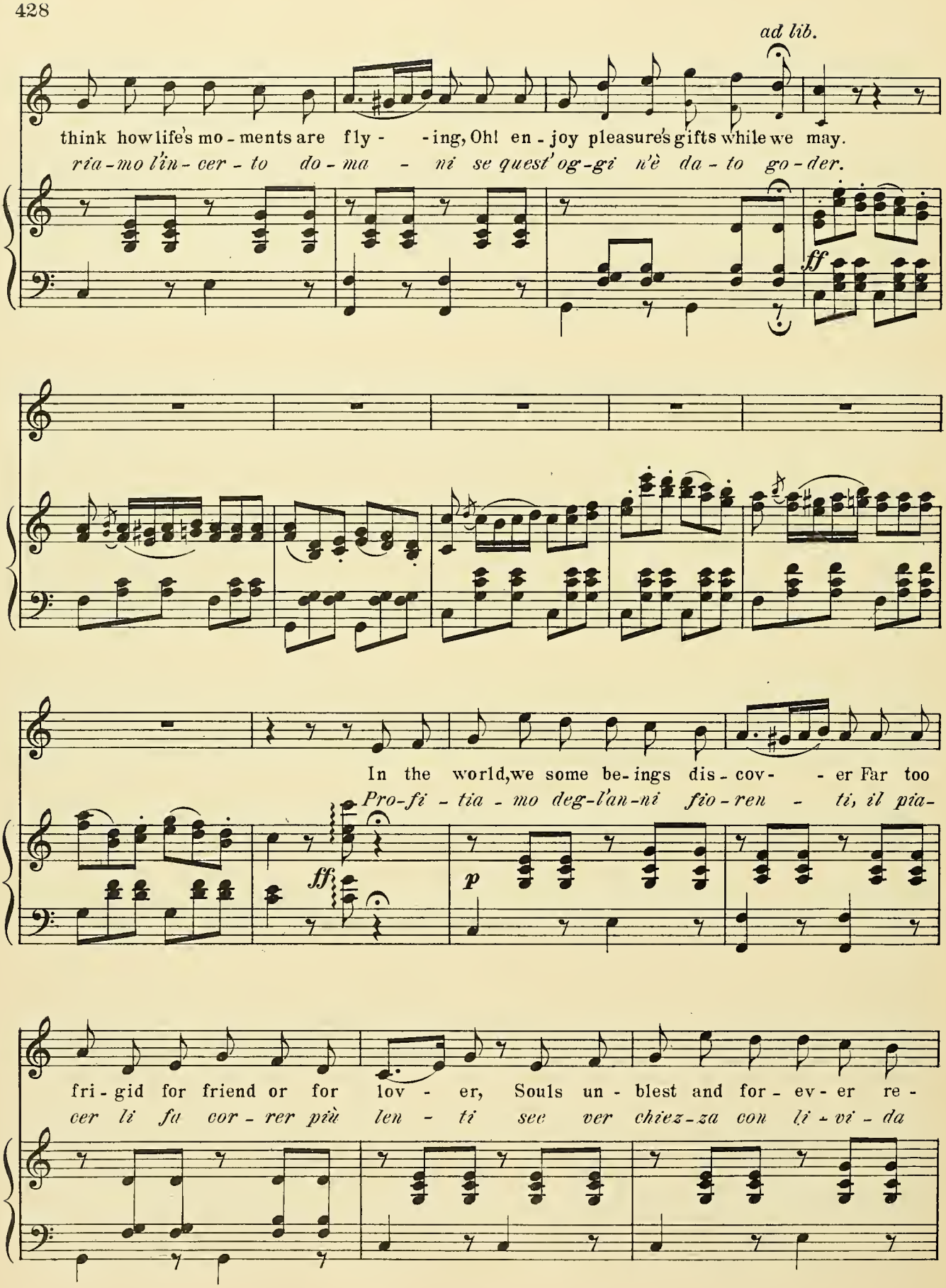

chains me, I will give to death and love, Yes, this life that now en-
ar - do le fa - vel - li in mio fa - vo - re, sperda il so - le d'un suo
f
chains me, I willgive to love,
sguar - do la tempes - ta Ah!
to love and thee.
si la tem - pes - ta del mio cor.
p

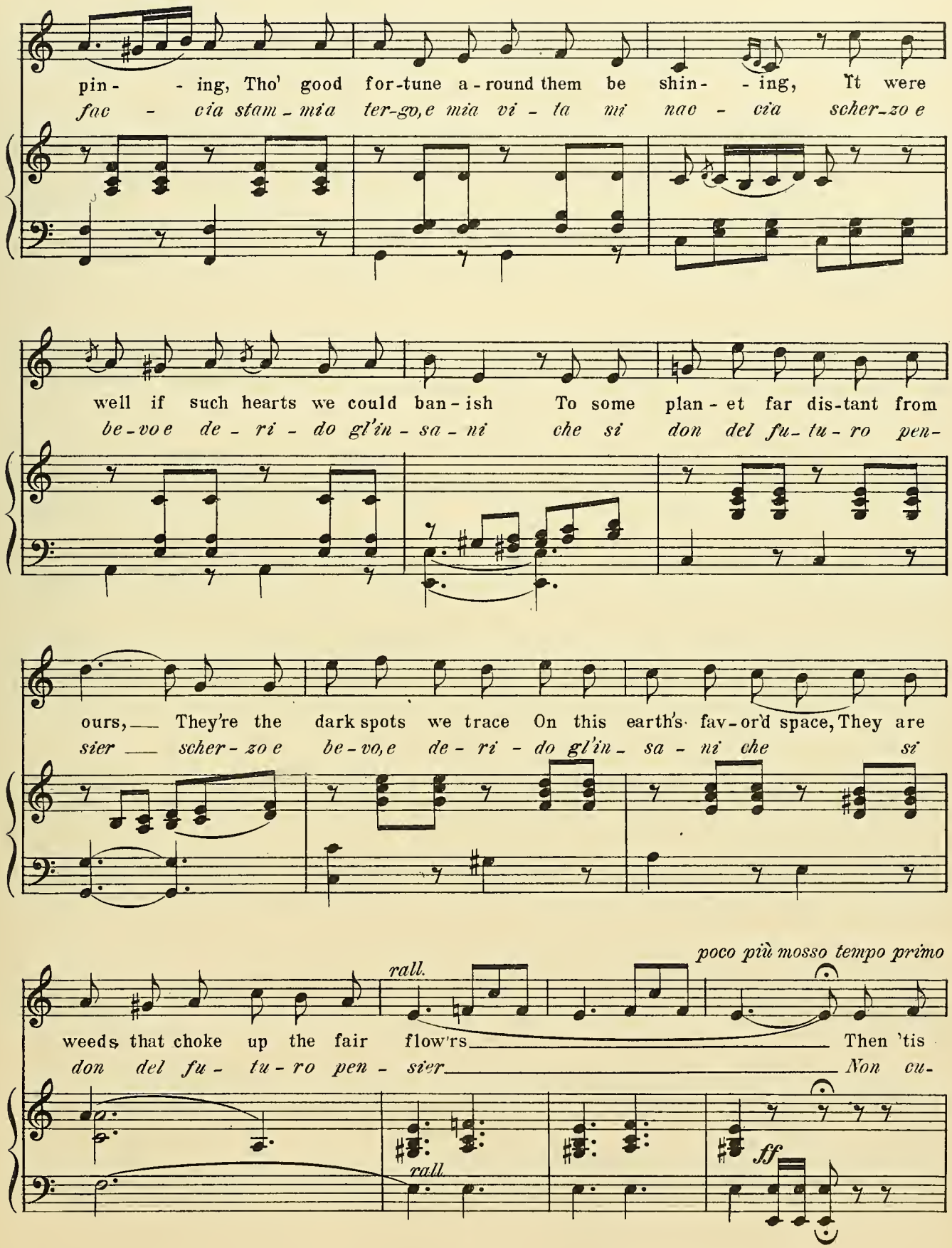
IT IS BETTER TO LAUGH THAN BE SIGHING.

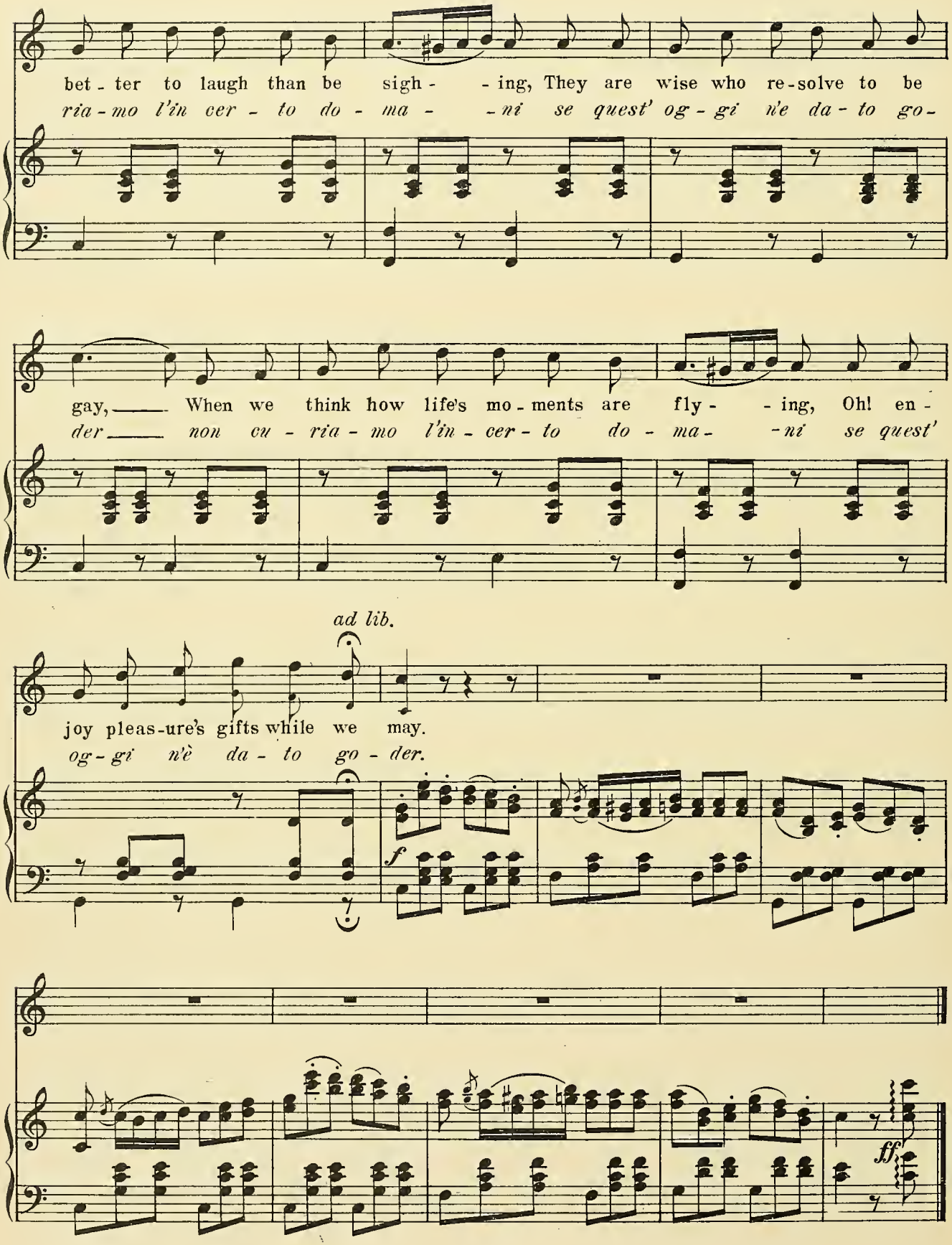
Allegretto non troppo. DONIZETTI




joys like to waves in the sun-shine, Gleam a - while, then are lost to the sight, Yet, for
be_vo e de-ri - do gl'in-sa-ni che si dan del fu-tu-ro pen-sier_scherzo e
each spark-ling ray That so pass-es a - way, Comes an - oth_er as bril-liant and
be_vo, e de-ri - do gl'in- sa_ni che si dan del fu_tu - ro pen-
poco più mosso tempo primo.
rall.
light Then t'is bet-ter to laugh than be
sier. Non cu - ria-mo l'in cer - to do-
rall.
ff
sigh - - ing, They are wise who re - solve to be gay, When we
ma - - ni se quest' og - gi n'e da - to go - der non cu-


ad lib.
think how life's mo - ments are fly - - ing, Oh! en - joy pleasure's gifts while we may.
ria - mo l'in - cer - to do - ma - ni se quest' og - gi n'è da - to go - der.
ff
In the world, we some be - ings dis - cov - - er Far too
Pro - fi - tia - mo deg - l'an - ni fio - ren - ti, il pia -
ff
p
fri - gid for friend or for lov - er, Souls un - blest and for - ev - er re -
cer li fa cor - rer più len - ti see ver chiez - za con li - vi - da


pin- - ing, Tho' good for-tune a-round them be shin- - ing, 'Tt were
fac - cia stam-mia ter-go,e mia vi - ta mi nac - cia scher-zo e
well if such hearts we could ban-ish To some plan-et far dis-tant from
be-voe de - ri - do gl'in-sa-ni che si don del fu-tu-ro pen-
ours, They're the dark spots we trace On this earth's fav-or'd space, They are
sier scher-zo e be-vo,e de - ri - do gl'in-sa - ni che si
poco più mosso tempo primo
rall.
weeds that choke up the fair flow'rs Then 'tis
don del fu - tu-ro pen - sier Non cu-
rall.
ff

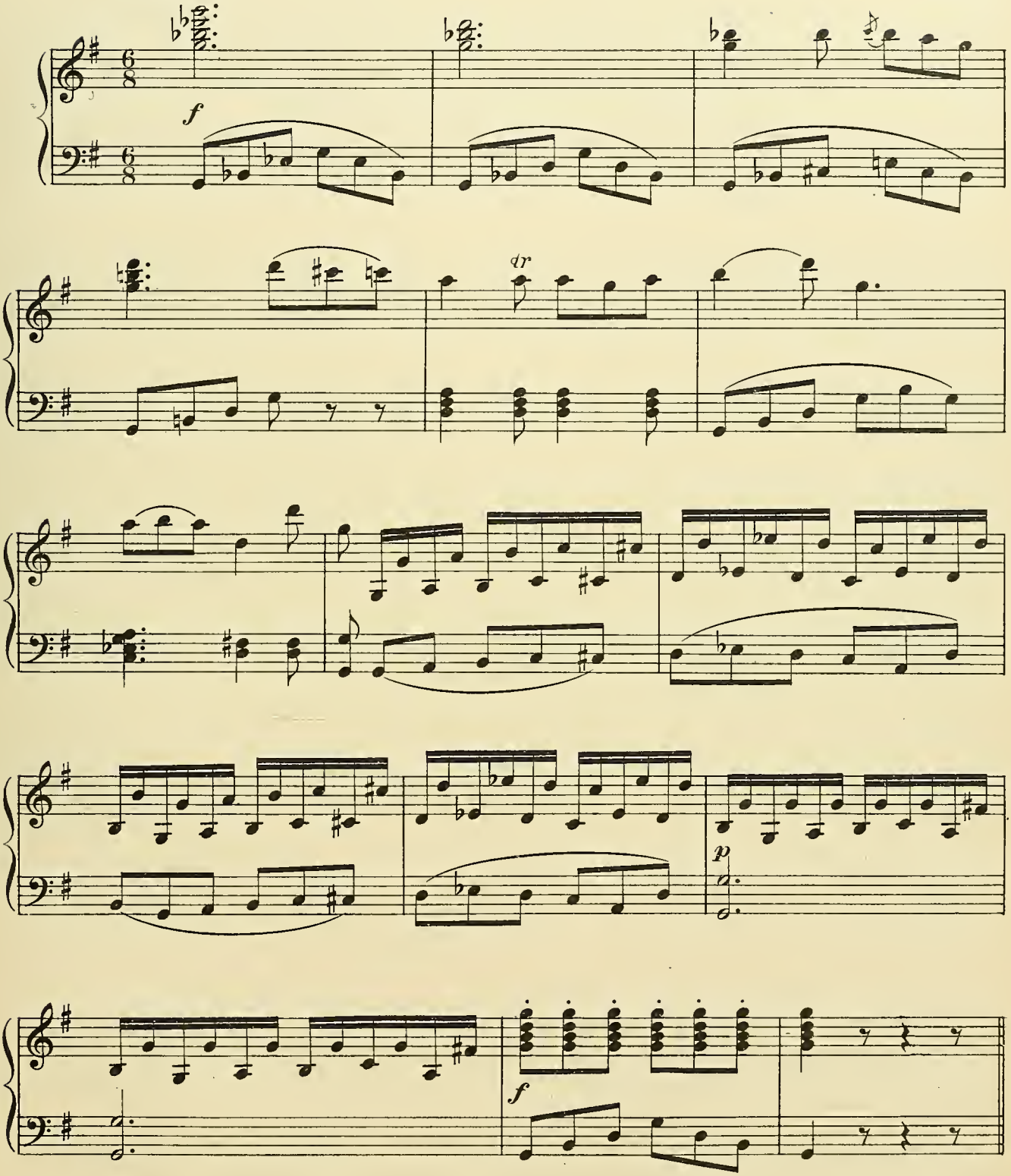

bet - ter to laugh than be sigh - - ing, They are wise who re-solve to be
ria - mo l'in cer - to do - ma - - ni se quest' og - gi n'e da - to go -
gay, When we think how life's mo - ments are fly - - ing, Oh! en -
der non cu - ria - mo l'in - cer - to do - ma - - ni se quest'
ad lib.
joy pleas-ure's gifts while we may.
og - gi n'è da - to go - der.
f
ff

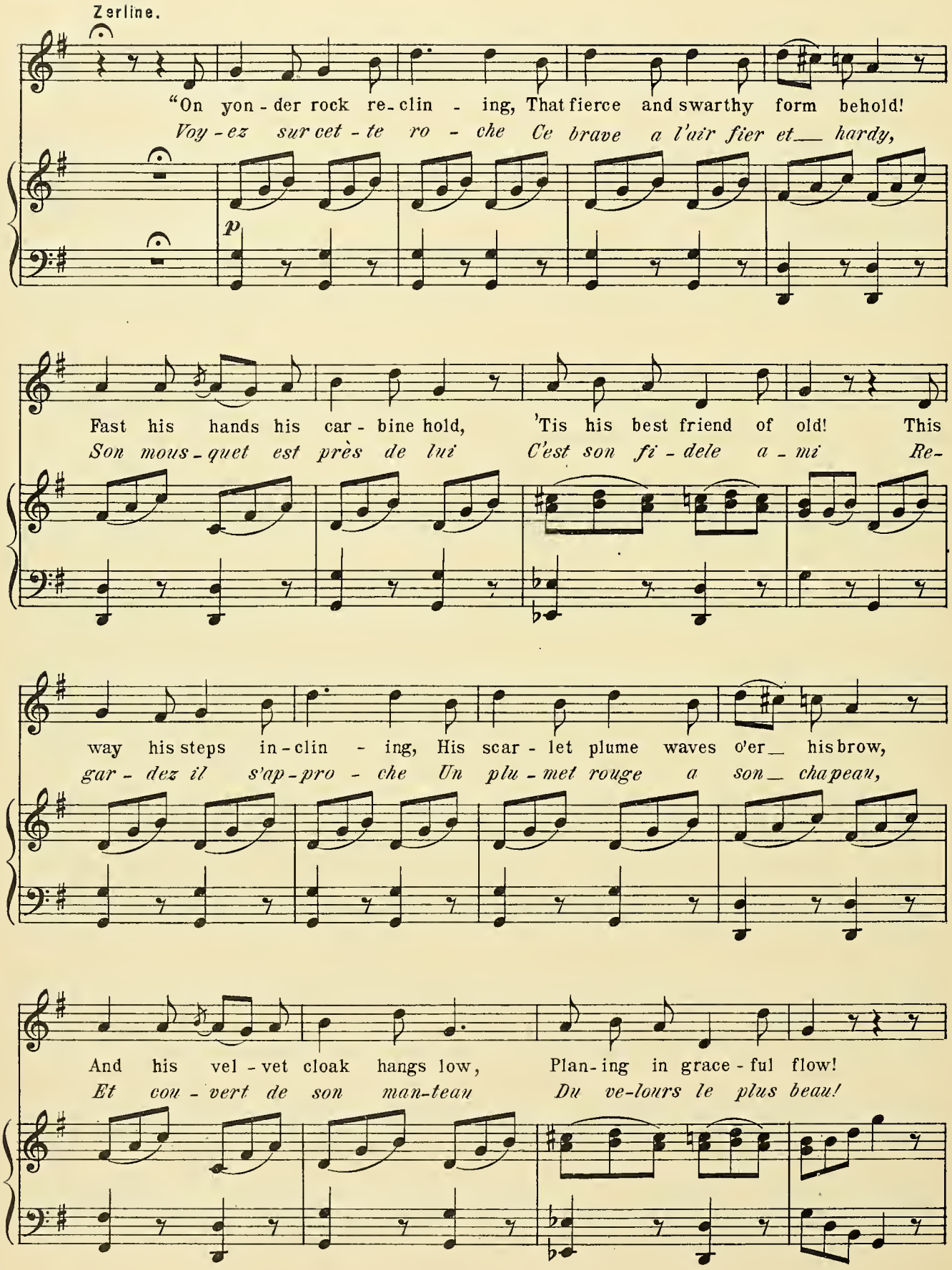
ON YONDER ROCK.

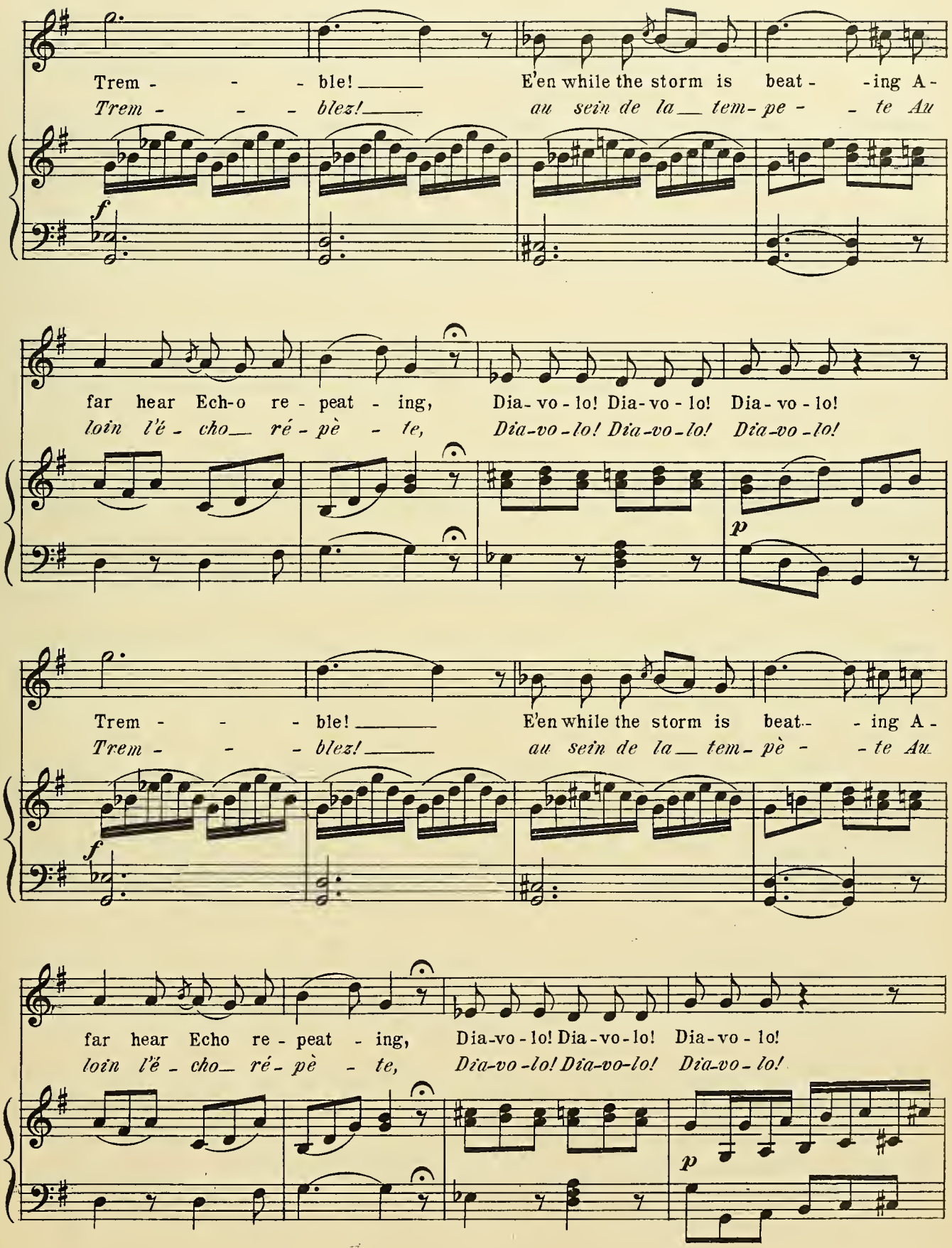
(Fra Diavolo.)

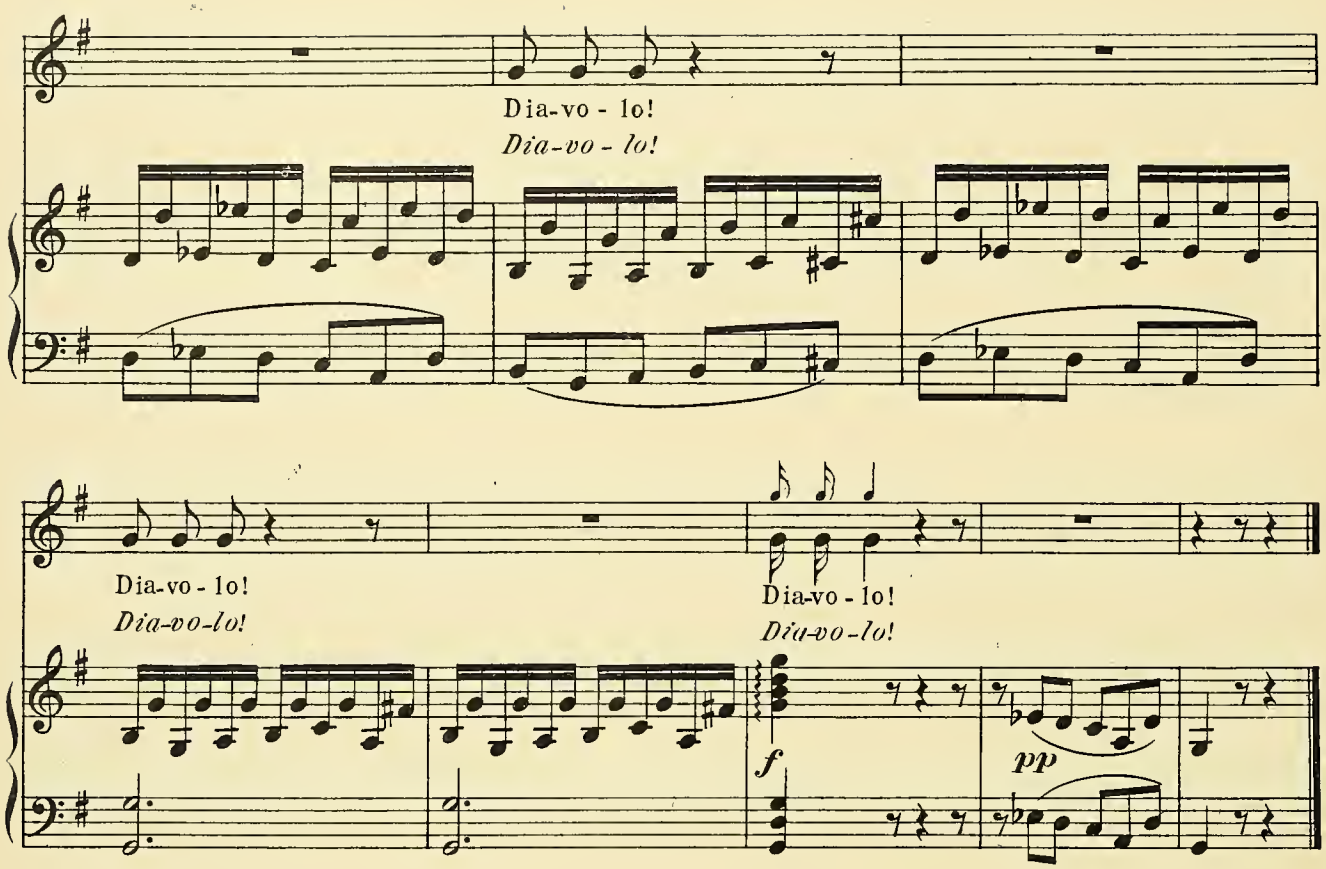
Allegretto.

AUBER.




Zerline.
"On yon - der rock re - clin - ing, That fierce and swarthy form behold!
Voy - ez sur cet - te ro - che Ce brave a l'air fier et hardy,
p
Fast his hands his car - bine hold, 'Tis his best friend of old! This
Son mous - quet est près de lui C'est son fi - dele a - mi Re-
way his steps in - clin - ing, His scar - let plume waves o'er his brow,
gar - dez il s'ap - pro - che Un plu - met rouge a son chapeau,
And his vel - vet cloak hangs low, Plan - ing in grace - ful flow!
Et cou - vert de son man-teau Du ve-lours le plus beau!


Trem - - - ble! E'en while the storm is beat - - ing A -
Trem - - - blez! au sein de la tem - pe - - te Au
f
far hear Ech-o re - peat - ing, Dia - vo - lo! Dia - vo - lo! Dia - vo - lo!
loin l'é - cho ré - pè - te, Dia-vo-lo! Dia-vo-lo! Dia-vo-lo!
p
Trem - - - ble! E'en while the storm is beat - - ing A -
Trem - - - blez! au sein de la tem - pè - - te Au
f
far hear Echo re - peat - ing, Dia-vo - lo! Dia - vo - lo! Dia - vo - lo!
loin l'é - cho ré - pè - te, Dia-vo-lo! Dia-vo-lo! Dia-vo-lo!
p



2.

Altho' his foes way-laying
He fights with rage and hate combin'd,
Towards the gentle fair they find
He's ever mild and kind:
The maid too heedless straying
(For one, we Pietro's daughter know)
Home returns full sad and slow,
What can have made her so?
Tremble! Each one the maiden meeting,
Is sure to be repeating,
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

3.

Diavolo. Perchance all are mistaken
Dear maid in what they tell to you;
And whate'er is lost 'tis true
He may have stolen too.
Suspicions oft awaken,
As many a guiltless swain may know;
While he alone who caused their woe
Passes incognito ___
Tremble! For in this sighing lover
Each eye may surely discover
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

2.

S'il menace la tête
De l'ennemi qui se dèfend,
Pour les belles on prètend
Qu'il est tendre et galant:
Plus d'une qu'il arrete
(Temoin la fille de Pietro)
Pensive rentre au hameau
Dans un trouble nouveau.
Tremblez! car voyant la fillette
Tout bas chacun repete
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

3.

Diavolo. *Il se peut qu'on s'abuse*
Ma belle enfant peut être aussi;
Tout ce qui se perd ici
N'est il pas pris pas lui?
Souvent quand on l'accuse
Auprès de vous maint jouvenceau
Pour quelque larcin nouveau
Se glisse incognito
Tremblez! cet amant qui soupire
C'est de lui qu'on peut dire
Diavolo! Diavolo! Diavolo!

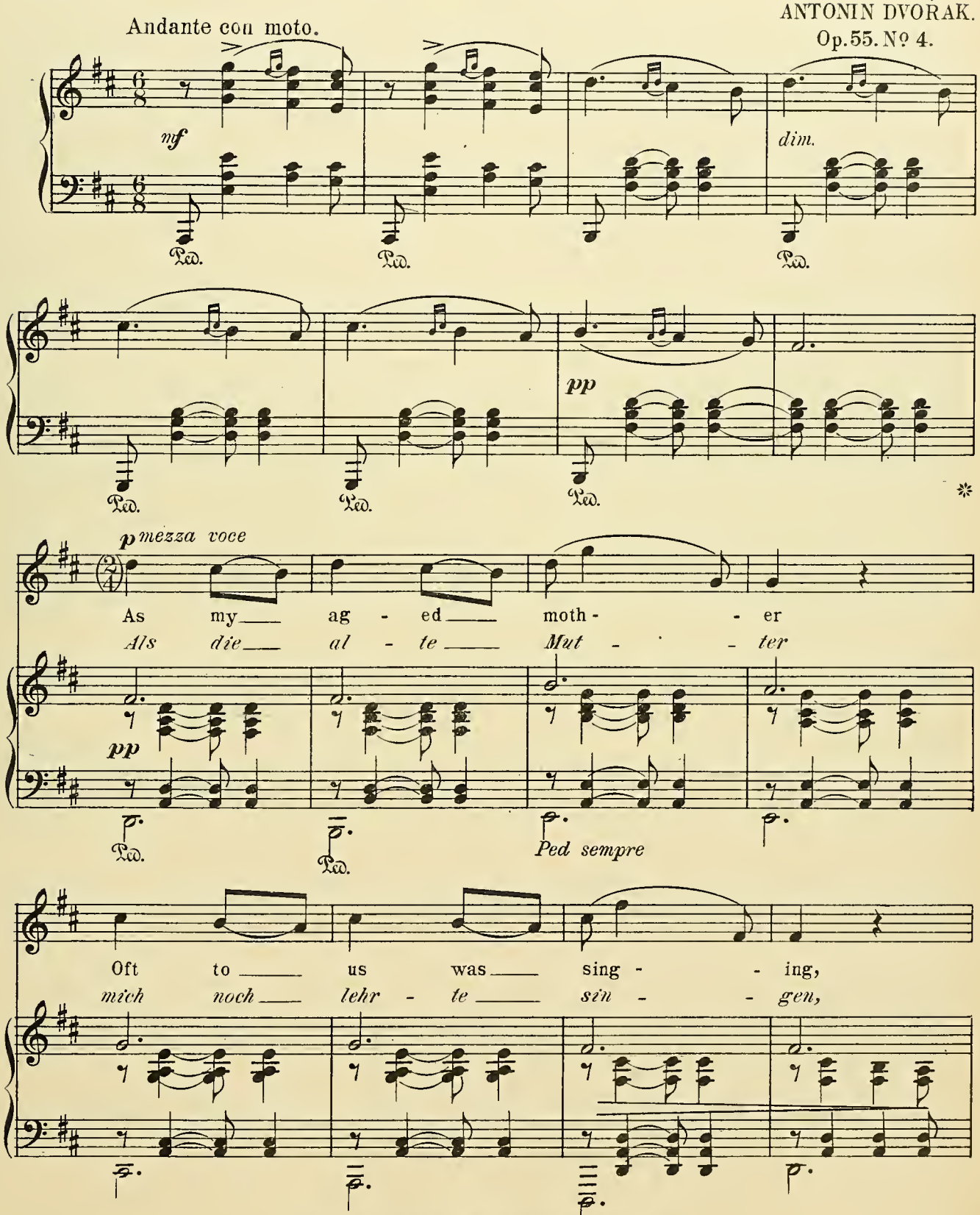
AS MY AGED MOTHER.

(Als die alte Mutter.)

From the Gipsy Melodies.

ADOLF HEYDUK (1835).
English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

ANTONIN DVOŘAK.
Op. 55. No 4.



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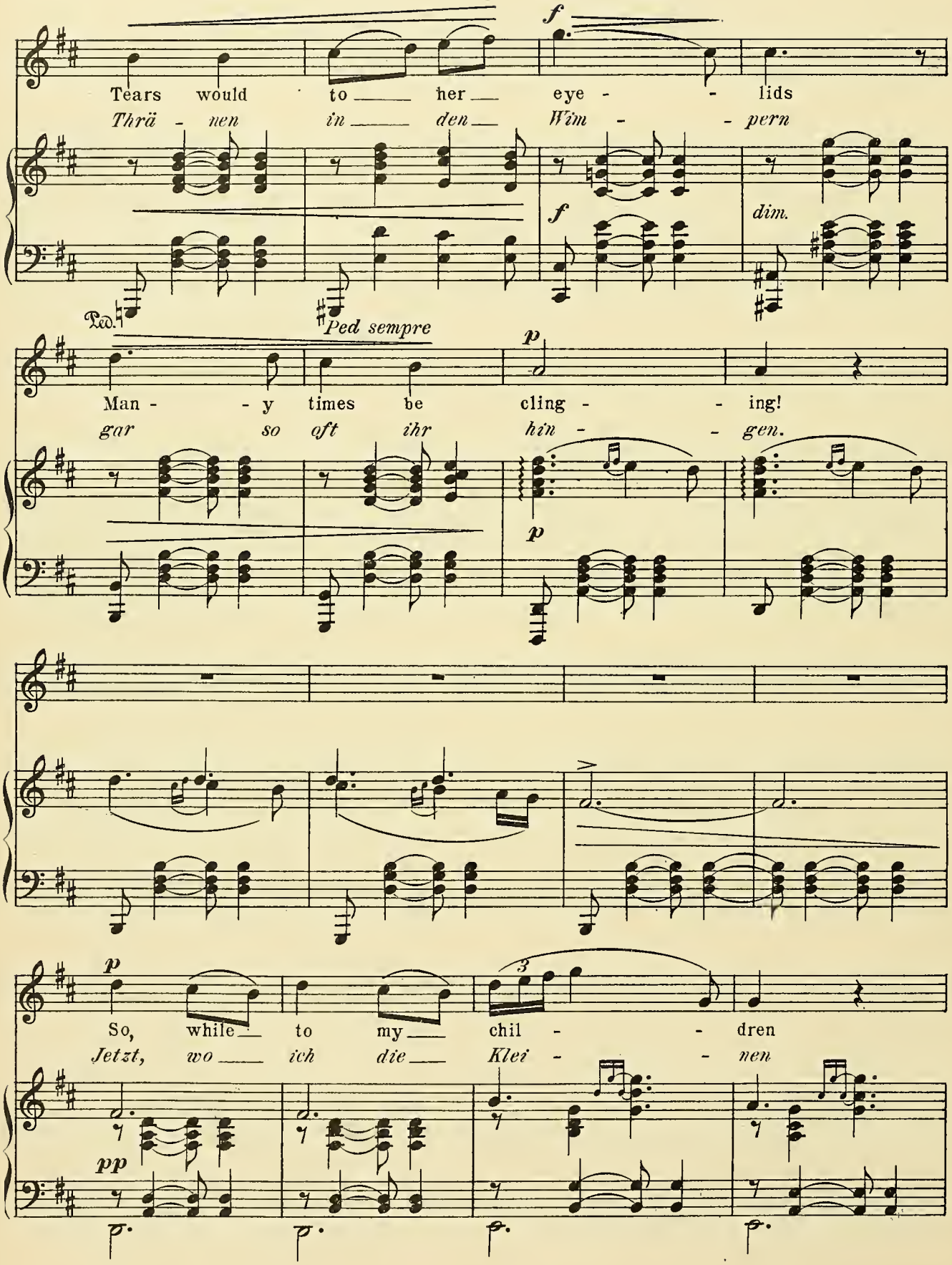
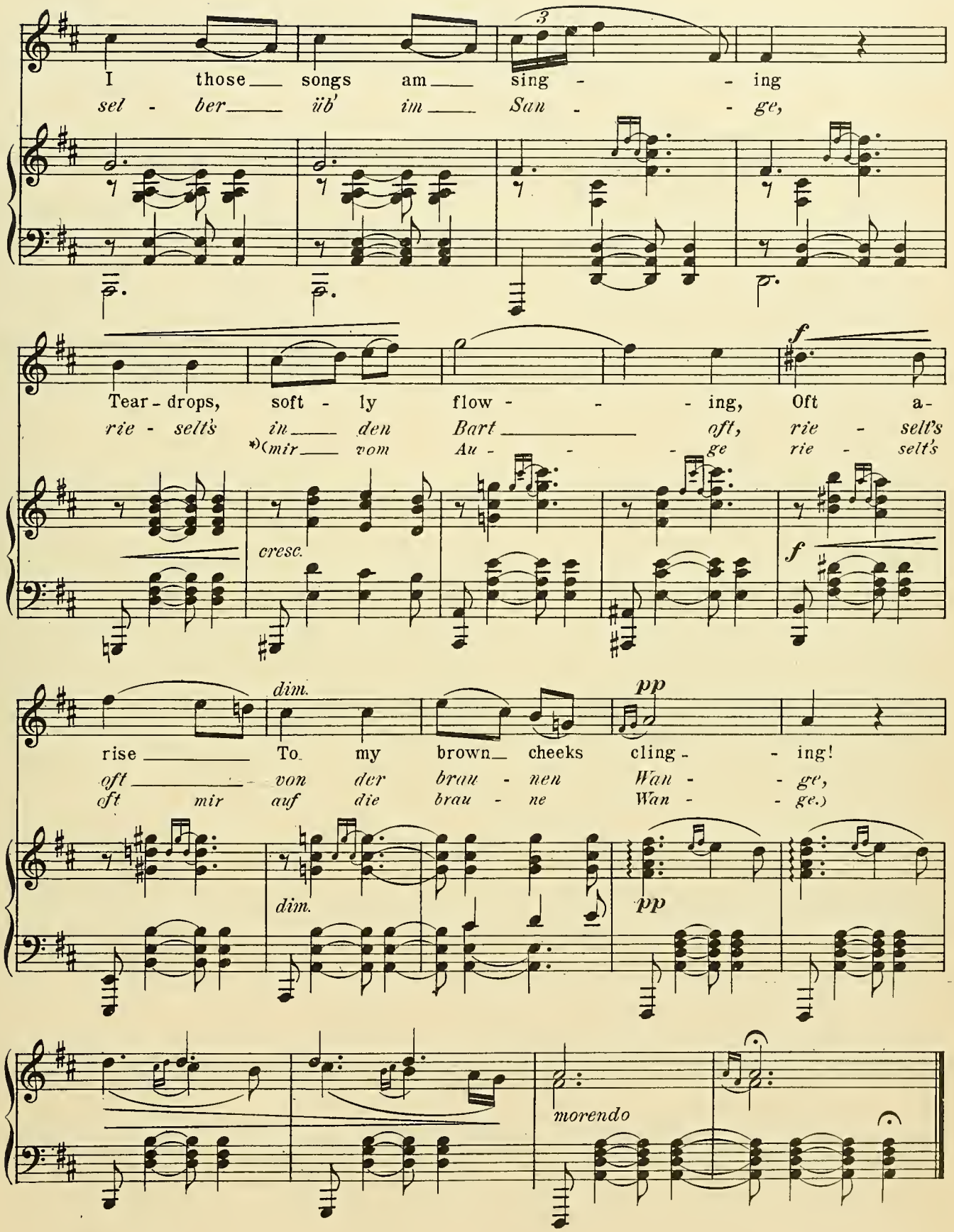

Tears would to her eye - lids
Thrä - nen in den Wim - pern
f
f
dim.
Ped.
Ped sempre
Man - y times be cling - ing!
gar so oft ihr hin - gen.
p
p
So, while to my chil - dren
Jetzt, wo ich die Klei - nen
3
p
pp



*) Alternative text.

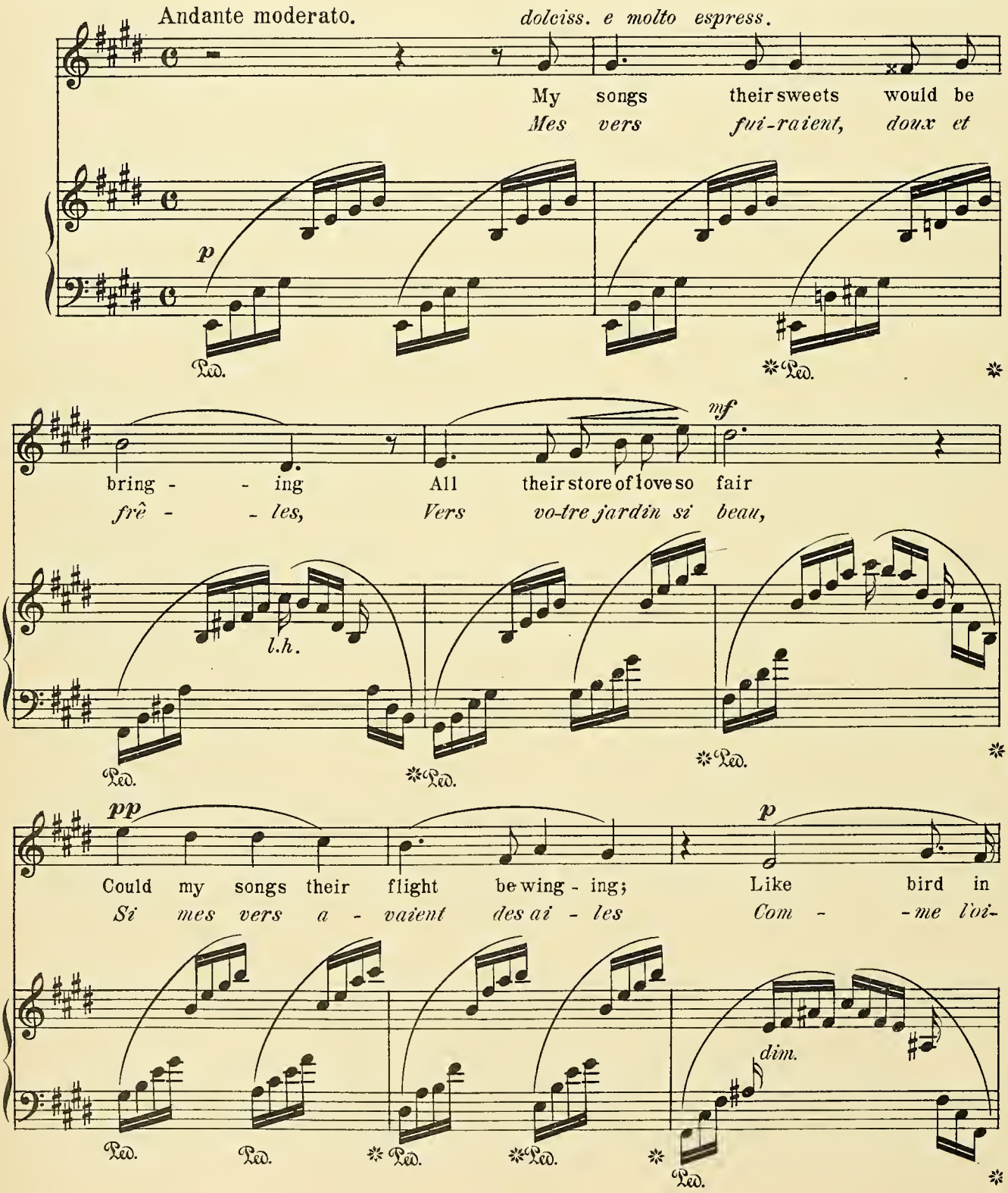
COULD MY SONGS THEIR FLIGHT BE WINGING.

VICTOR HUGO.

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes!

REYNALDO HAHN.



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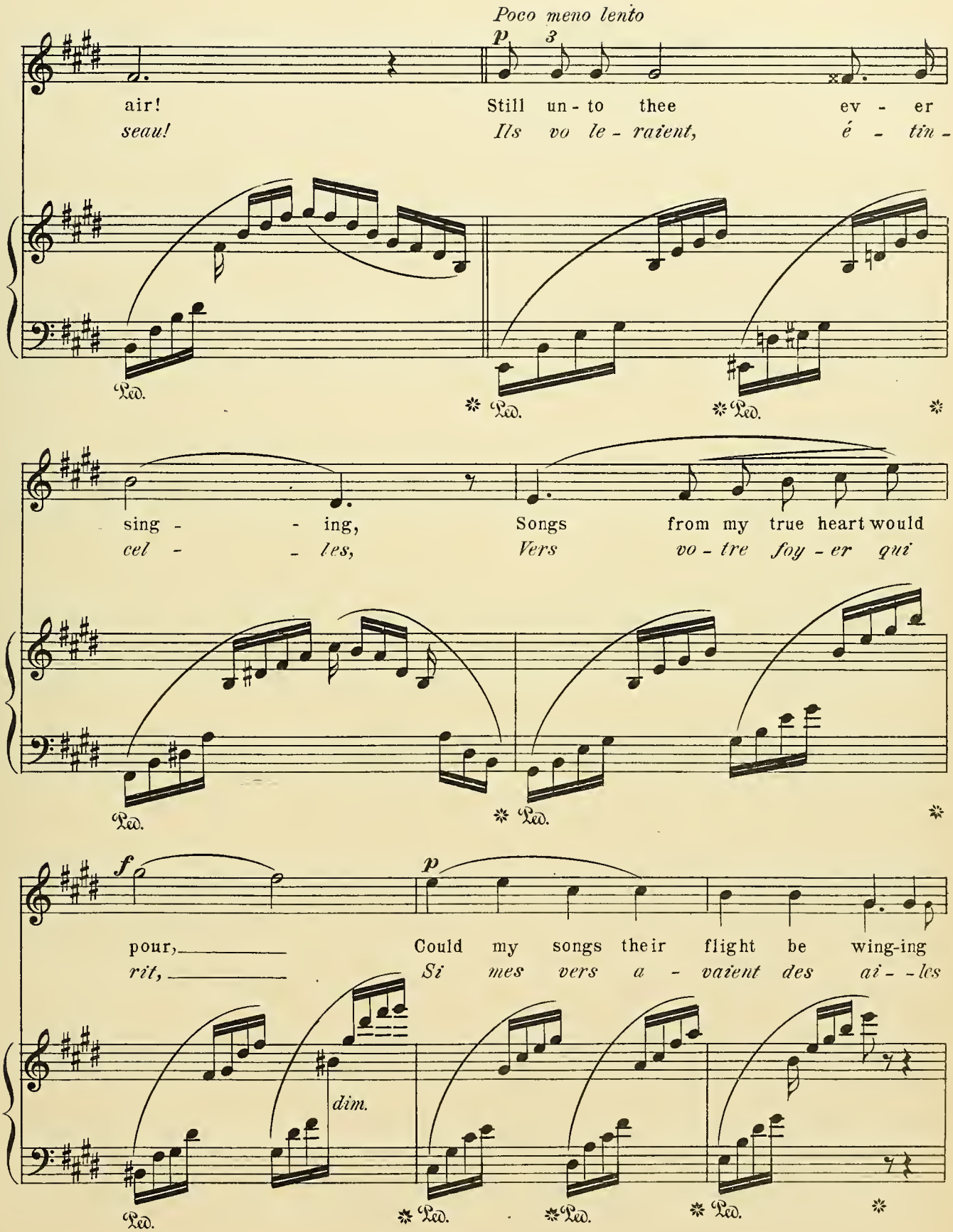
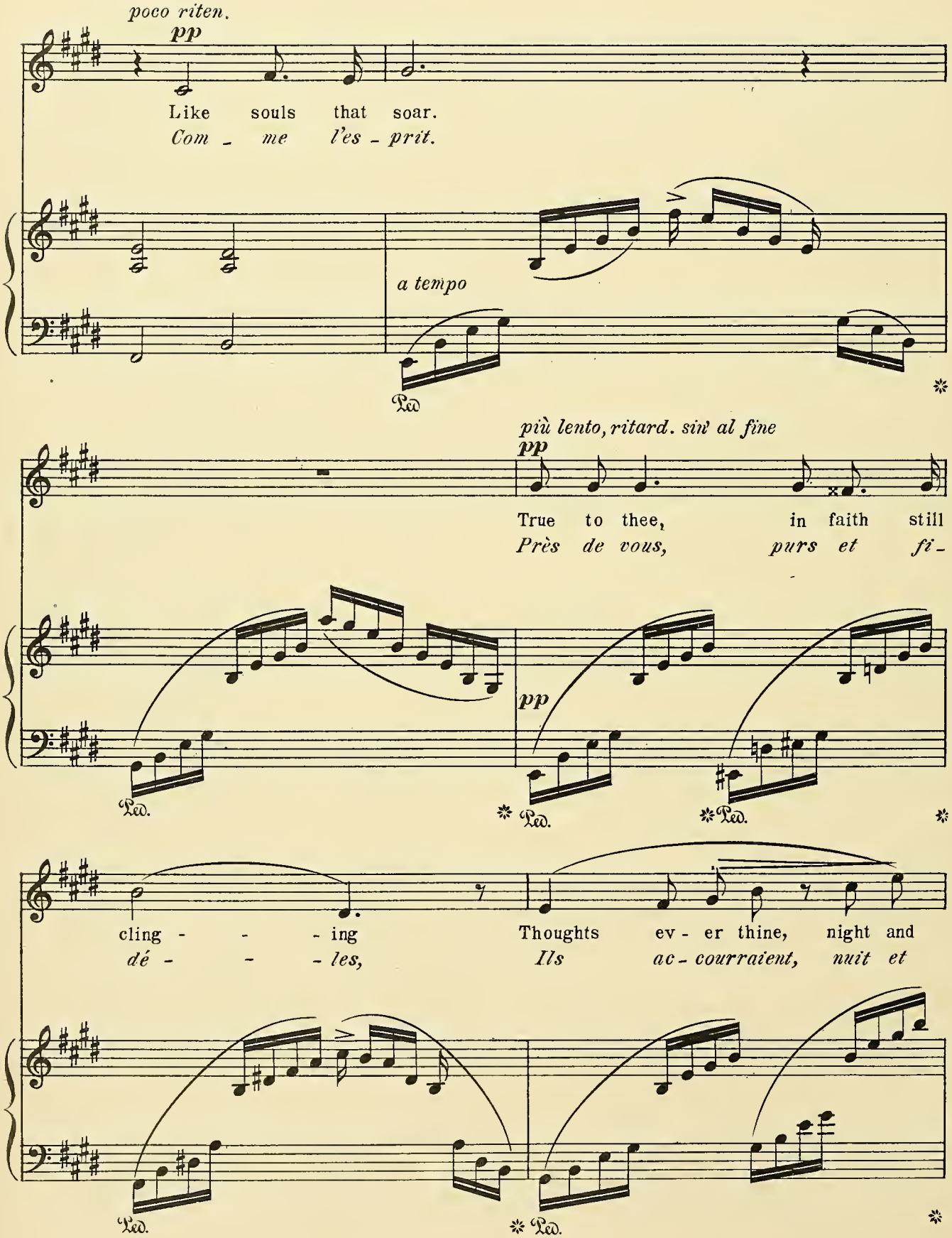
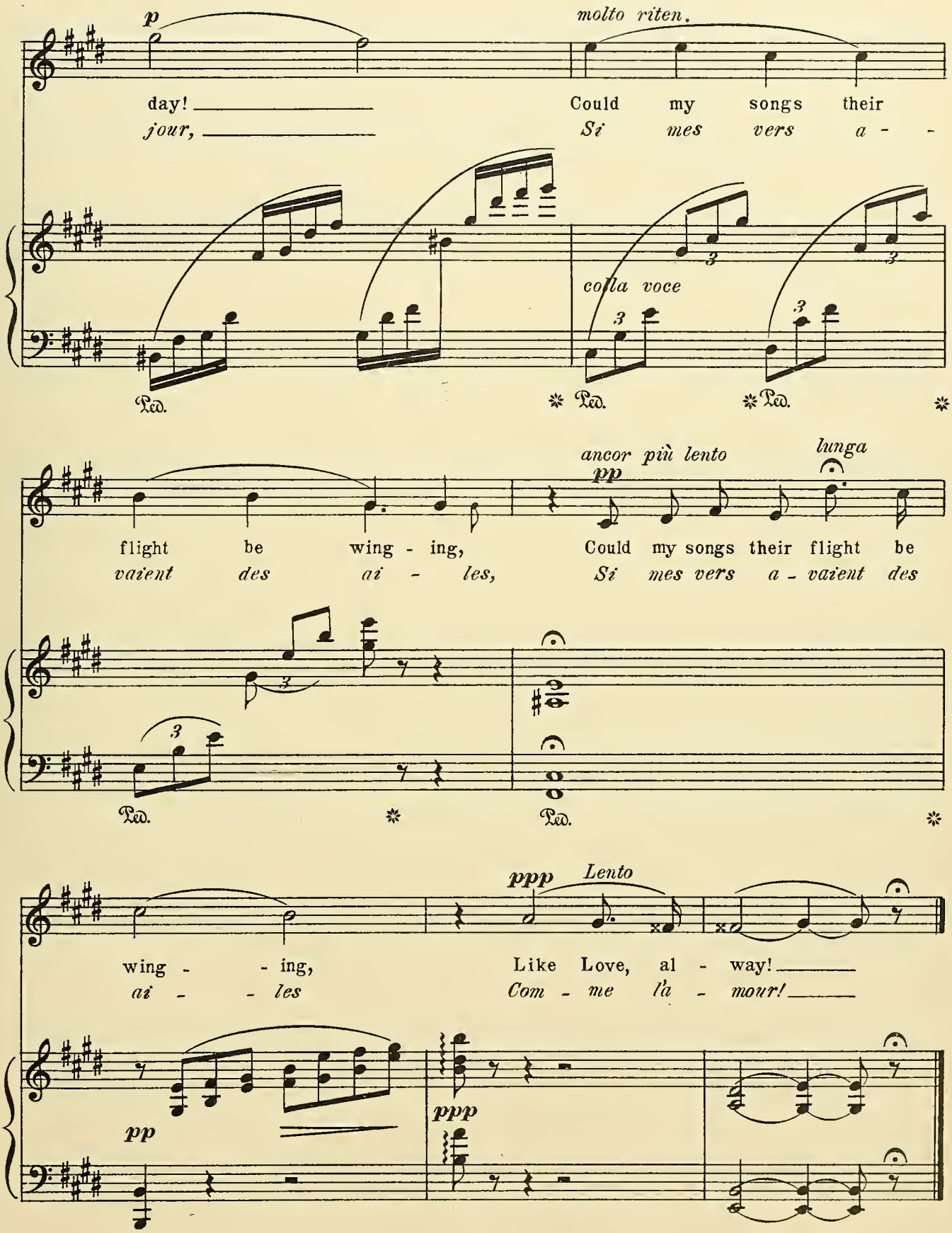

Poco meno lento
p
3
air!
Still un - to thee ev - er
seau!
Ils vo le - raient, é - tin -
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
sing - - ing,
Songs from my true heart would
cel - - les,
Vers vo - tre foy - er qui
Ped.
Ped.
f
p
pour,
Could my songs their flight be wing-ing
rit,
Si mes vers a - vaient des ai - - les
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

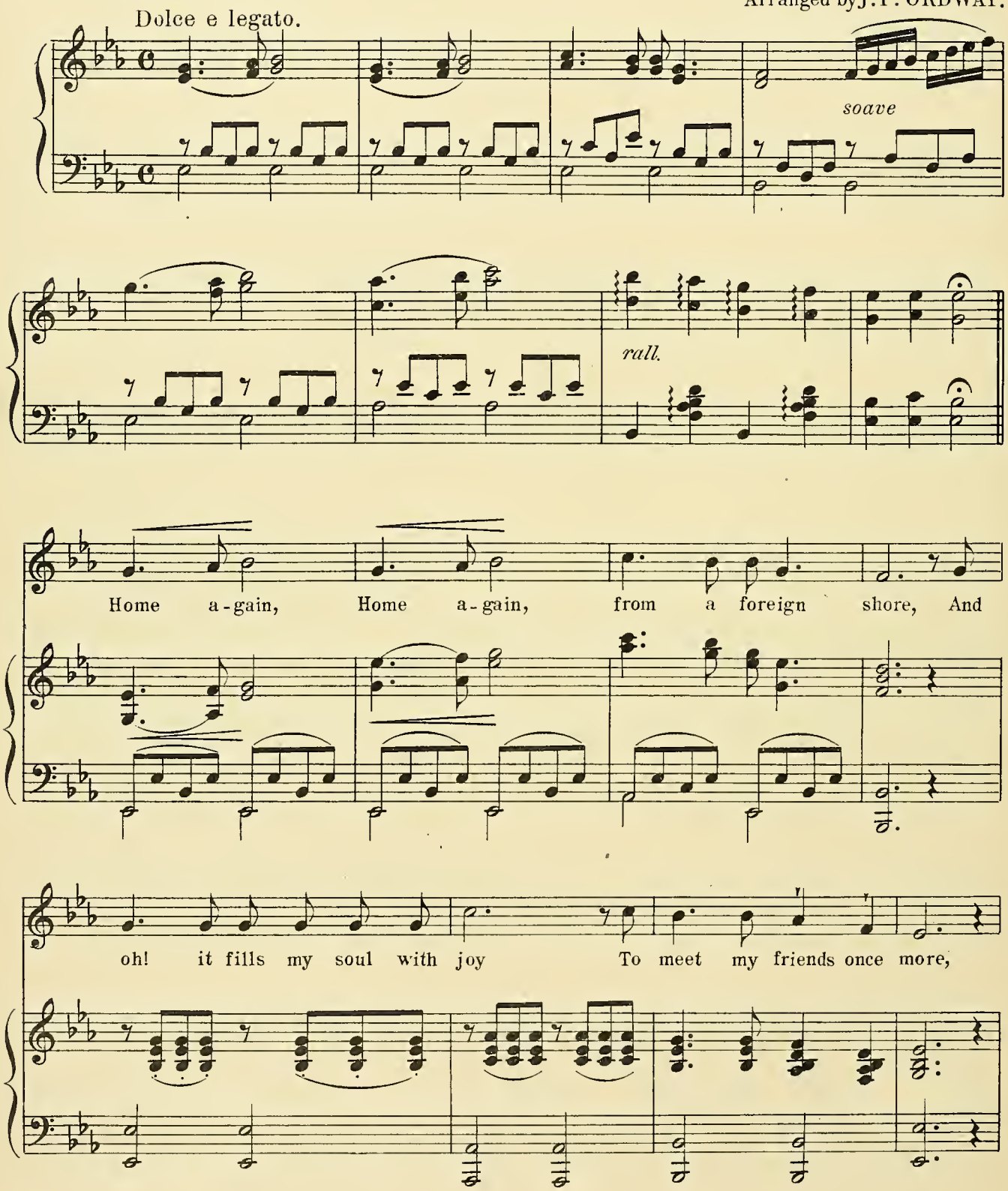

poco riten.
pp
Like souls that soar.
Com - me l'es - prit.
a tempo
Ped
più lento, ritard. sin' al fine
pp
True to thee, in faith still
Près de vous, purs et fi -
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
cling - - - ing
dé - - - les,
Thoughts ev - er thine, night and
Ils ac - courraient, nuit et
Ped.
Ped.

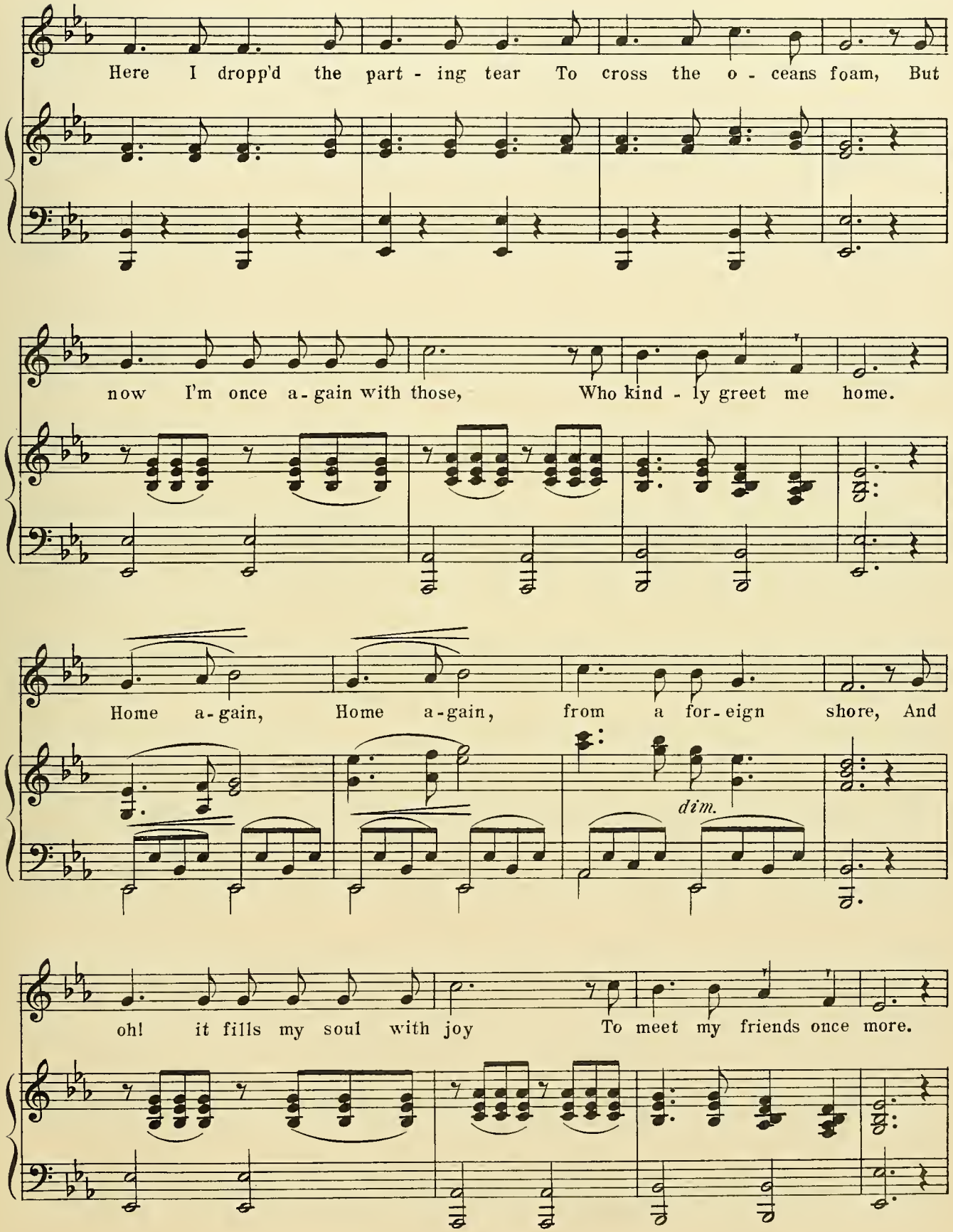

p
molto riten.
day!
jour,
Could my songs their
Si mes vers a - -
colla voce
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ancor più lento
pp
lunga
flight be wing - ing,
vaient des ai - les,
Could my songs their flight be
Si mes vers a - vaient des
Ped.
Ped.
ppp
Lento
wing - - ing,
ai - - les
Like Love, al - way!
Com - me l'a - mour!
pp
ppp

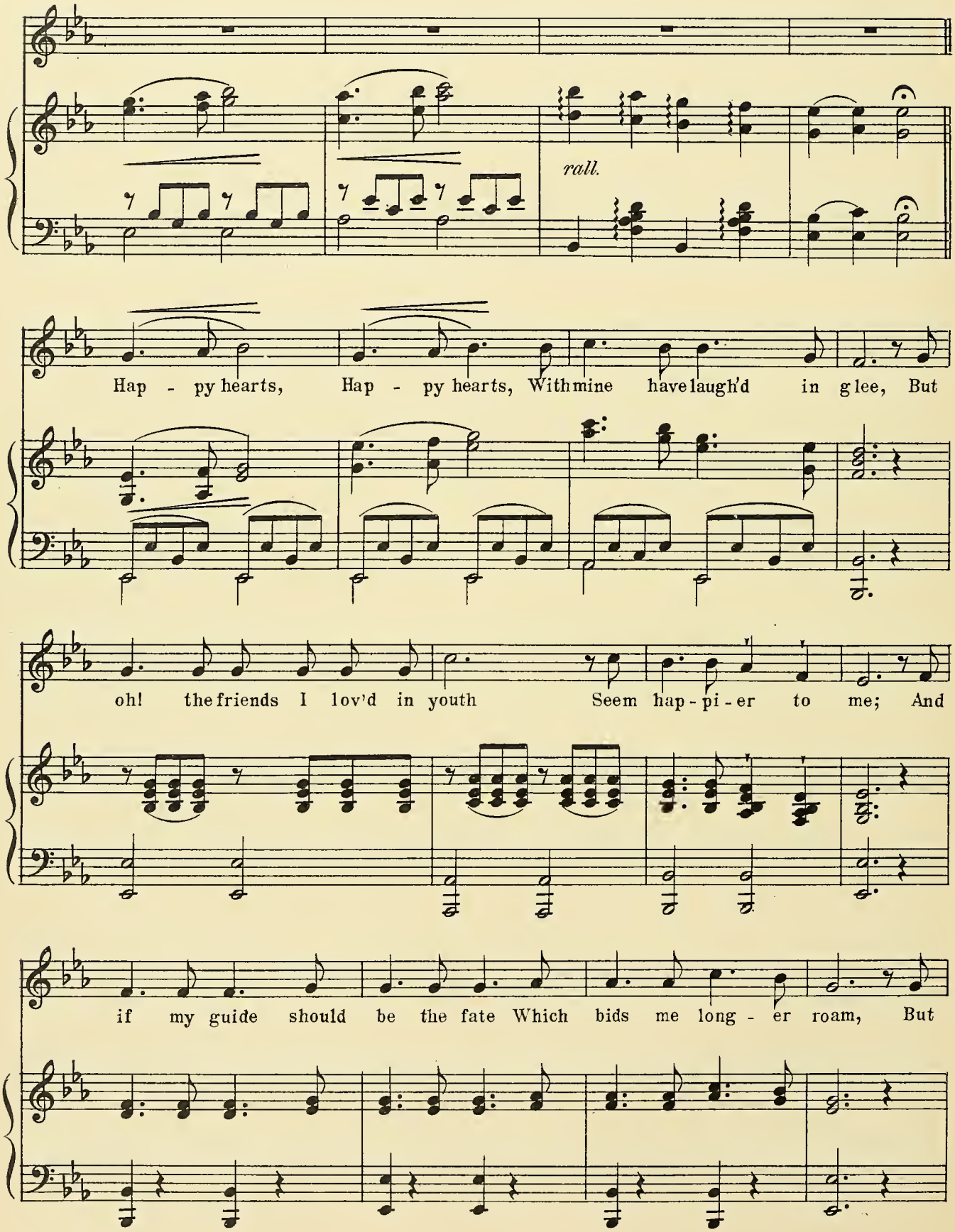
HOME AGAIN.

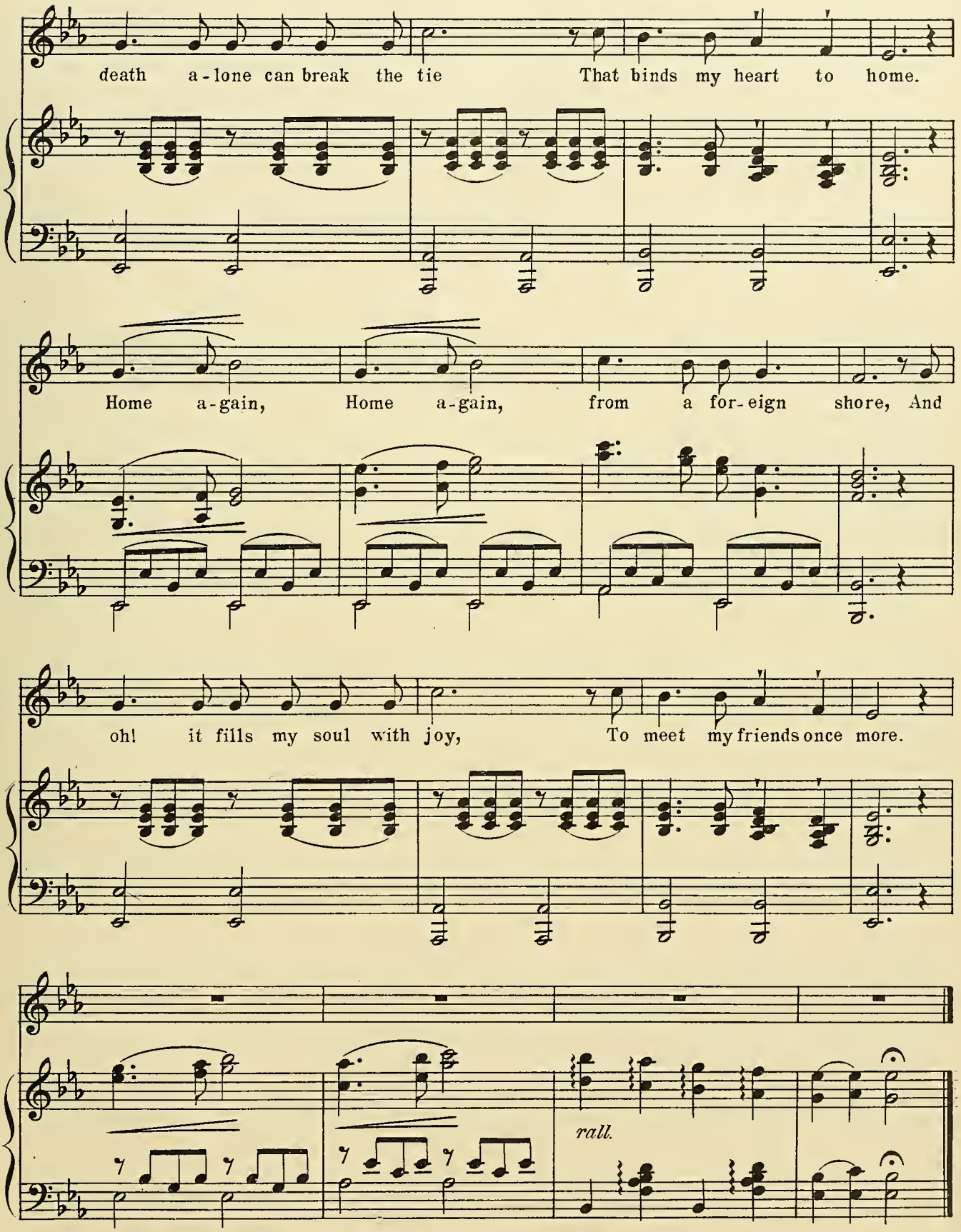
Words and Music by
M. S. PIKE.

Arranged by J. P. ORDWAY.




Here I dropp'd the part - ing tear To cross the o - ceans foam, But
now I'm once a - gain with those, Who kind - ly greet me home.
Home a - gain, Home a - gain, from a for - eign shore, And
dim.
oh! it fills my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.


rall.
Hap - py hearts, Hap - py hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee, But
oh! the friends I lov'd in youth Seem hap - pi - er to me; And
if my guide should be the fate Which bids me long - er roam, But

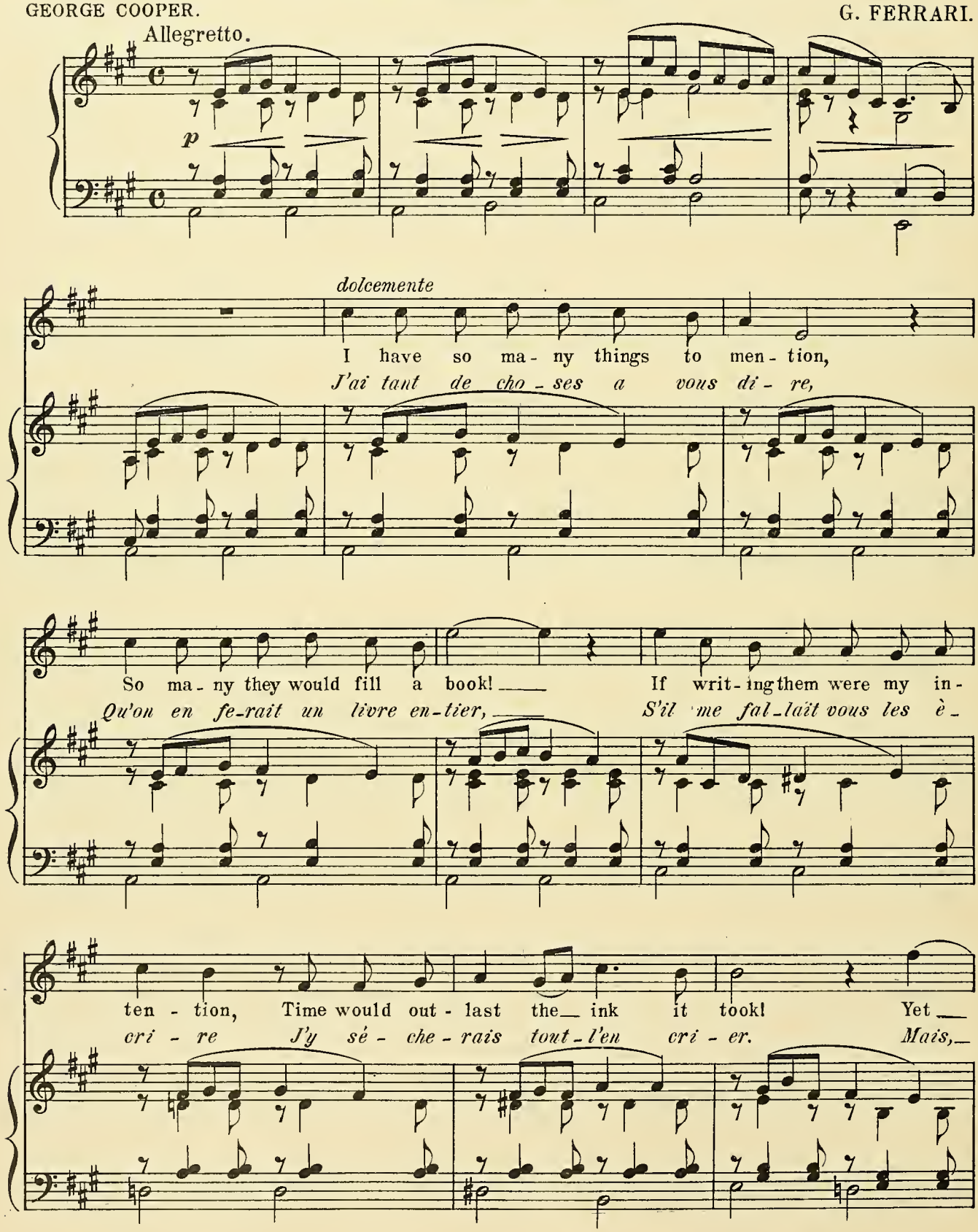

death a-lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
Home a-gain, Home a-gain, from a for-eign shore, And
oh! it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
rall.

I'VE A HOST OF THINGS TO TELL YOU.

(J'ai tant de choses à vous dire.)

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

G. FERRARI.



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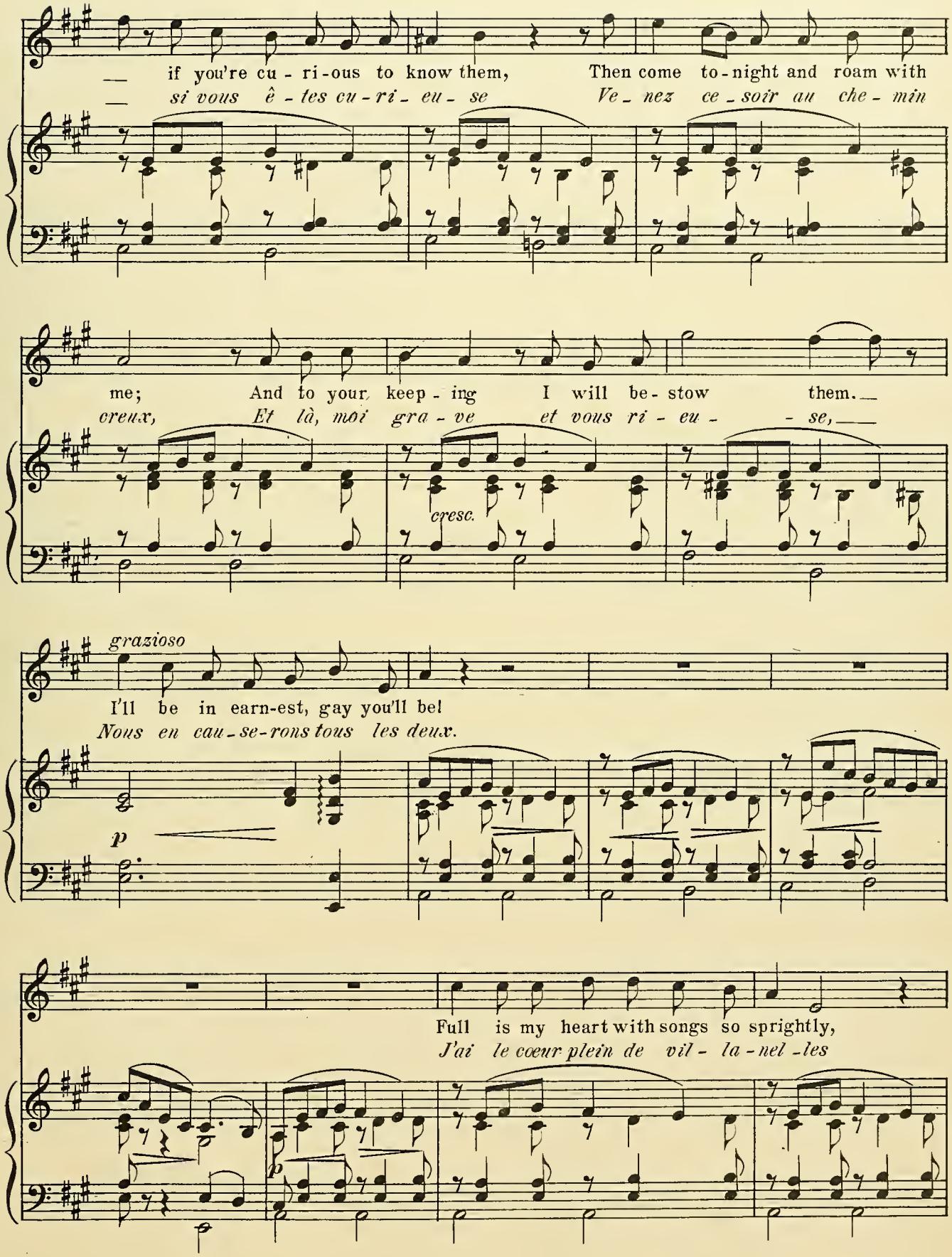
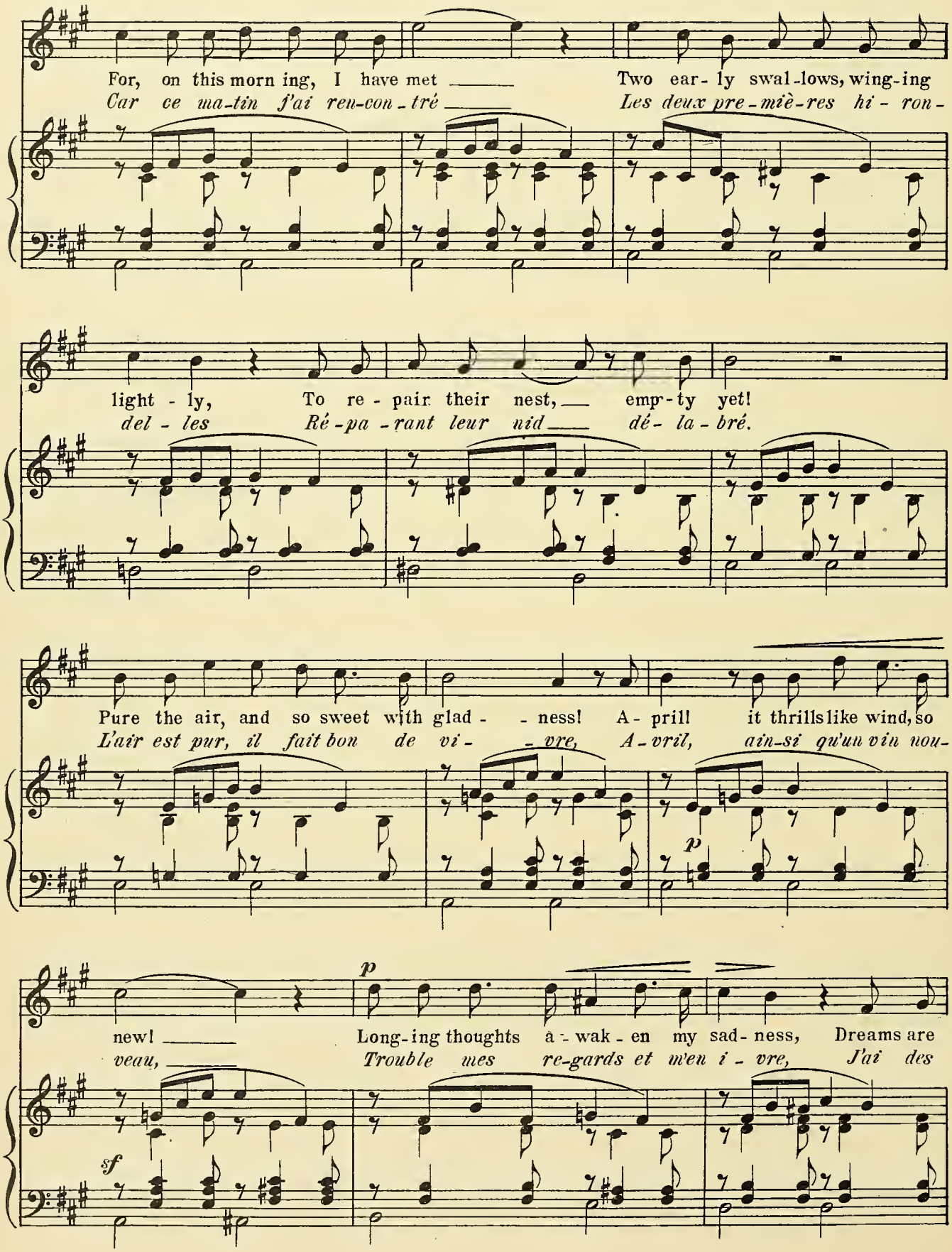
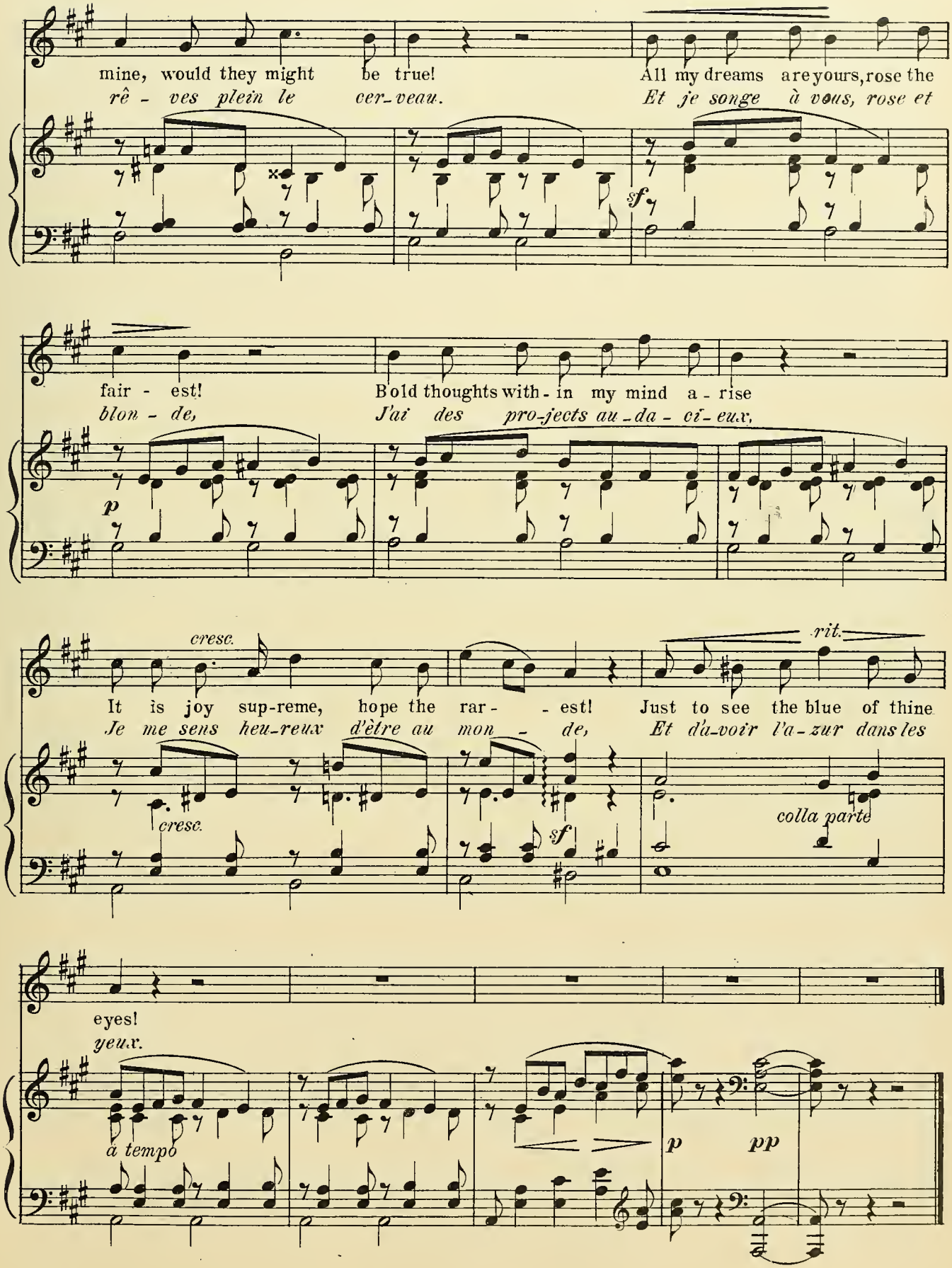

if you're cu - ri-ous to know them, Then come to-night and roam with
si vous ê - tes cu-ri- eu - se Ve - nez ce - soir au che - min
me; And to your keep - ing I will be- stow them.
creux, Et là, moi gra - ve et vous ri - eu - - se,
cresc.
grazioso
I'll be in earn-est, gay you'll be!
Nous en cau - se-rons tous les deux.
p
Full is my heart with songs so sprightly,
J'ai le cœur plein de vil - la - nel - les
p


For, on this morn ing, I have met
Car ce ma-tin j'ai ren-con-tré
Two ear- ly swal-lows, wing-ing
Les deux pre-miè-res hi- ron-
light - ly, To re - pair their nest, emp - ty yet!
del - les Ré-pa-rant leur nid dé- la-bré.
Pure the air, and so sweet with glad - - ness! A - prill it thrills like wind, so
L'air est pur, il fait bon de vi- - vre, A-vril, ain-si qu'un vin nou-
p
new!
veau,
p
Long-ing thoughts a - wak - en my sad - ness, Dreams are
Trouble mes re-gards et m'en i - vre, J'ai des
sf

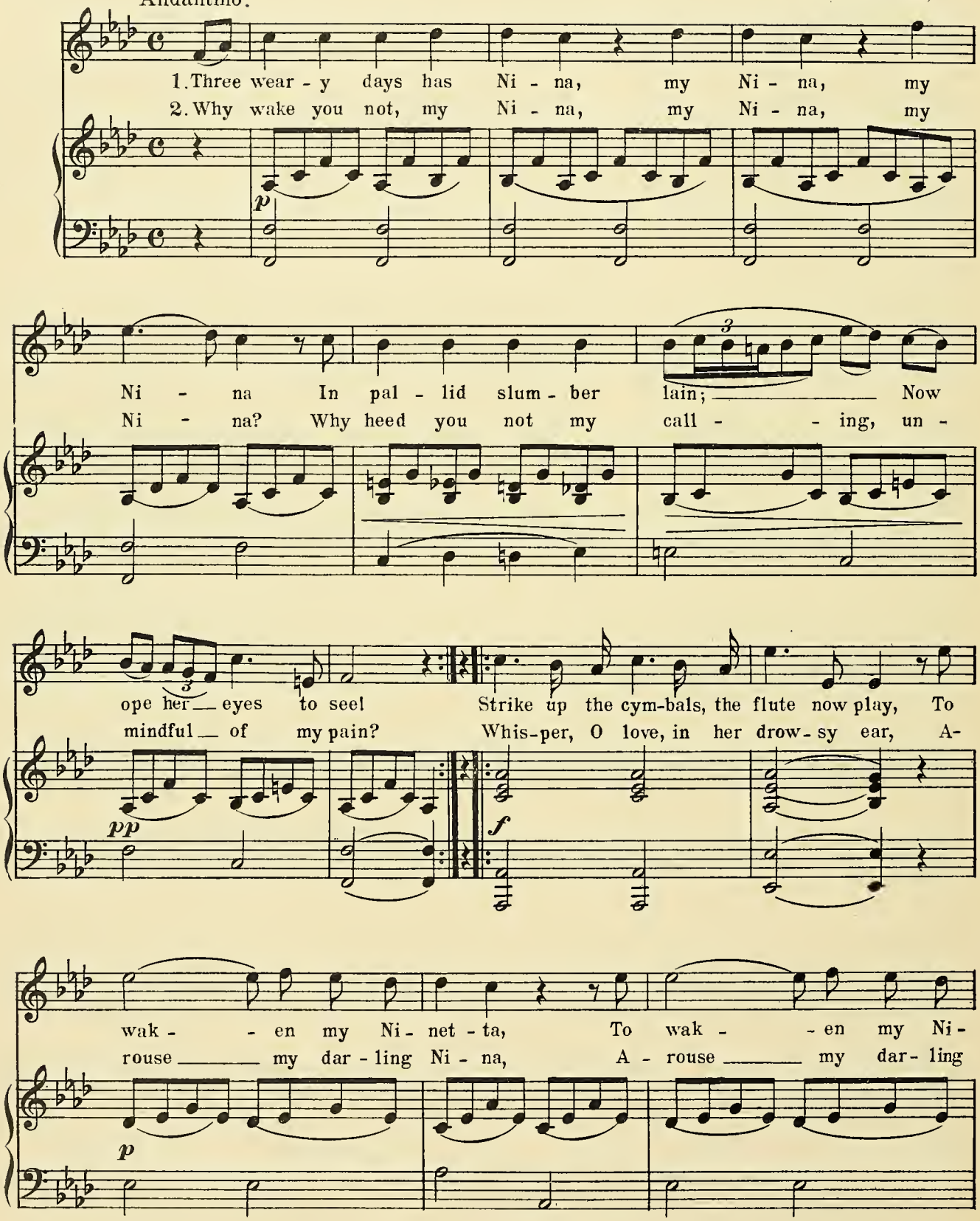

mine, would they might be true!
rê - ves plein le cer-veau.
All my dreams are yours, rose the
Et je songe à vous, rose et
sf
fair - est!
blon - de,
Bold thoughts with - in my mind a - rise
J'ai des pro-jects au-da - ci-eux,
p
cresc.
It is joy sup-reme, hope the rar - - est!
Je me sens heu-reux d'être au mon - de,
Just to see the blue of thine
Et d'a-voir l'a-zur dans les
rit.
cresc.
sf
colla parte
eyes!
yeux.
a tempo
p
pp

NINA.

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

G. B. PERGOLESI
(1710 - 1736.)

Andantino.



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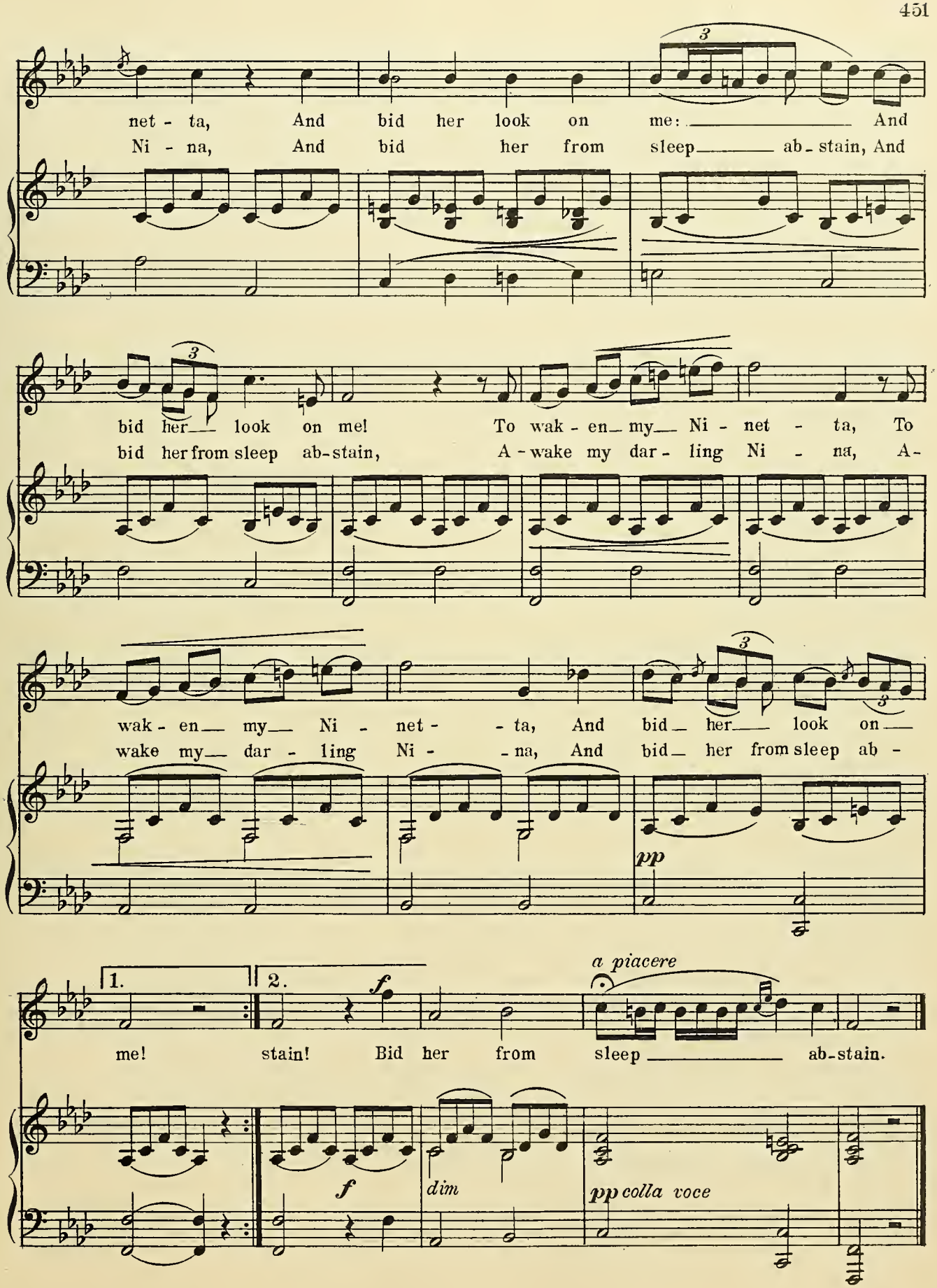

net - ta, And bid her look on me: And
Ni - na, And bid her from sleep ab - stain, And
bid her look on me! To wak - en my Ni - net - ta, To
bid her from sleep ab-stain, A - wake my dar - ling Ni - na, A -
wak - en my Ni - net - ta, And bid her look on
wake my dar - ling Ni - na, And bid her from sleep ab -
pp
1.
2.
f
a piacere
me! stain! Bid her from sleep ab-stain.
f
dim
pp colla voce

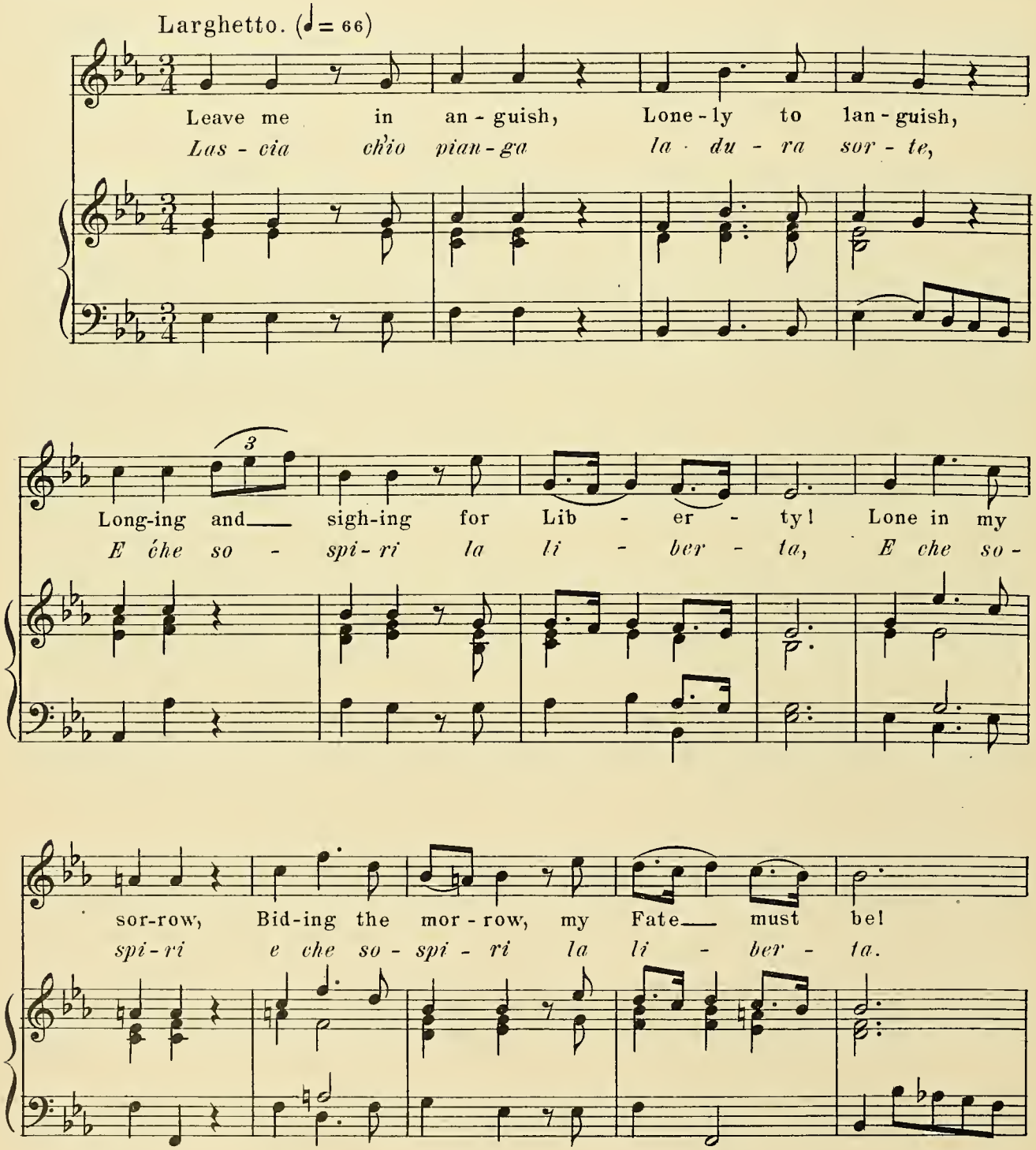
LEAVE ME IN ANGUISH.

LASCIA CH'IO PIANGA.

(Rinaldo.)

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

HANDEL.



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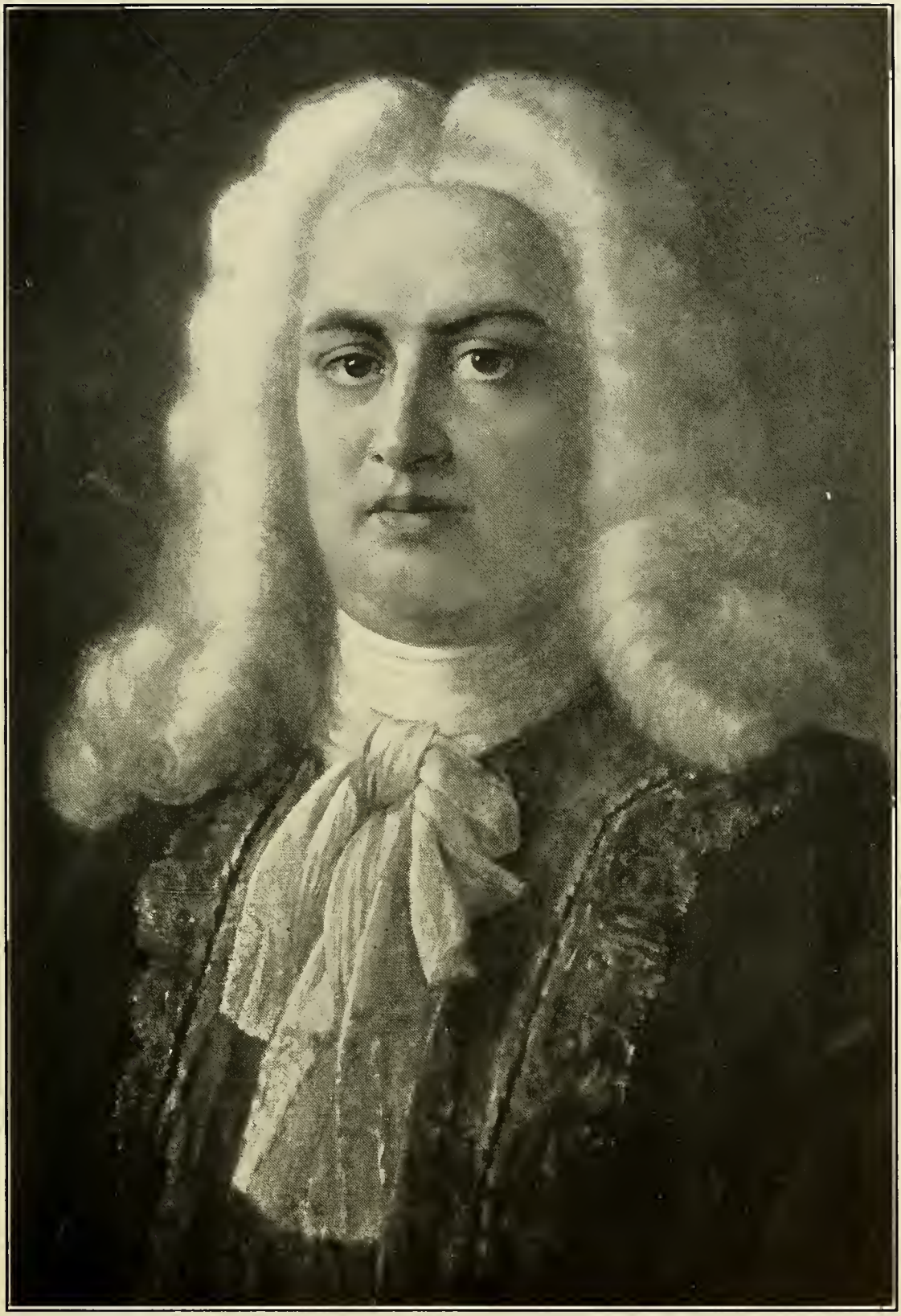
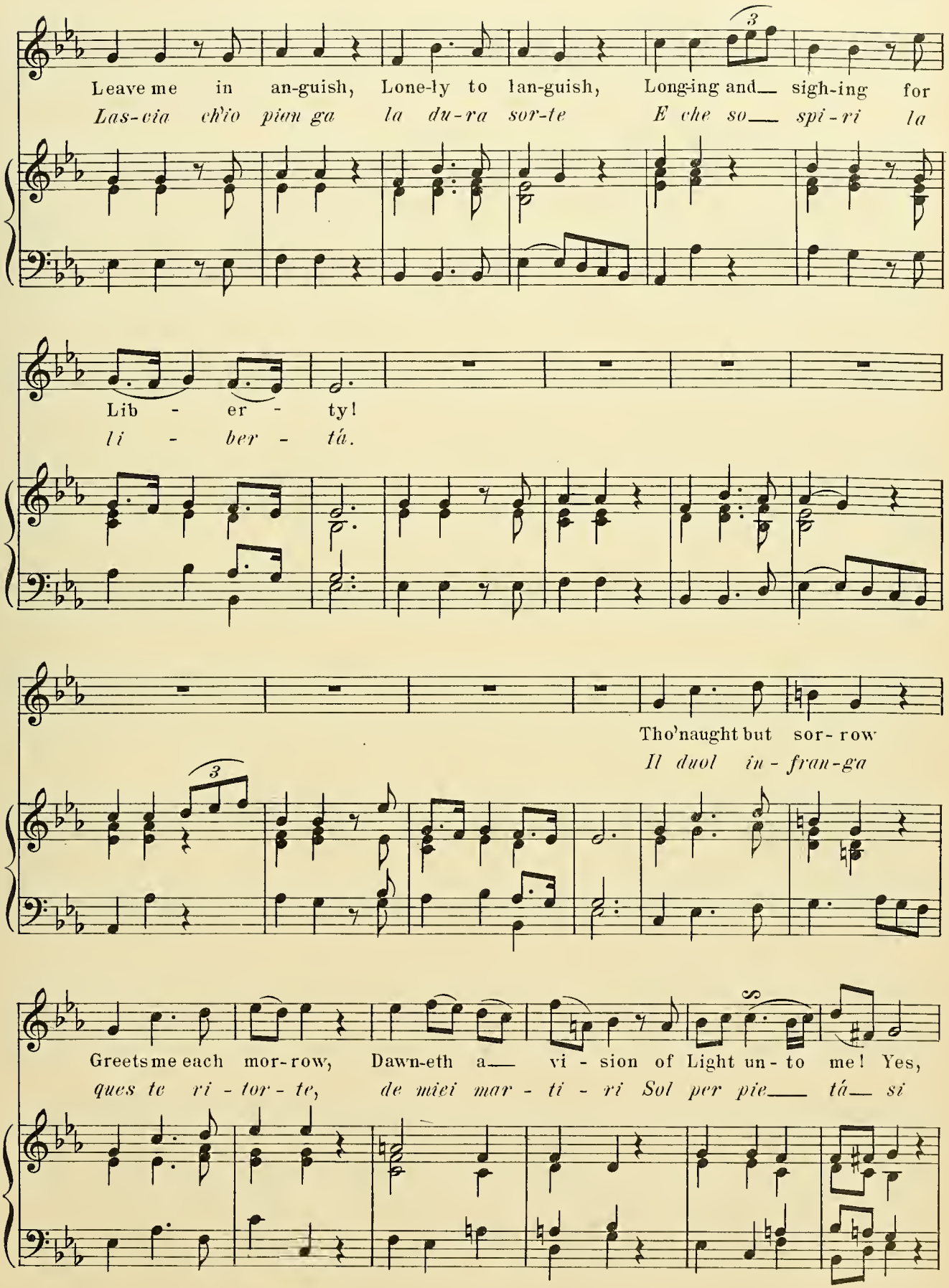
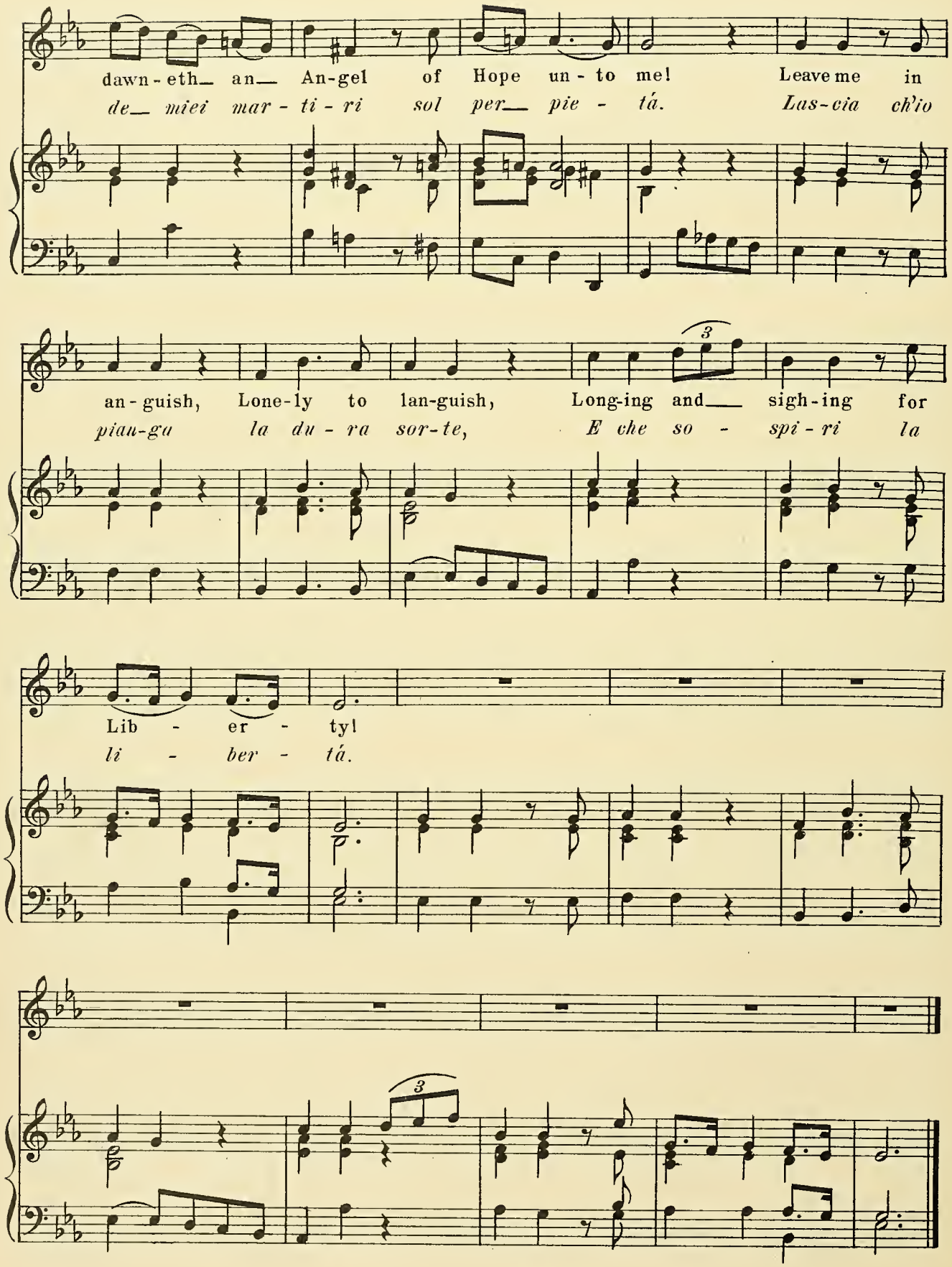


HÄNDEL

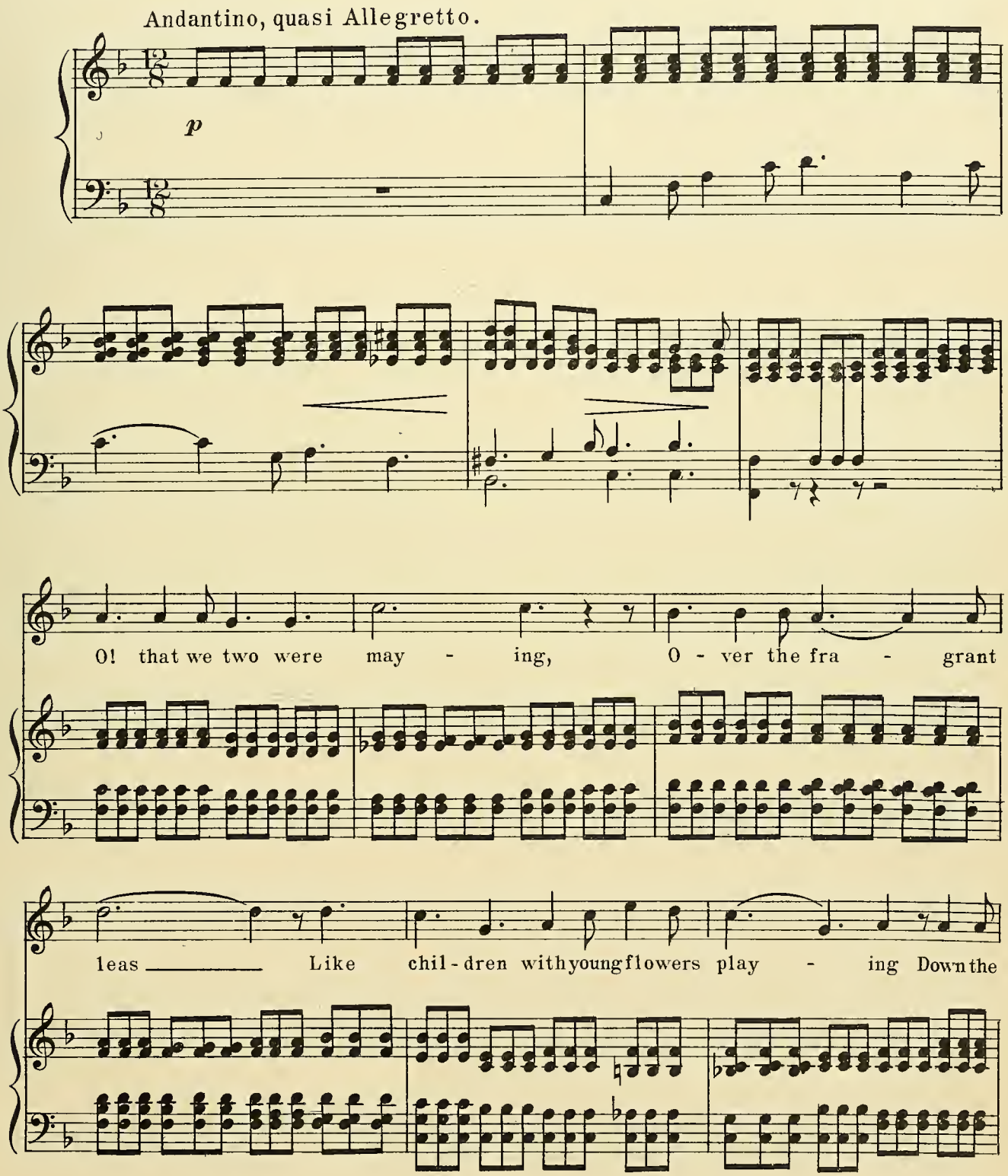

Leave me in an-guish, Lone-ly to lan-guish, Long-ing and sigh-ing for
Las-cia ch'io pian ga la du-ra sor-te E che so spi-ri la
Lib - er - ty!
li - ber - tá.
Tho'naught but sor- row
Il duol in - fran-ga
Greets me each mor-row, Dawn-eth a vi - sion of Light un - to me! Yes,
ques te ri - tor - te, de miei mar - ti - ri Sol per pie tá si

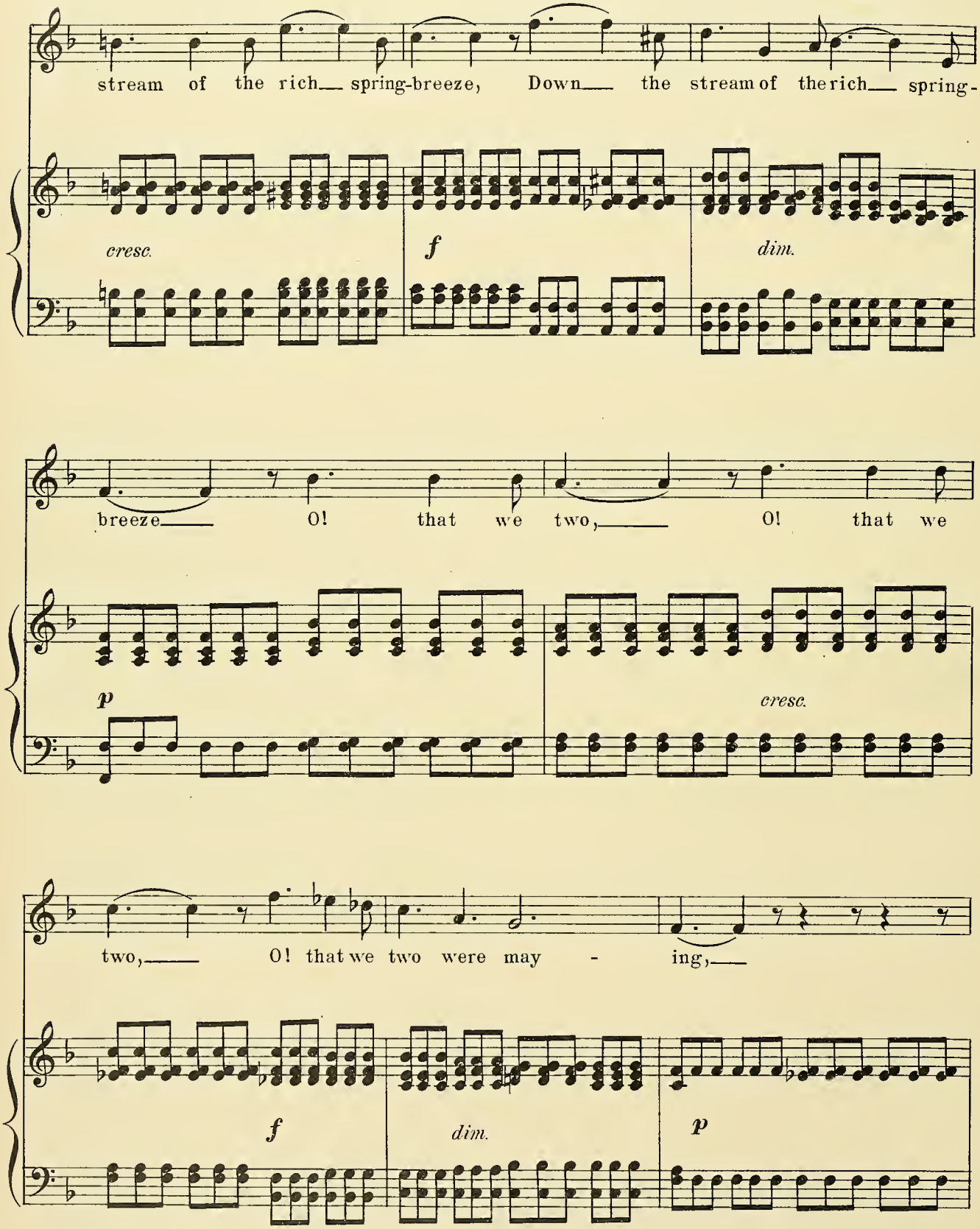

dawn-eth_ an_ An-gel of Hope un-to me! Leave me in
de_ miei mar-ti-ri sol per_ pie-tá. Las-cia ch'io
an-guish, Lone-ly to lan-guish, Long-ing and_ sigh-ing for
piau-ga la du-ra sor-te, E che so-spi-ri la
Lib-er-ty!
li-ber-tá.

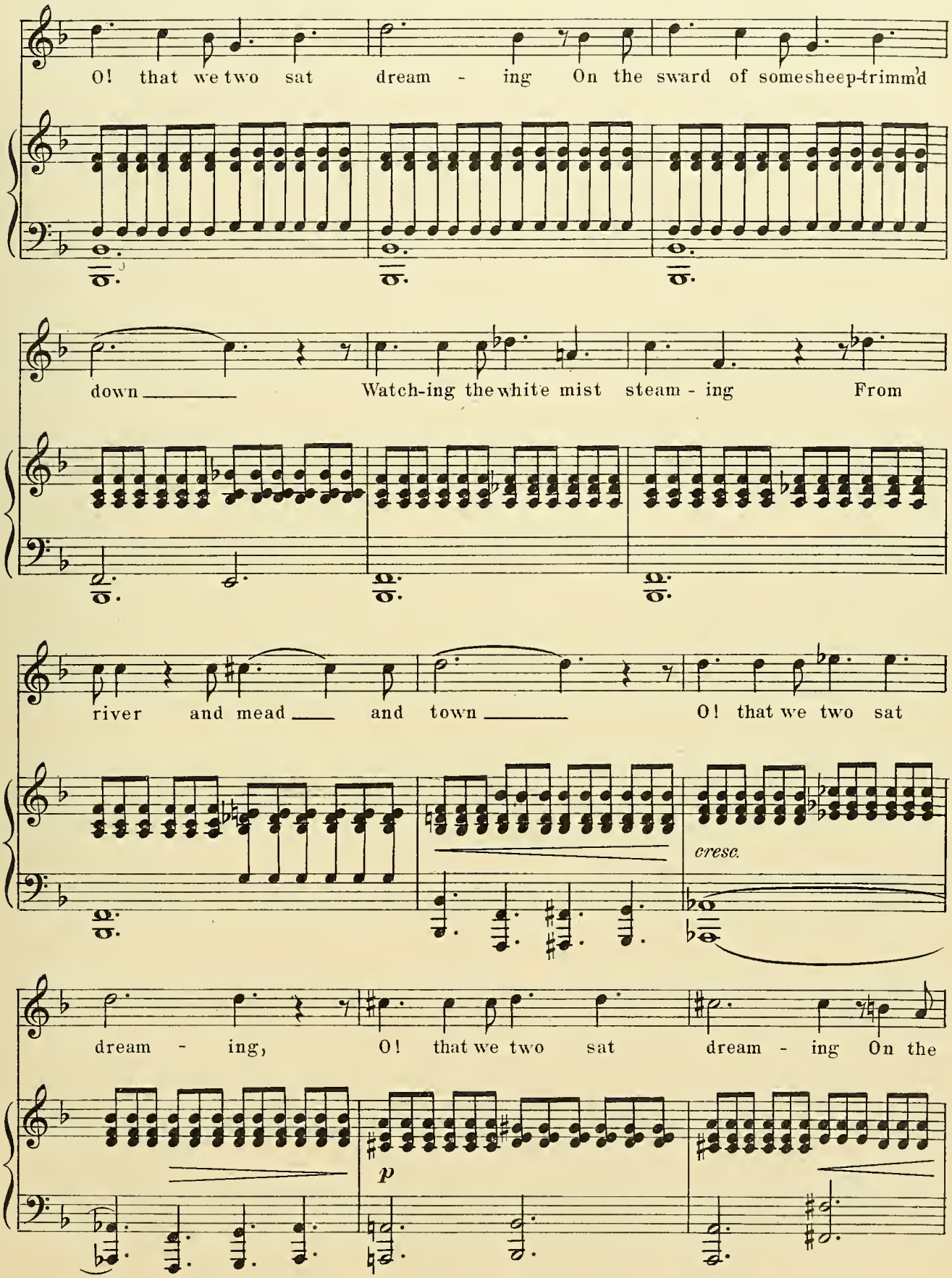
O THAT WE TWO WERE MAYING.

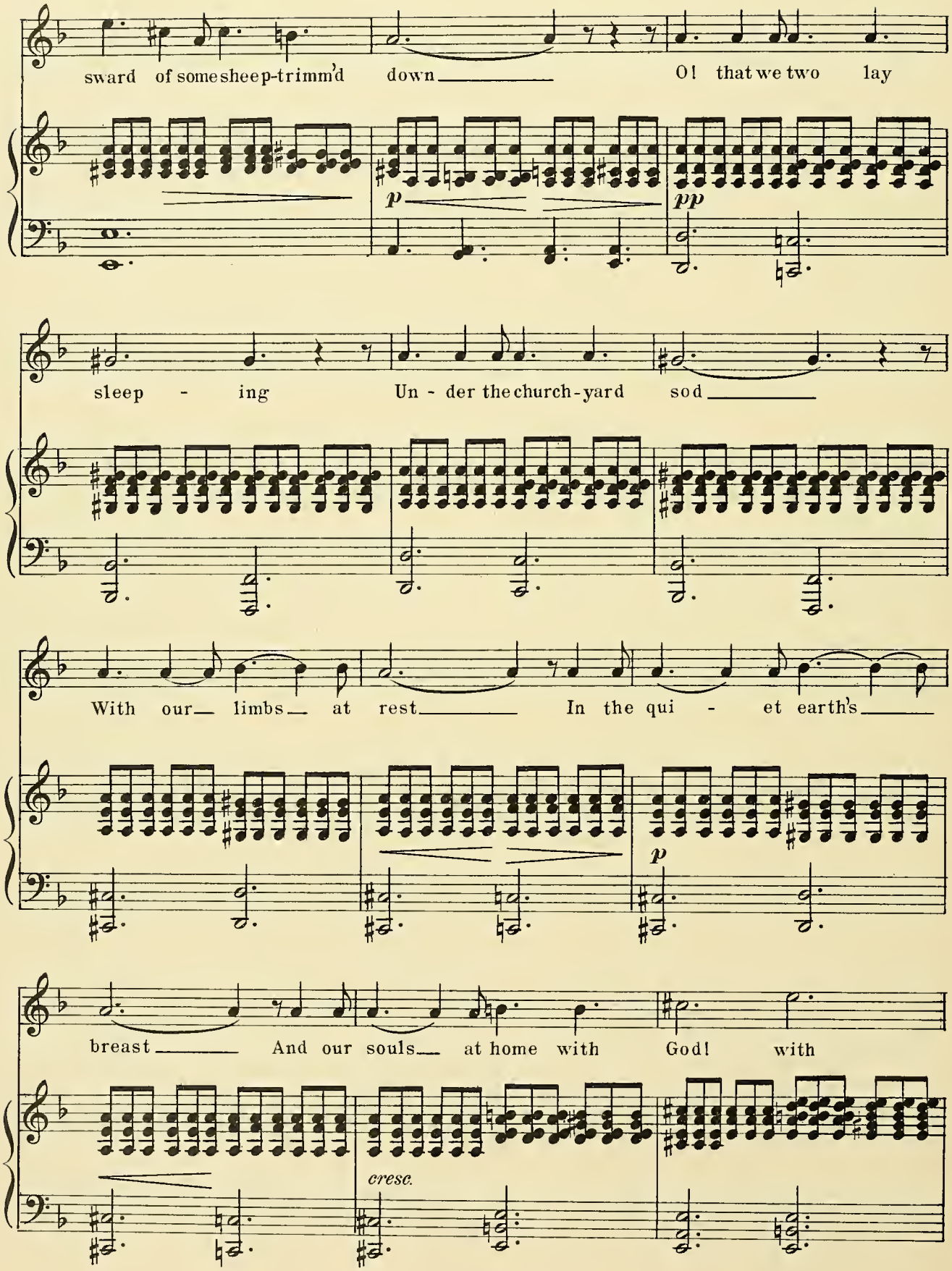
Poetry by
Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

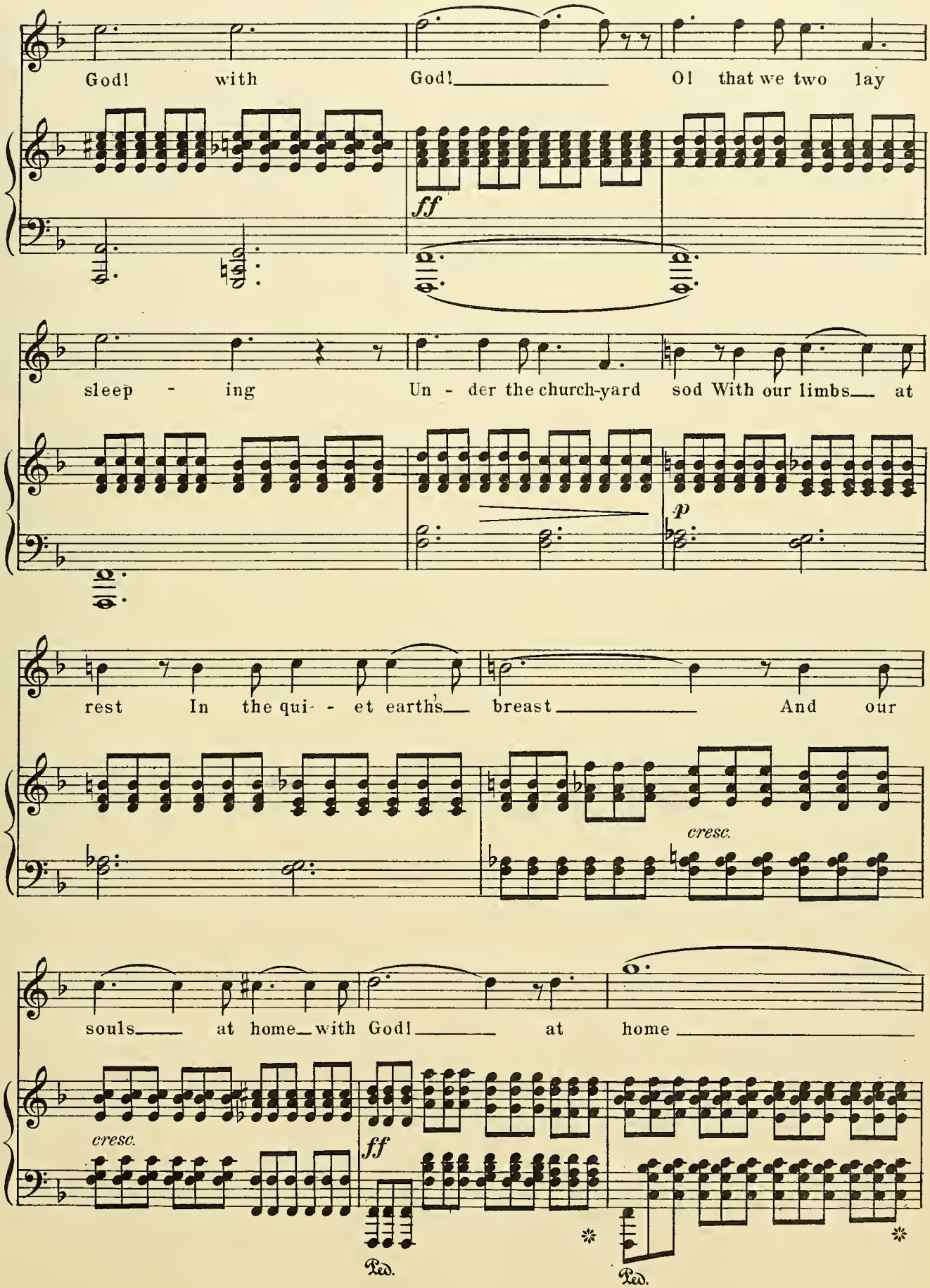
Music by
CHARLES GOUNOD.

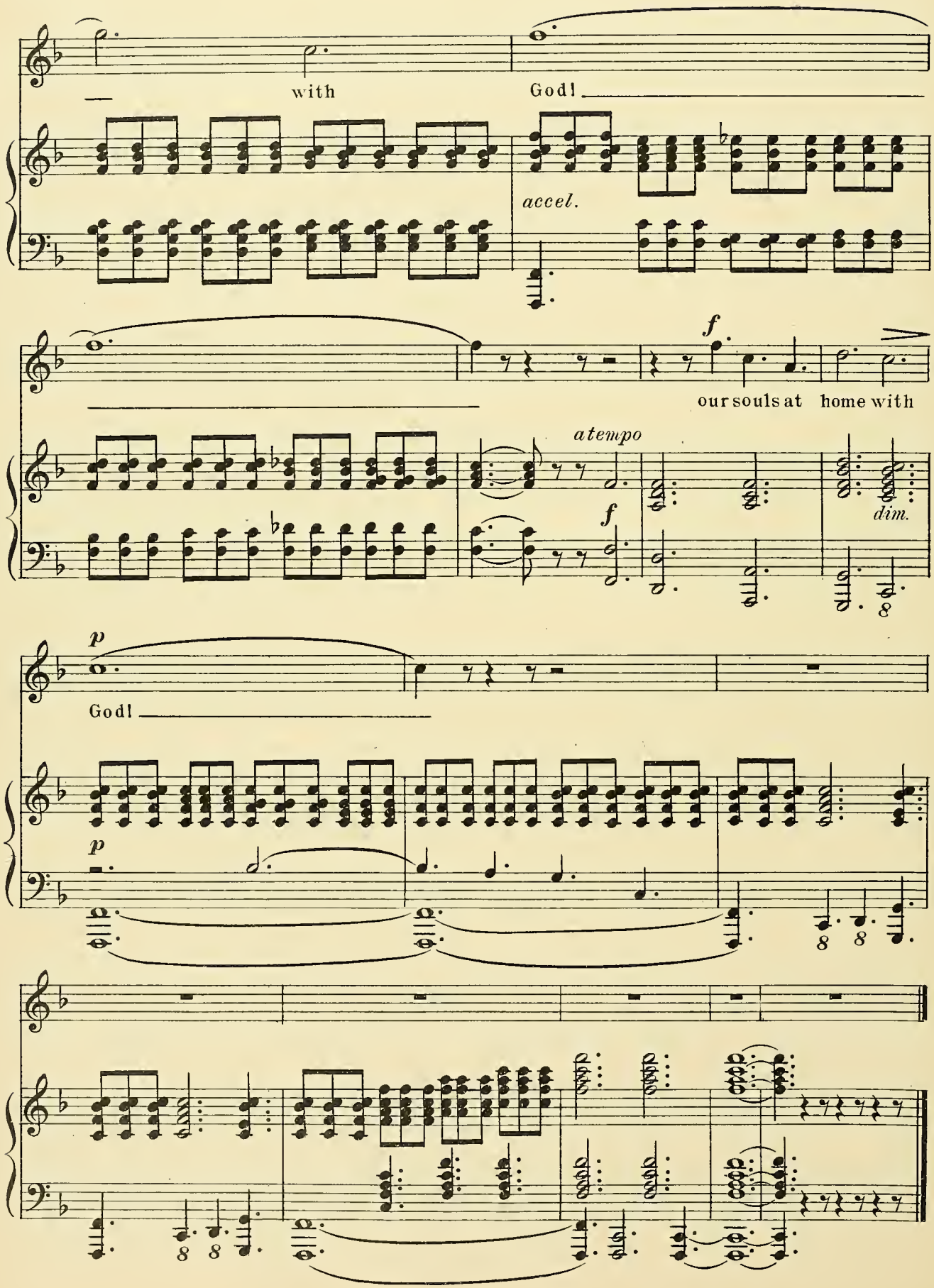



stream of the rich spring-breeze, Down the stream of the rich spring-
cresc.
f
dim.
breeze O! that we two, O! that we
p
cresc.
two, O! that we two were may - ing,
f
dim.
p


O! that we two sat dream - ing On the sward of somesheep-trimm'd
down Watch-ing the white mist steam - ing From
river and mead and town O! that we two sat
cresc.
dream - ing, O! that we two sat dream - ing On the
p


sward of some sheep-trimm'd down
O! that we two lay
p
pp
sleep - ing
Un - der the church-yard sod
With our limbs at rest
In the qui - et earth's
p
breast
And our souls at home with God! with
cresc.

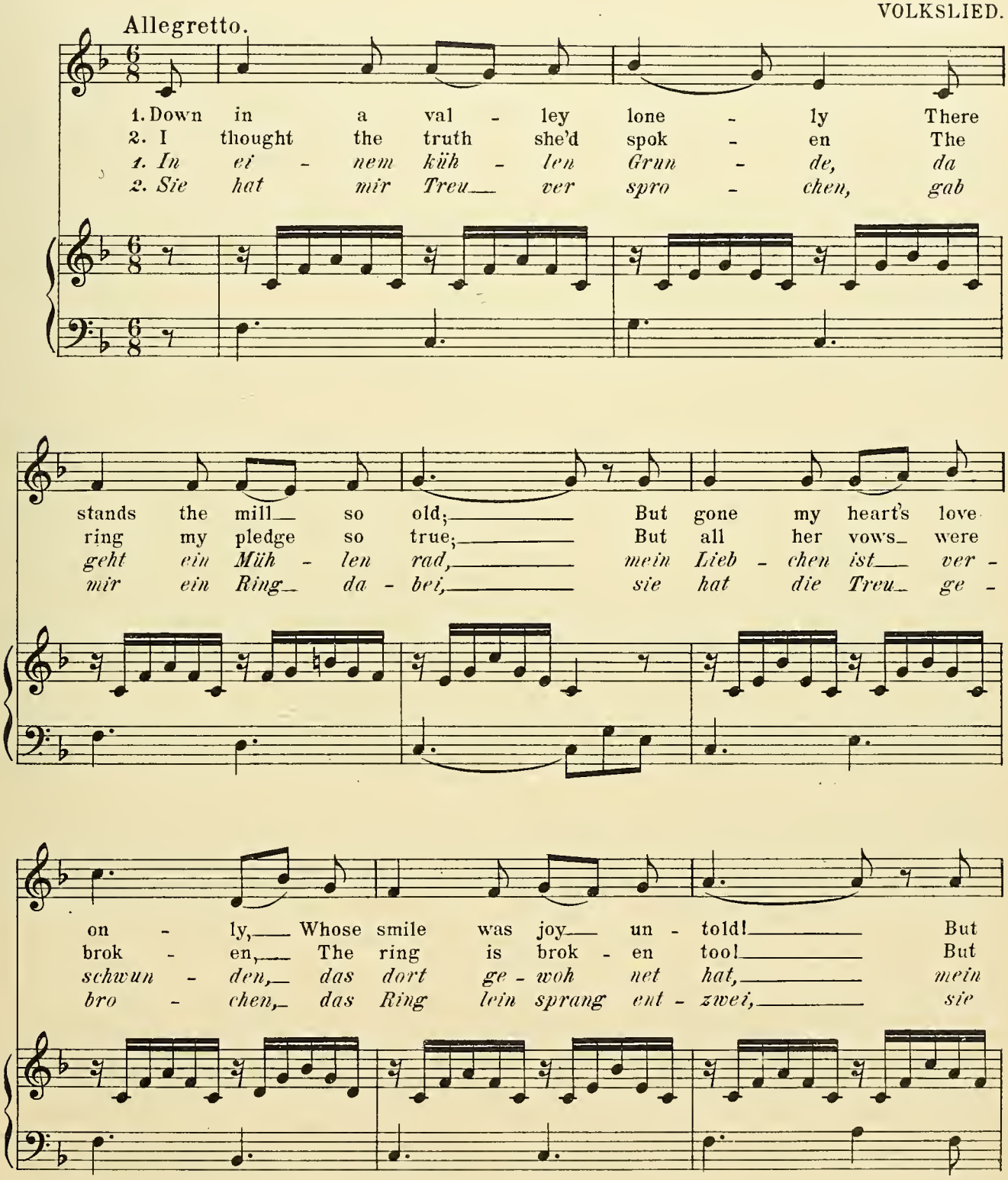

God! with God! O! that we two lay
ff
sleep - ing Un - der the church-yard sod With our limbs at
p
rest In the qui - et earths breast And our
cresc.
souls at home with God! at home
cresc.
ff
Ped.
Ped.


with
God!
accel.
f
our souls at home with
atempo
f
dim.
p
God!
p

THE MILL IN THE VALLEY.

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

VOLKSLIED.



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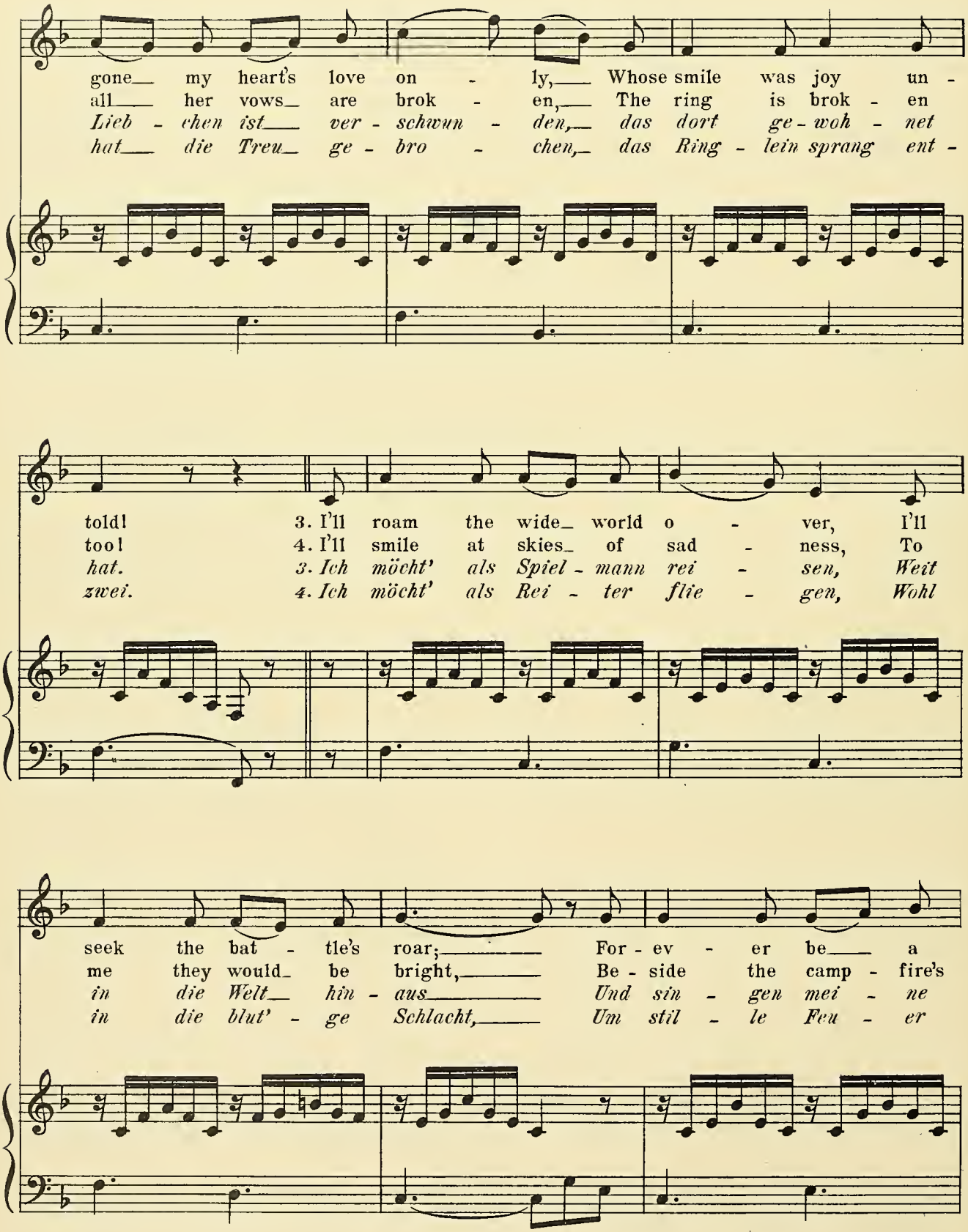
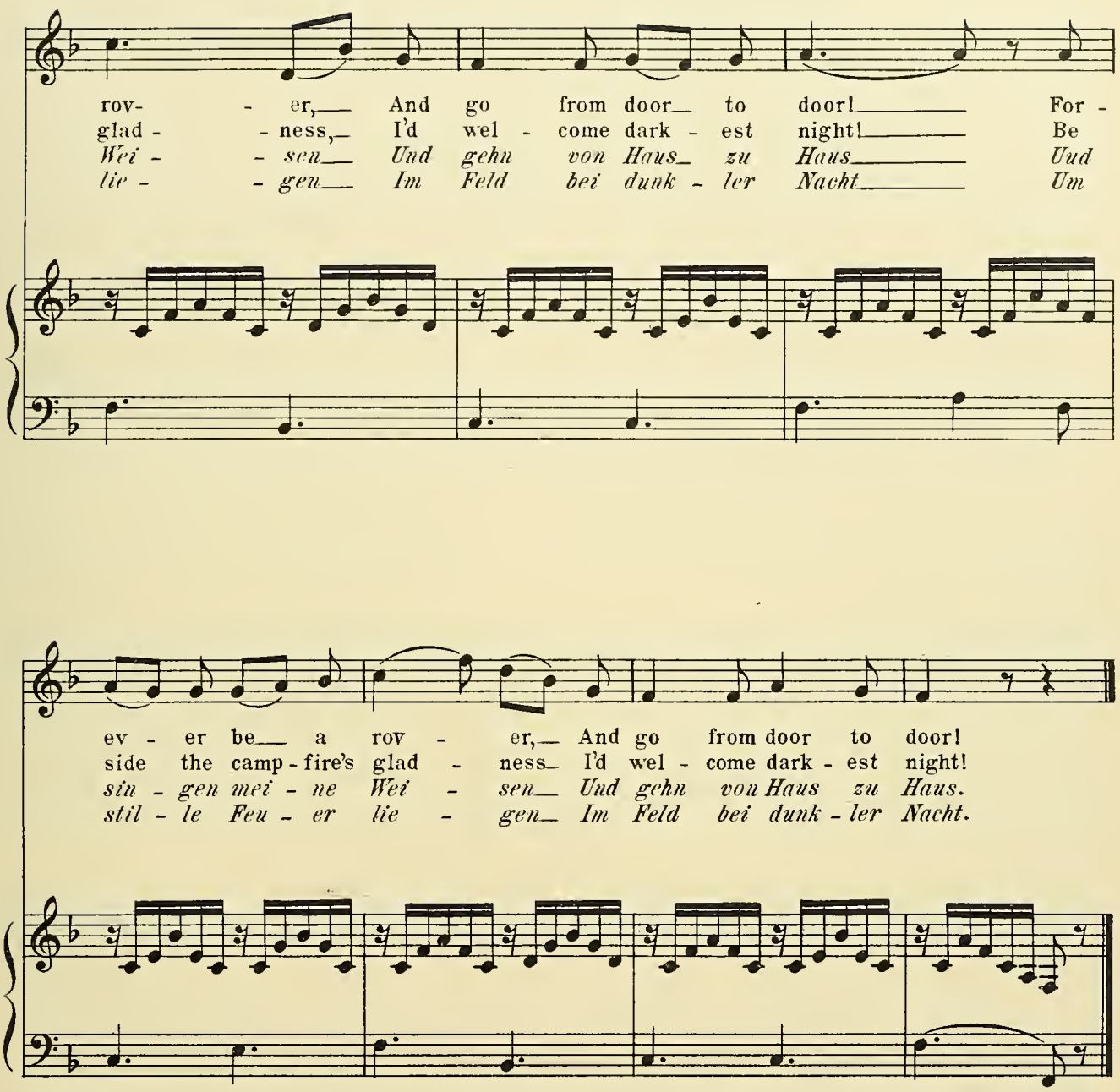

gone my heart's love on - ly, Whose smile was joy un -
all her vows are brok - en, The ring is brok - en
Lieb - chen ist ver - schwun - den, das dort ge - woh - net
hat die Treu ge - bro - chen, das Ring - lein sprang ent -
told!
too!
hat.
zwei.
3. I'll roam the wide world o - ver, I'll
4. I'll smile at skies of sad - ness, To
3. Ich möcht' als Spiel - mann rei - sen, Weit
4. Ich möcht' als Rei - ter flie - gen, Wohl
seek the bat - tle's roar; For - ev - er be a
me they would be bright, Be - side the camp - fire's
in die Welt hin - aus Und sin - gen mei - ne
in die blut' - ge Schlacht, Um stil - le Feu - er



5.

The Mill yet stands, so lonely;
I know not where is she_
The one my heart's love only,
Has ever gone from me!

5.

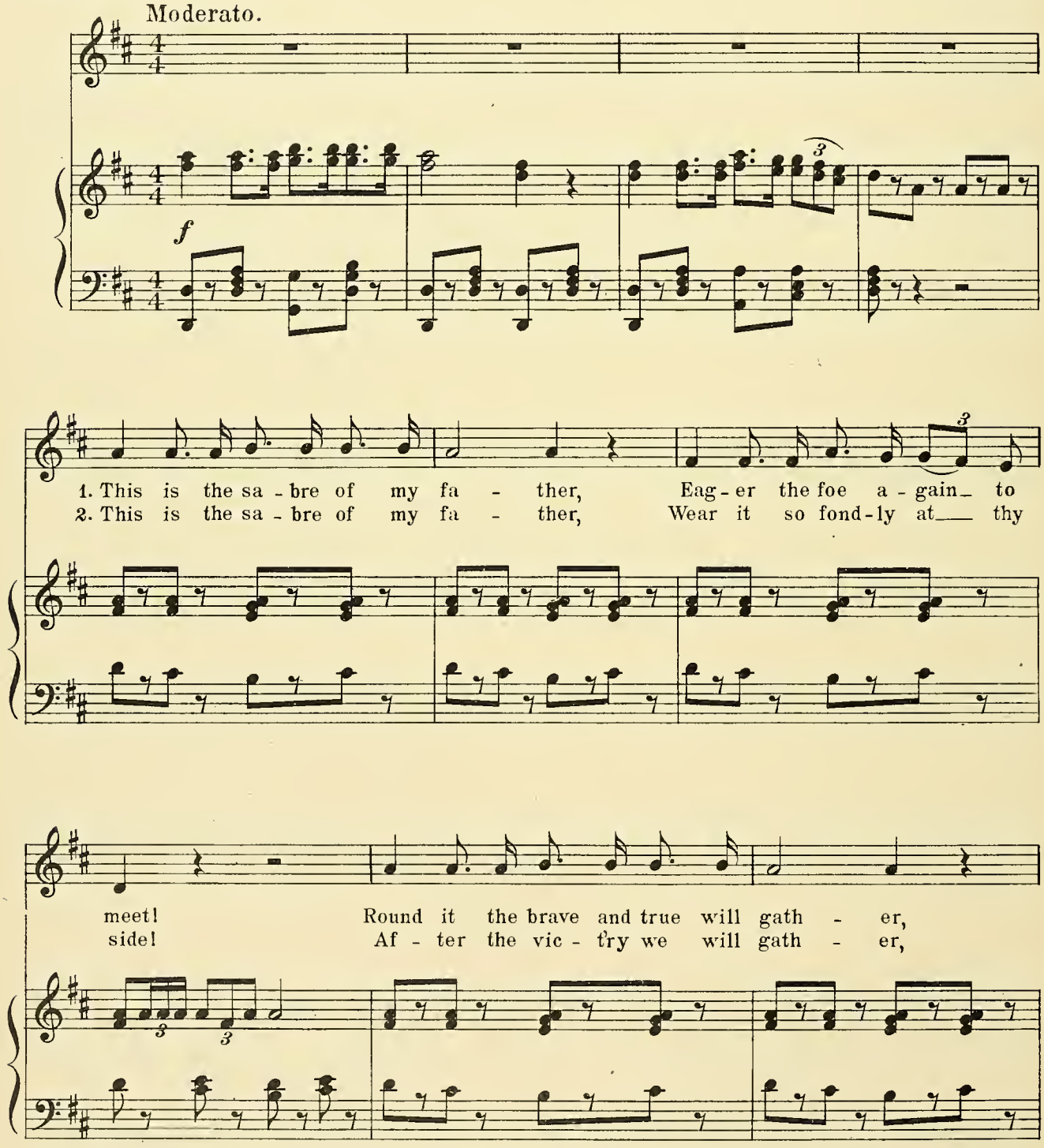
Hör ich das Mühlrad gehen,
Ich weiss nicht was ich will,
Ich möcht am Liebsten sterben,
Da wär's auf einmal still.

THE SABRE OF MY FATHER.

From the Opera of
The Grand Duchess.

English Version by
GEORGE COOPER.

J. OFFENBACH.



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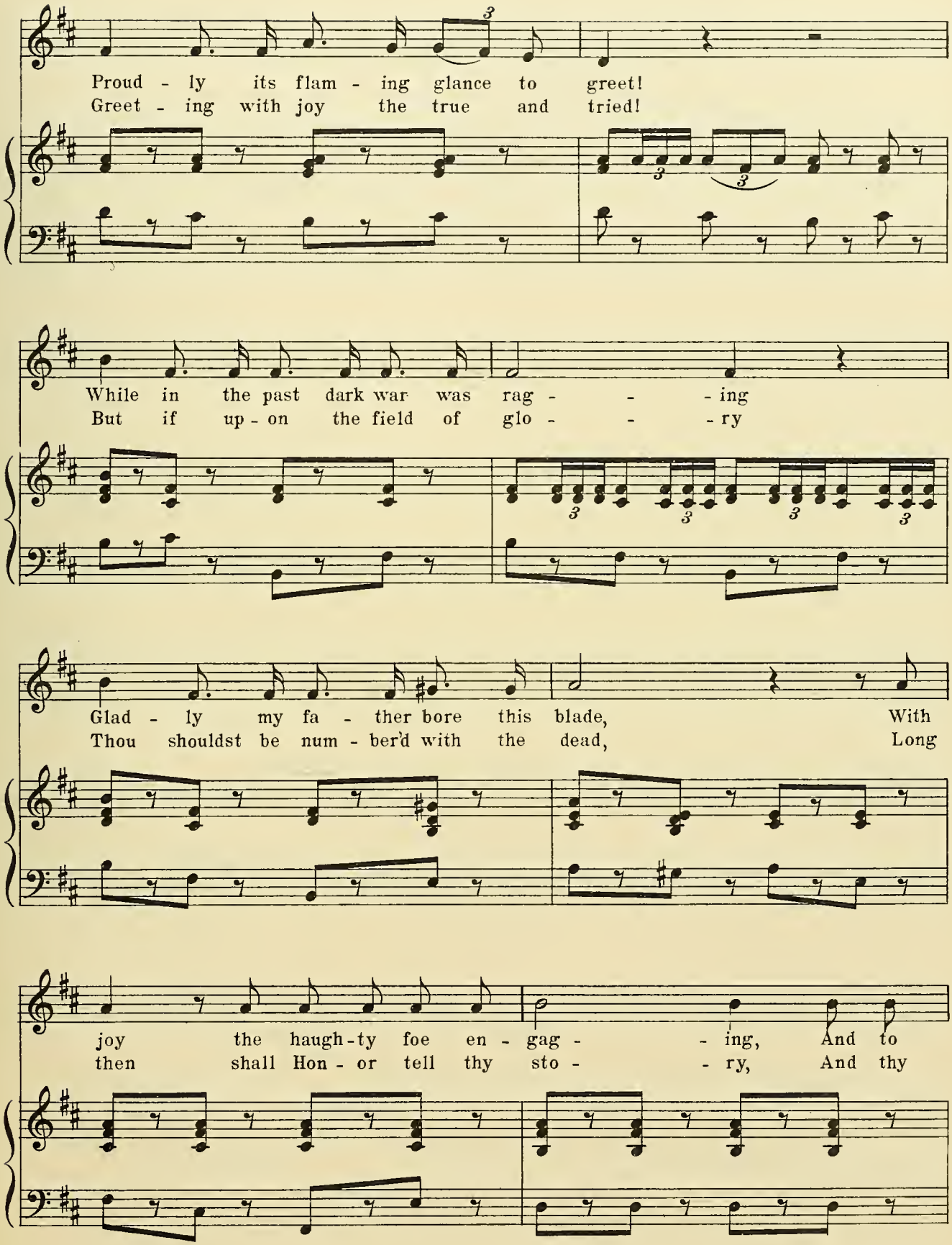
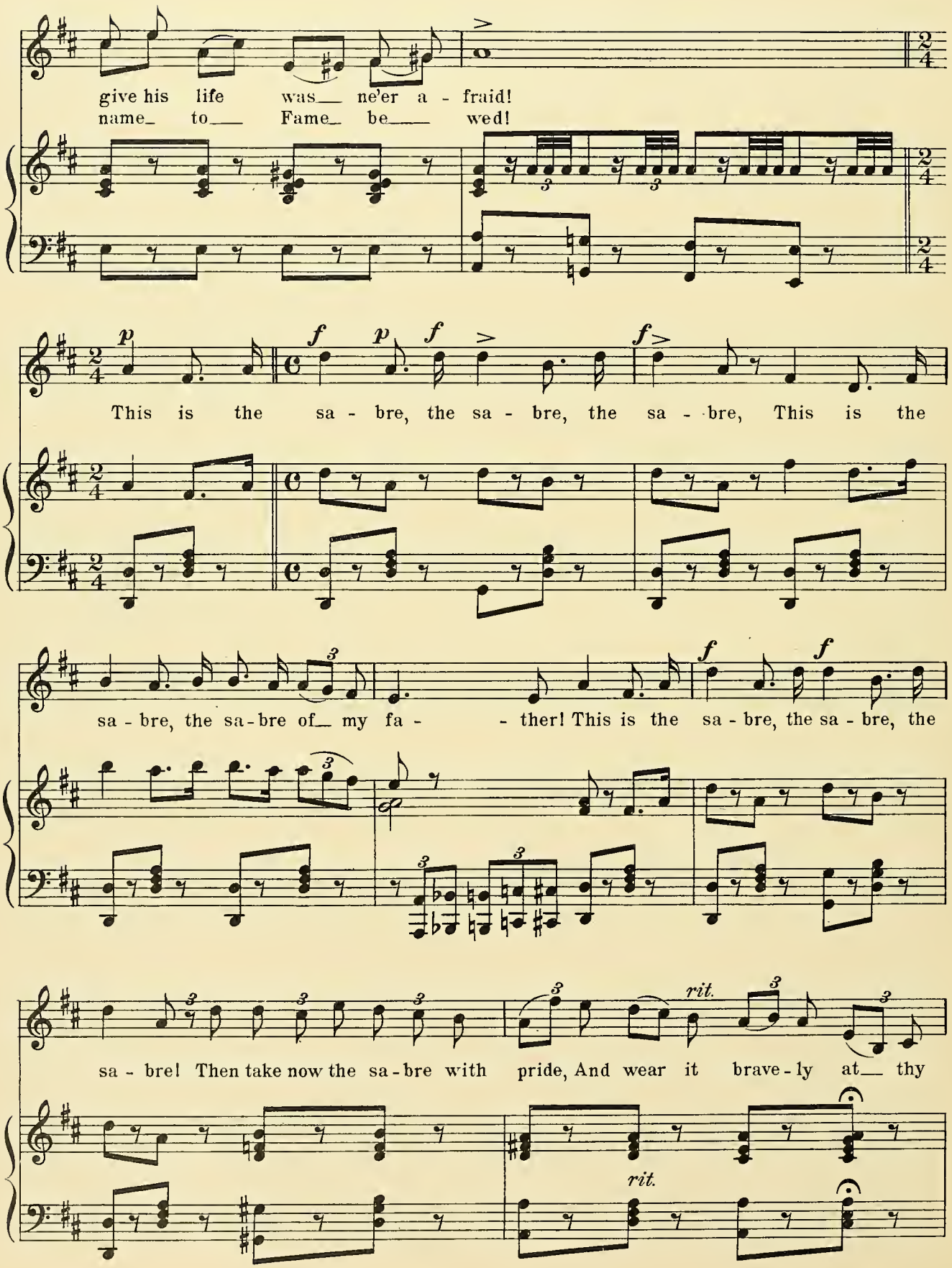
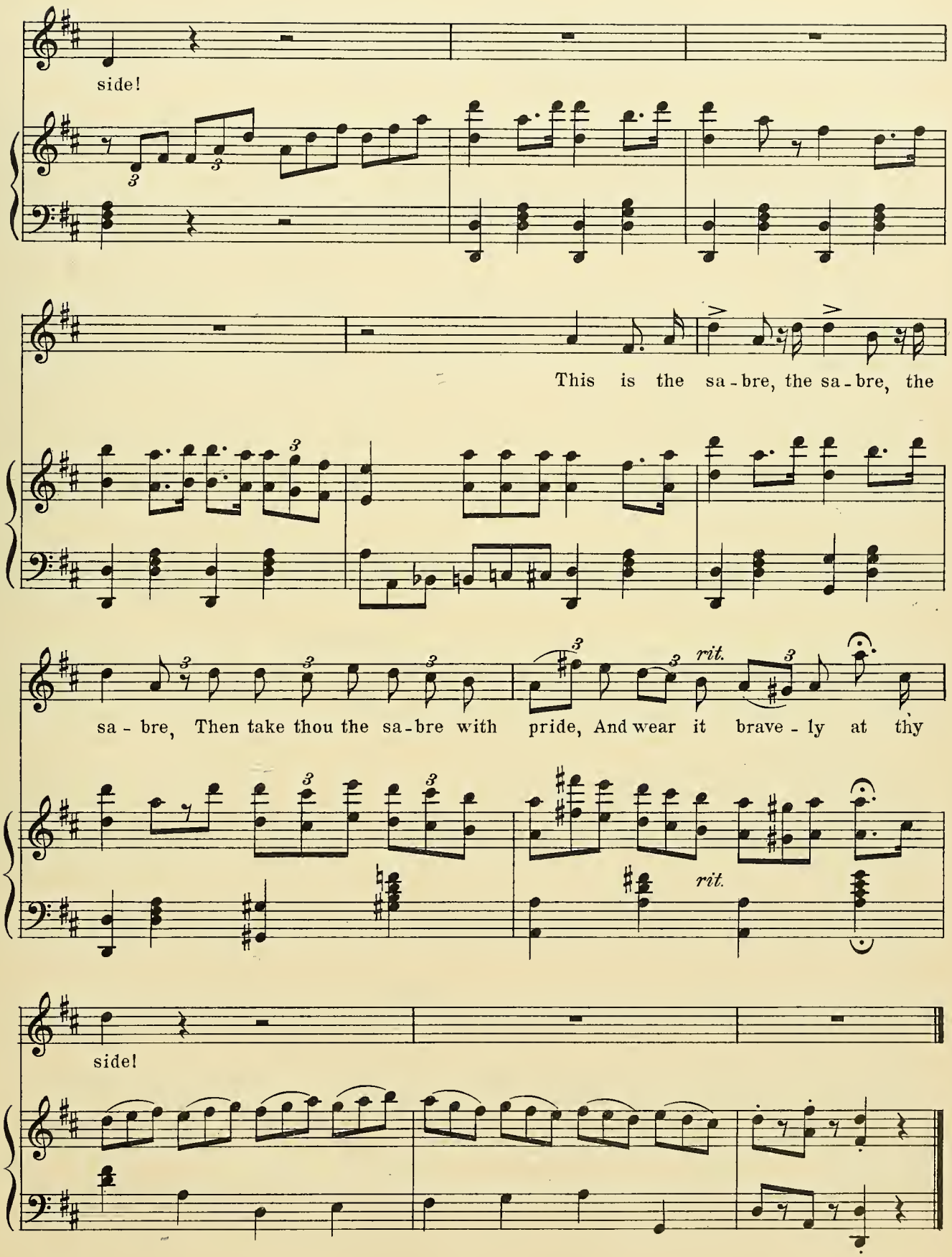

Proud - ly its flam - ing glance to greet!
Greet - ing with joy the true and tried!
While in the past dark war was rag - - - ing
But if up - on the field of glo - - - ry
Glad - ly my fa - ther bore this blade, With
Thou shouldst be num - ber'd with the dead, Long
joy the haugh - ty foe en - gag - - ing, And to
then shall Hon - or tell thy sto - - ry, And thy


give his life was ne'er a - fraid!
name to Fame be wed!
This is the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the sa - bre, This is the
sa - bre, the sa - bre of my fa - - ther! This is the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the
sa - bre! Then take now the sa - bre with pride, And wear it brave - ly at thy
rit.
rit.


side!
This is the sa - bre, the sa - bre, the
sa - bre, Then take thou the sa - bre with pride, And wear it brave - ly at thy
rit.
rit.
side!

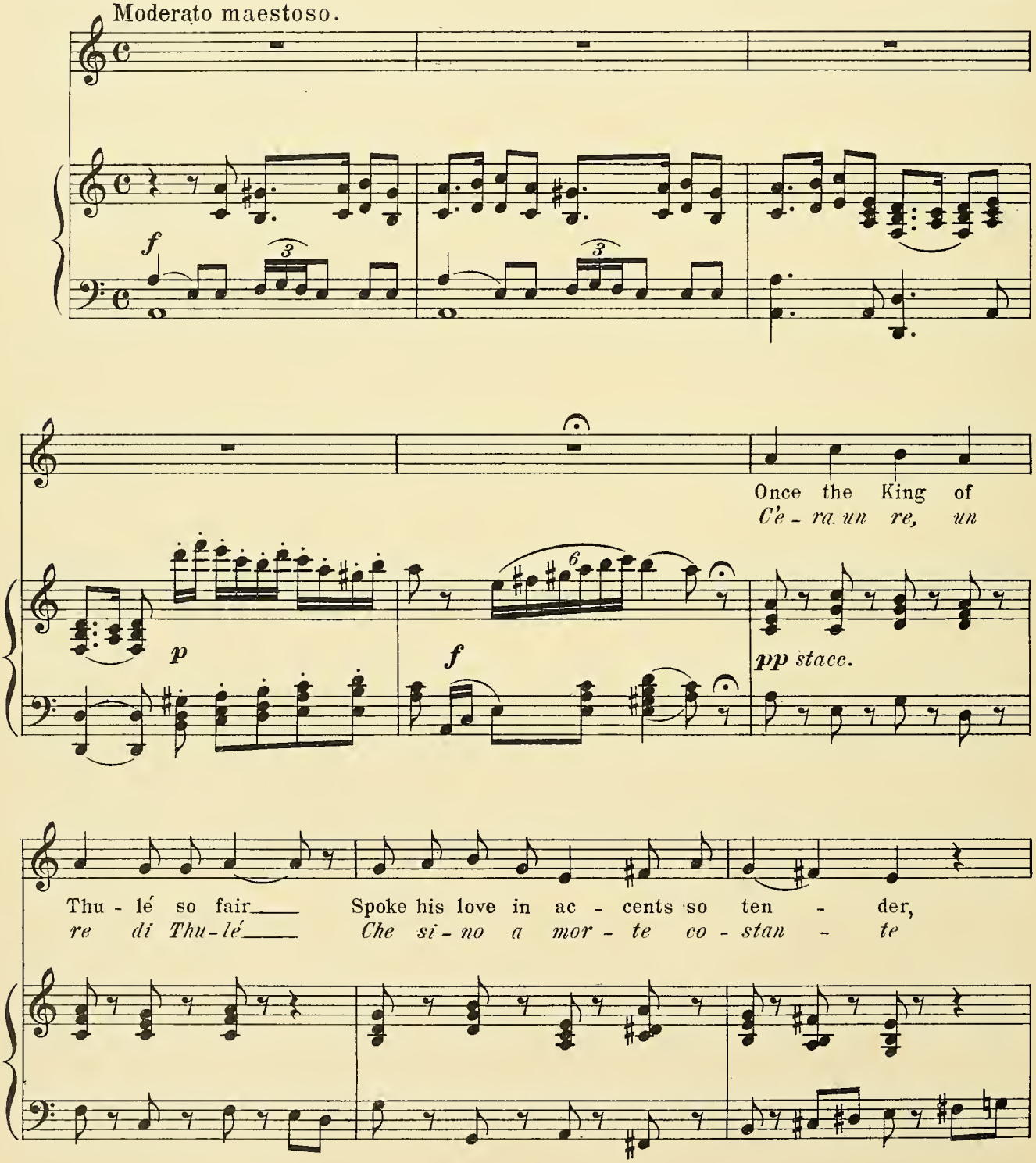
THE KING OF THULÉ.

C'era un re di Thule.

Song of Marguerite in "**Faust**."

English Version by
GEORGE COOPER.

GOUNOD.



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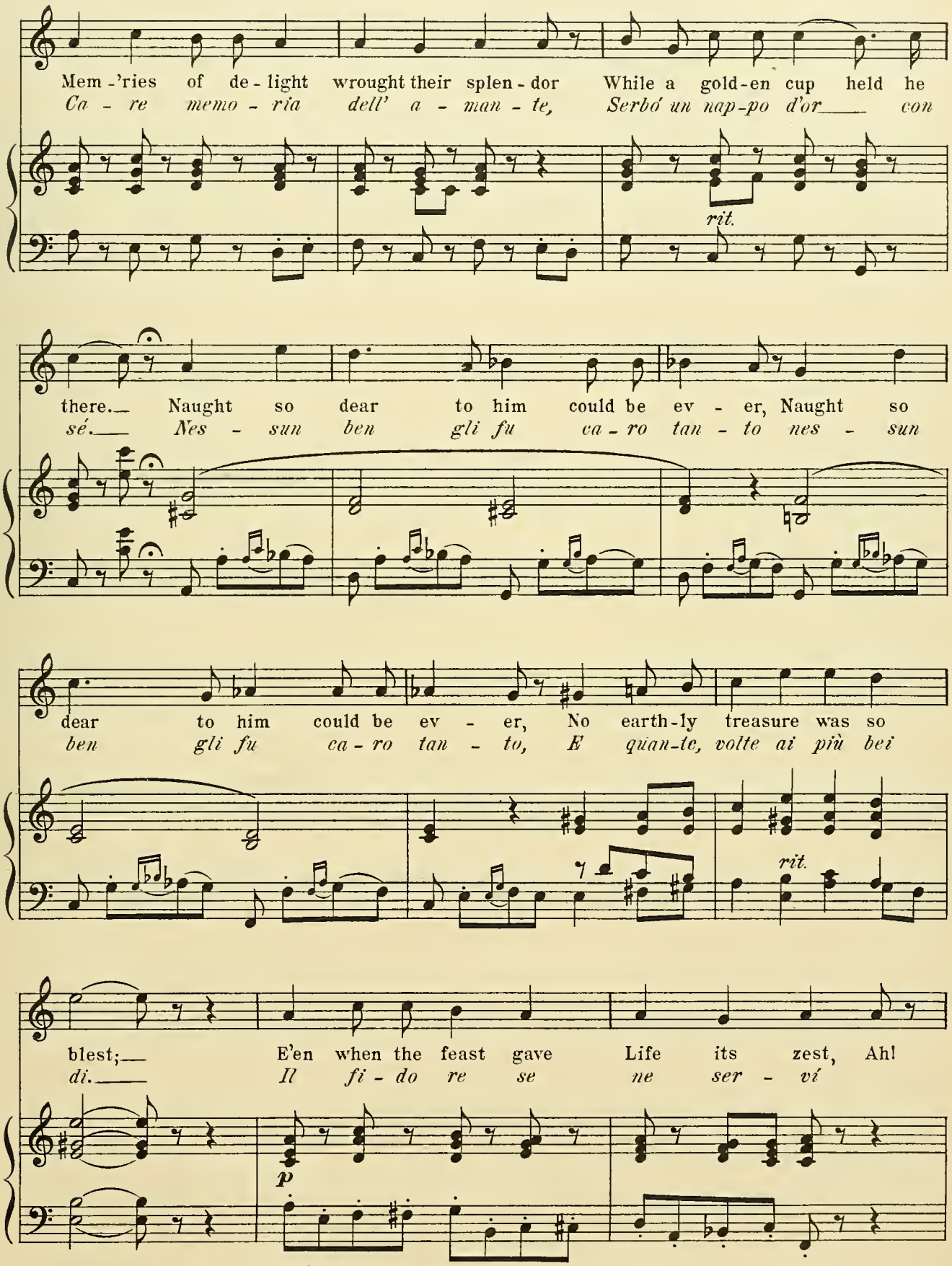
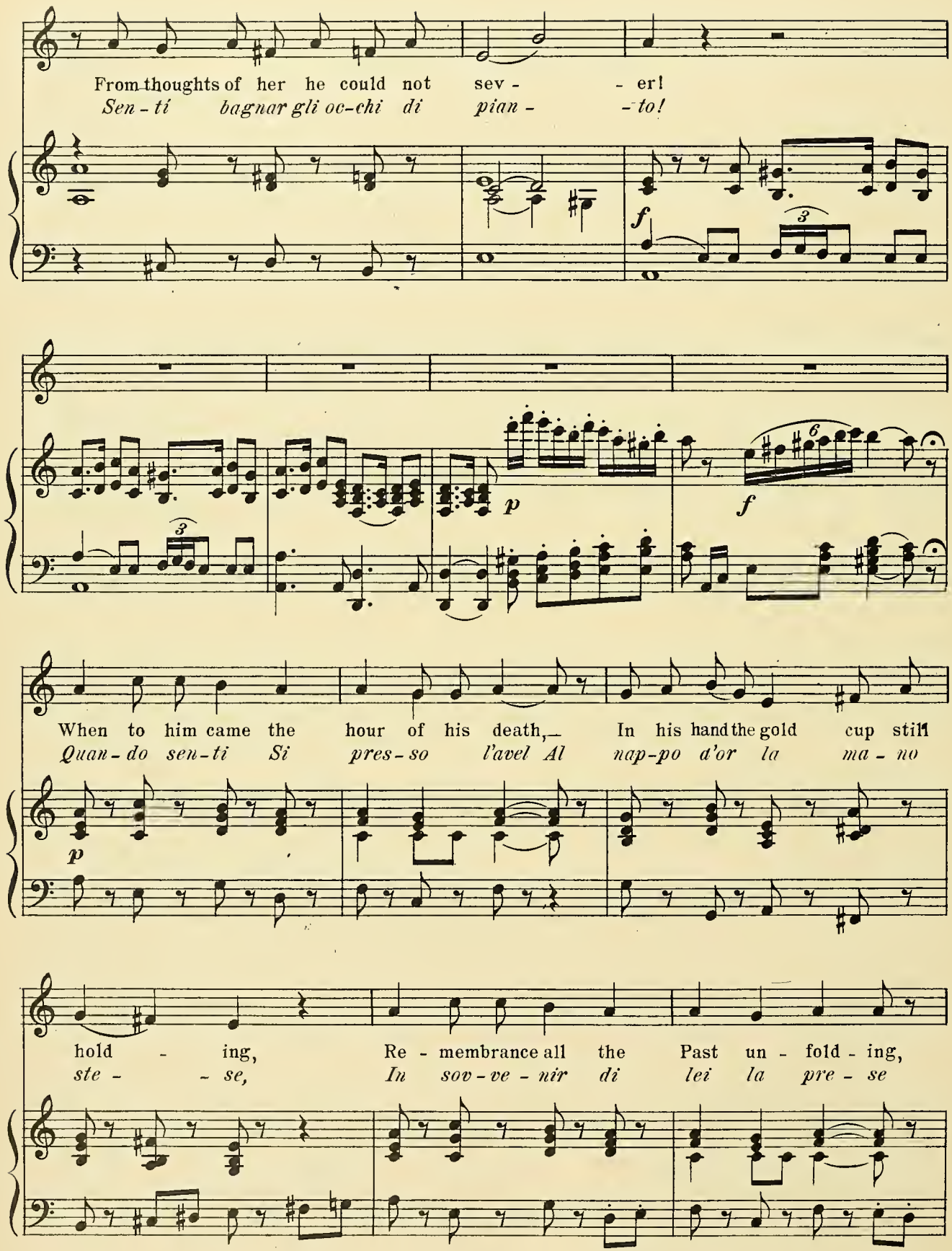
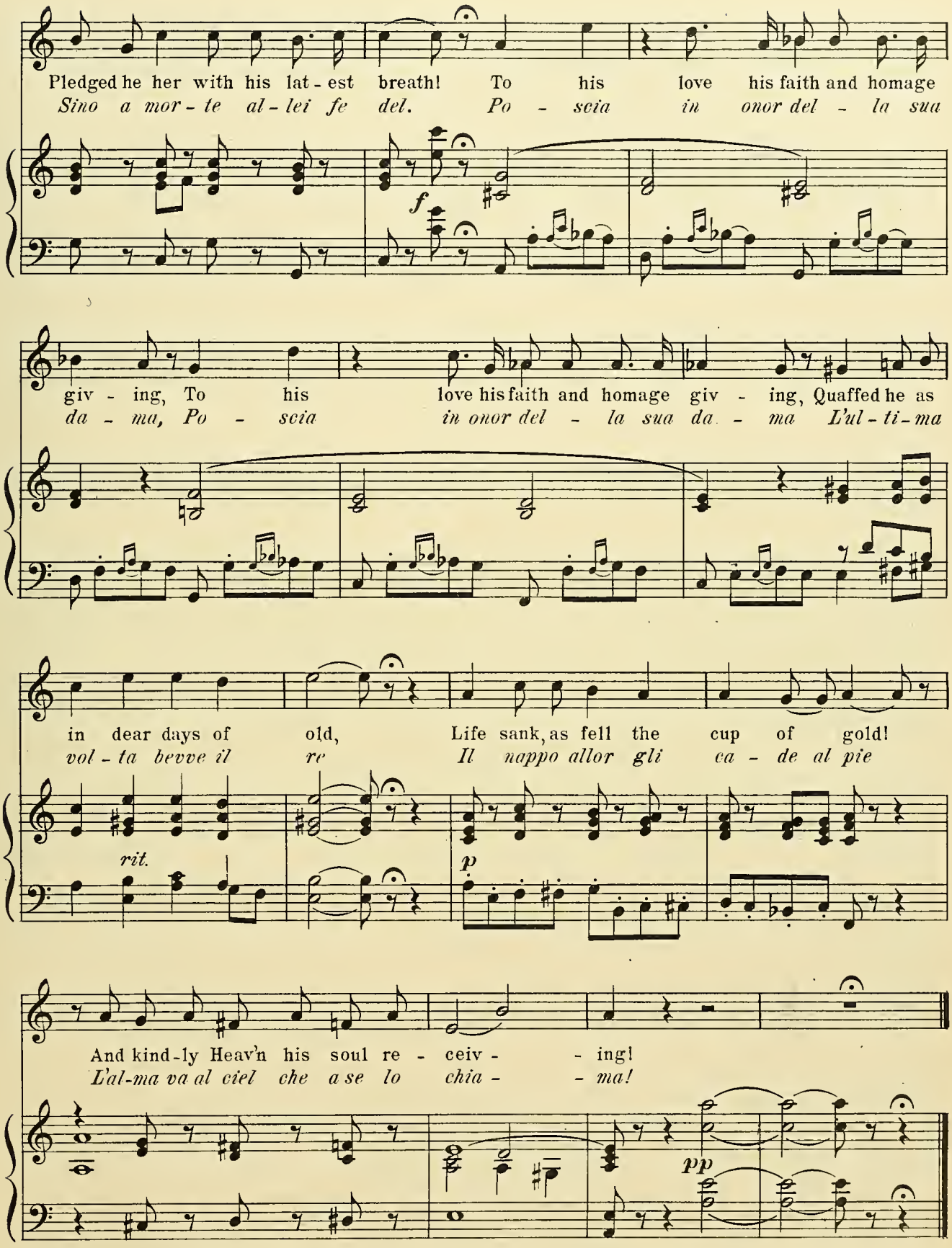

Mem-'ries of de-light wrought their splen-dor While a gold-en cup held he
Ca-re memo-ria dell' a-man-te, Serbó un nap-po d'or con
rit.
there. Naught so dear to him could be ev-er, Naught so
sé. Nes-sun ben gli fu ca-ro tan-to nes-sun
dear to him could be ev-er, No earth-ly treasure was so
ben gli fu ca-ro tan-to, E quan-te, volte ai più bei
rit.
blest; E'en when the feast gave Life its zest, Ah!
di. Il fi-do re se ne ser-ví
p


From thoughts of her he could not sev - - er!
Sen - tí bagnar gli oc-chi di pian - - to!
When to him came the hour of his death,— In his hand the gold cup still
Quan - do sen - ti Si pres - so l'avel Al nap-po d'or la ma - no
hold - ing, Re - membrance all the Past un - fold - ing,
ste - - se, In sov - ve - nir di lei la pre - se


Pledged he her with his lat - est breath! To his love his faith and homage
Sino a mor - te al - lei fe del. Po - scia in onor del - la sua
f
giv - ing, To his love his faith and homage giv - ing, Quaffed he as
da - ma, Po - scia in onor del - la sua da - ma L'ul - ti - ma
in dear days of old, Life sank, as fell the cup of gold!
vol - ta bevve il re Il nappo allor gli ca - de al pie
rit.
p
And kind - ly Heav'n his soul re - ceiv - - ing!
L'al-ma va al ciel che a se lo chia - - ma!
pp

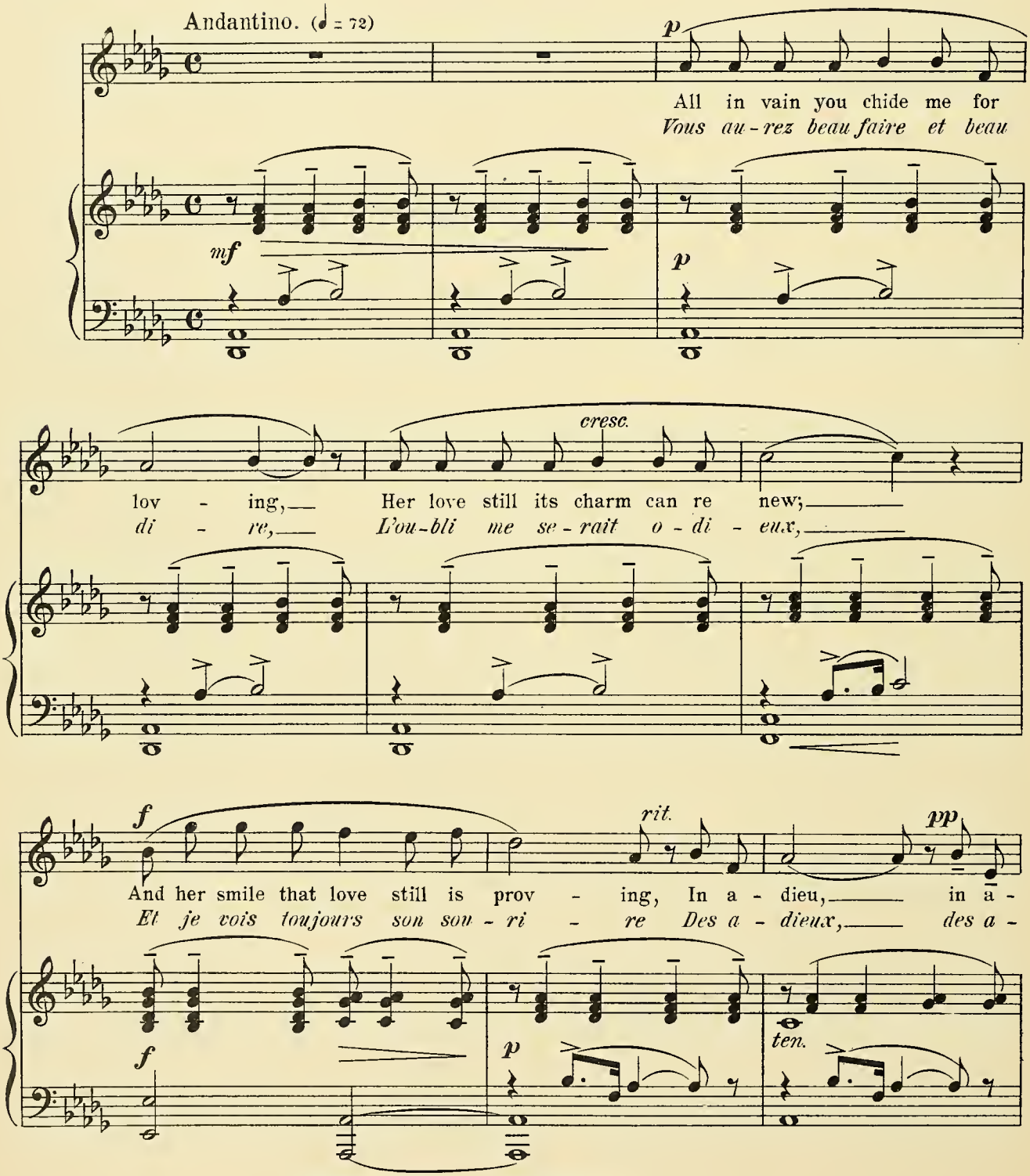
FAITHFUL LOVE.

(OBSTINATION.)

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

H. de FONTENAILLES.



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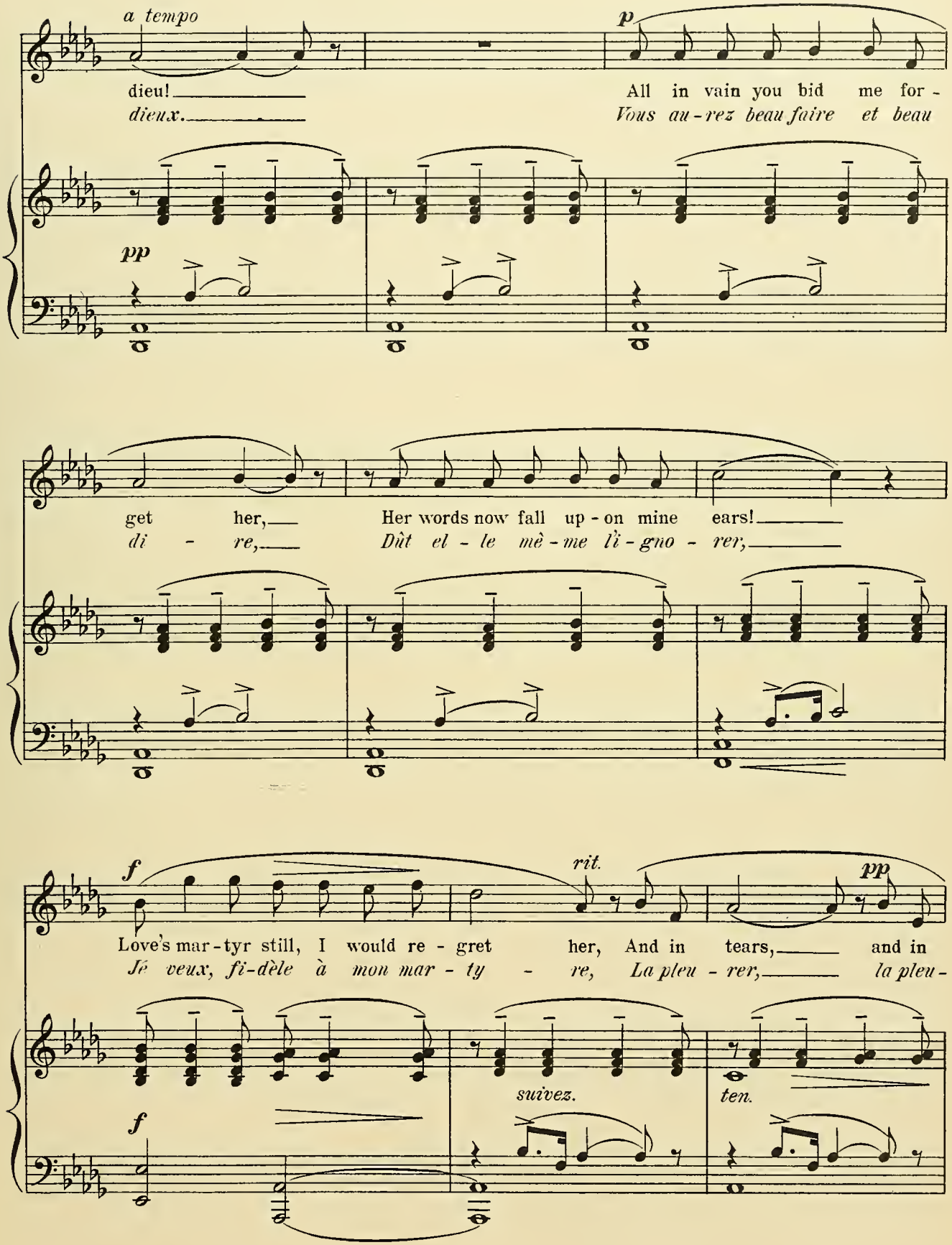
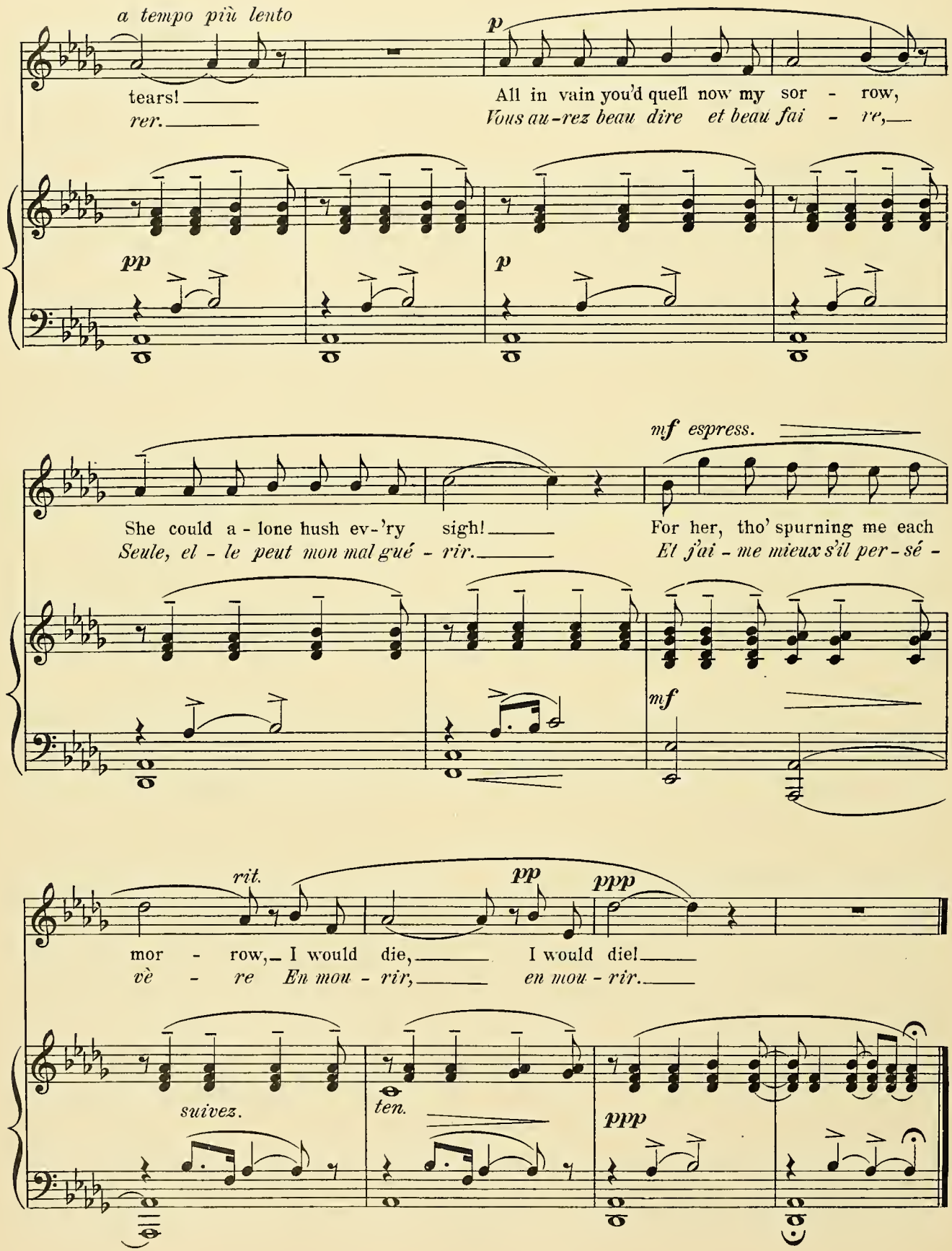

a tempo
dieu!
dieux.
p
All in vain you bid me for -
Vous au - rez beau faire et beau
pp
get her,
di - re,
Her words now fall up - on mine ears!
Dût el - le mè - me l'i - gno - rer,
f
rit.
pp
Love's mar - tyr still, I would re - gret her, And in tears, and in
Je veux, fi - dèle à mon mar - ty - re, La pleu - rer, la pleu -
f
suivez.
ten.

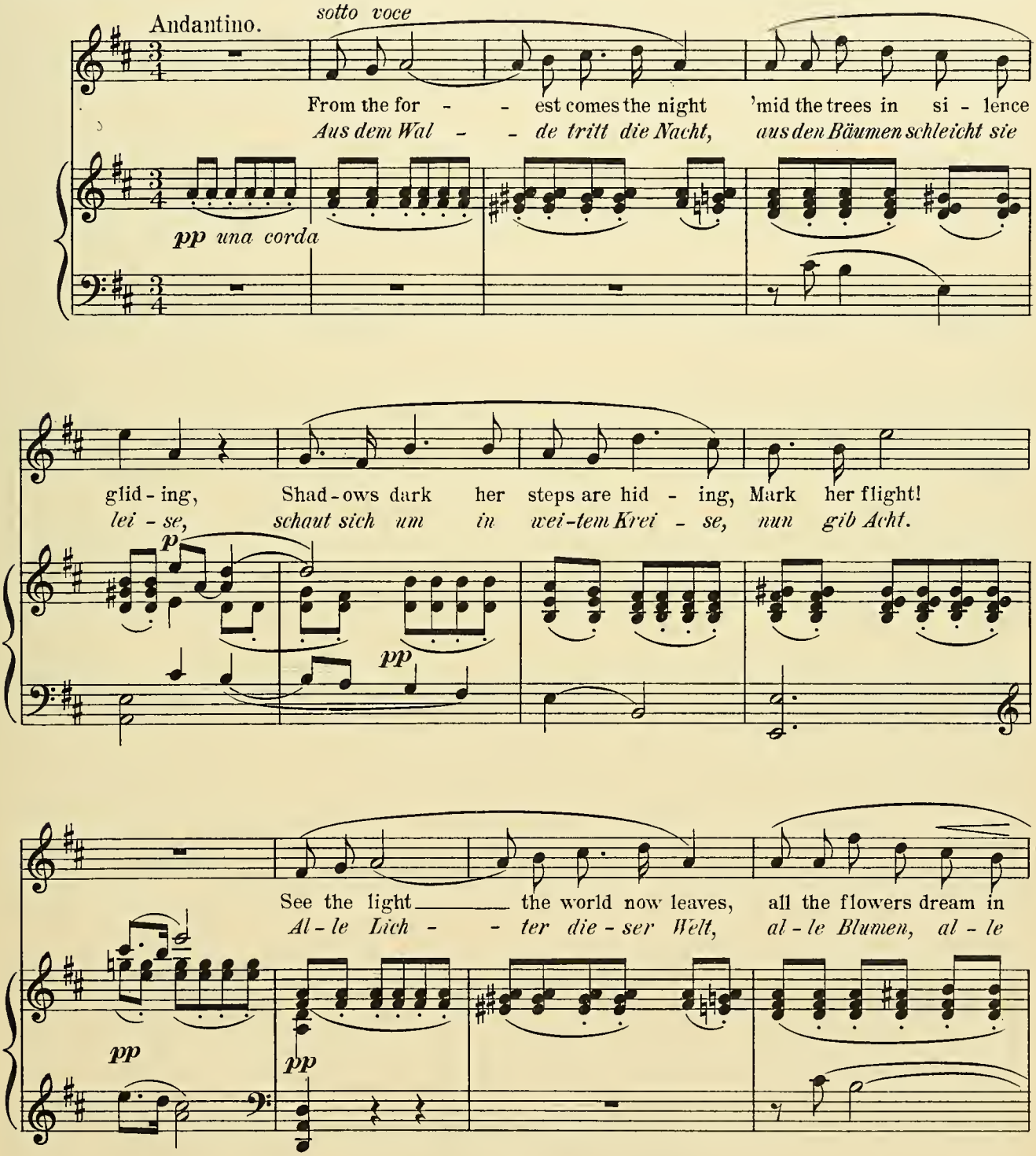

a tempo più lento
tears!
rer.
p
All in vain you'd quell now my sor - row,
Vous au-rez beau dire et beau fai - re,
pp
p
mf espress.
She could a - lone hush ev-'ry sigh!
Seule, el - le peut mon mal gué - rir.
For her, tho' spurning me each
Et j'ai - me mieux s'il per - sé -
mf
rit.
pp
ppp
mor - row, I would die, I would die!
vè - re En mou - rir, en mou - rir.
suivez.
ten.
ppp

THE NIGHT.

(DIE NACHT.)

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

RICHARD STRAUSS. Op.10, № 3



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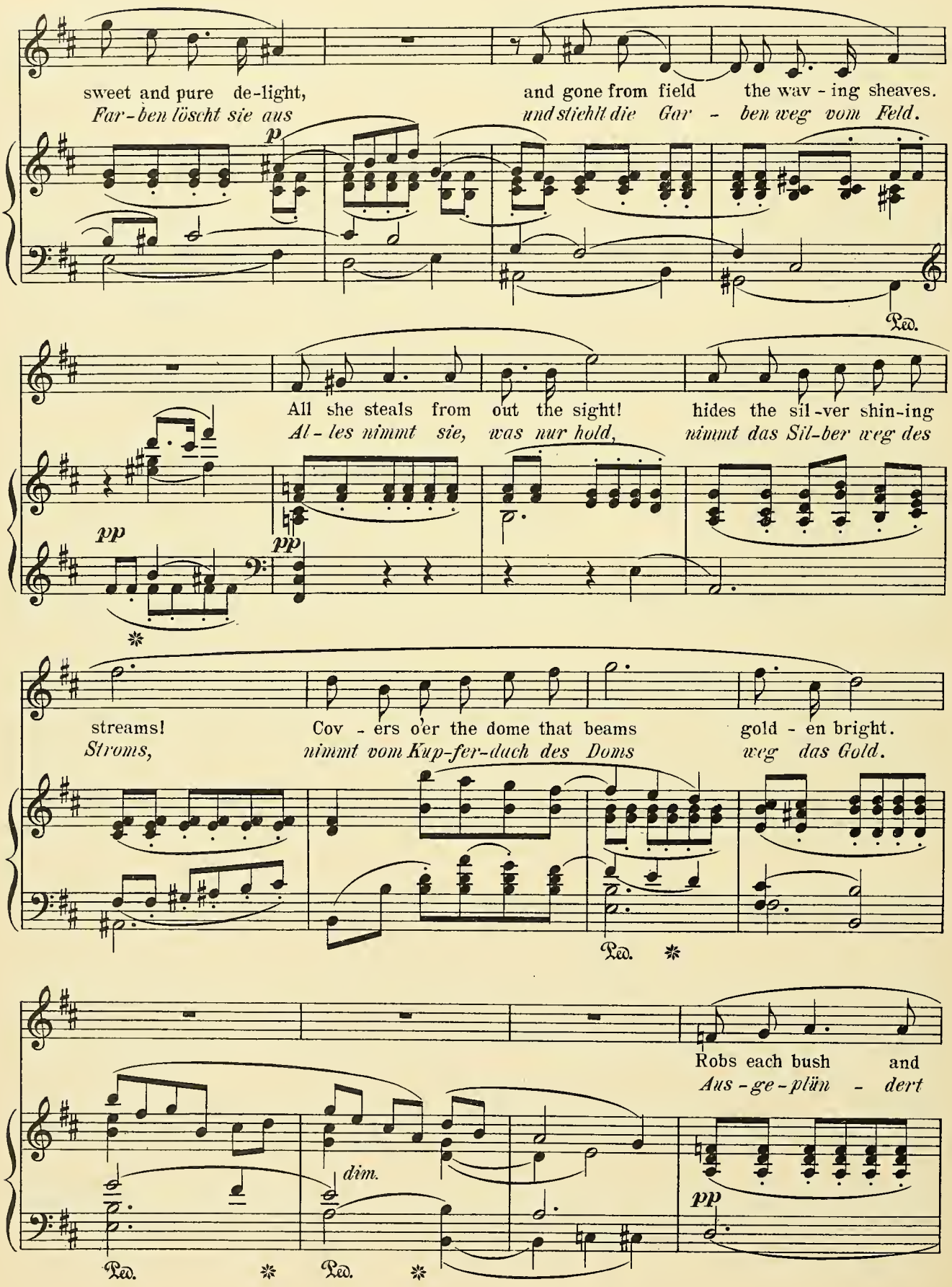
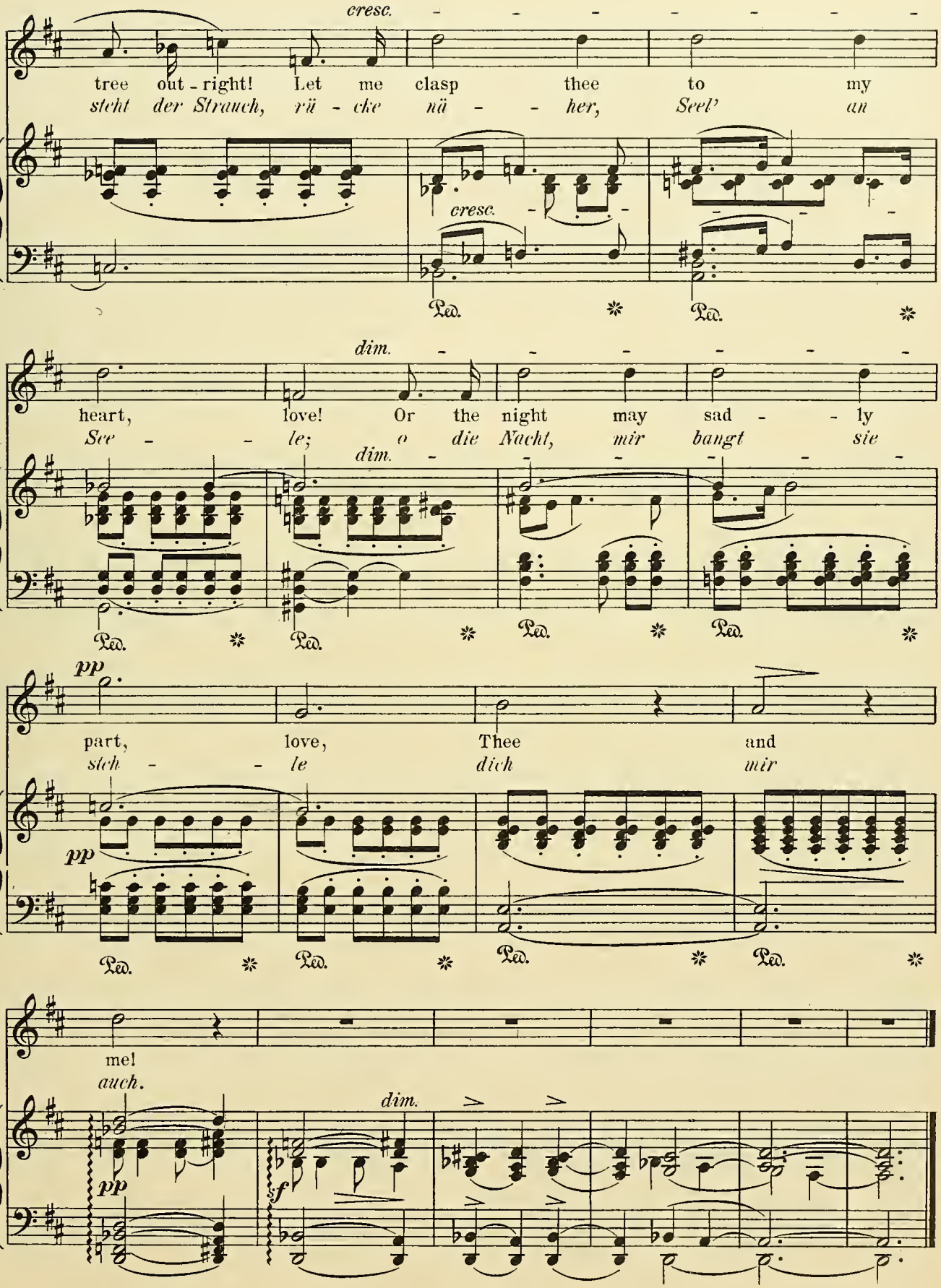

sweet and pure de-light,
Far-ben löscht sie aus
and gone from field the wav-ing sheaves.
und stiehlt die Gar-ben weg vom Feld.
p
Ped.
All she steals from out the sight!
Al-les nimmt sie, was nur hold,
hides the sil-ver shin-ing
nimmt das Sil-ber weg des
pp
pp
streams!
Stroms,
Cov-ers o'er the dome that beams
nimmt vom Kup-fer-dach des Doms
gold-en bright.
weg das Gold.
Ped.
Robs each bush and
Aus-ge-plün-dert
dim.
pp
Ped.
Ped.


cresc.
tree out - right! Let me clasp thee to my
steht der Strauch, rü - cke nä - her, Seel' an
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. *
dim.
heart, love! Or the night may sad - ly
See - le; o die Nacht, mir bangt sie
dim.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp
part, love, Thee and
sch - le dich mir
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
me!
auch.
dim.
pp
f

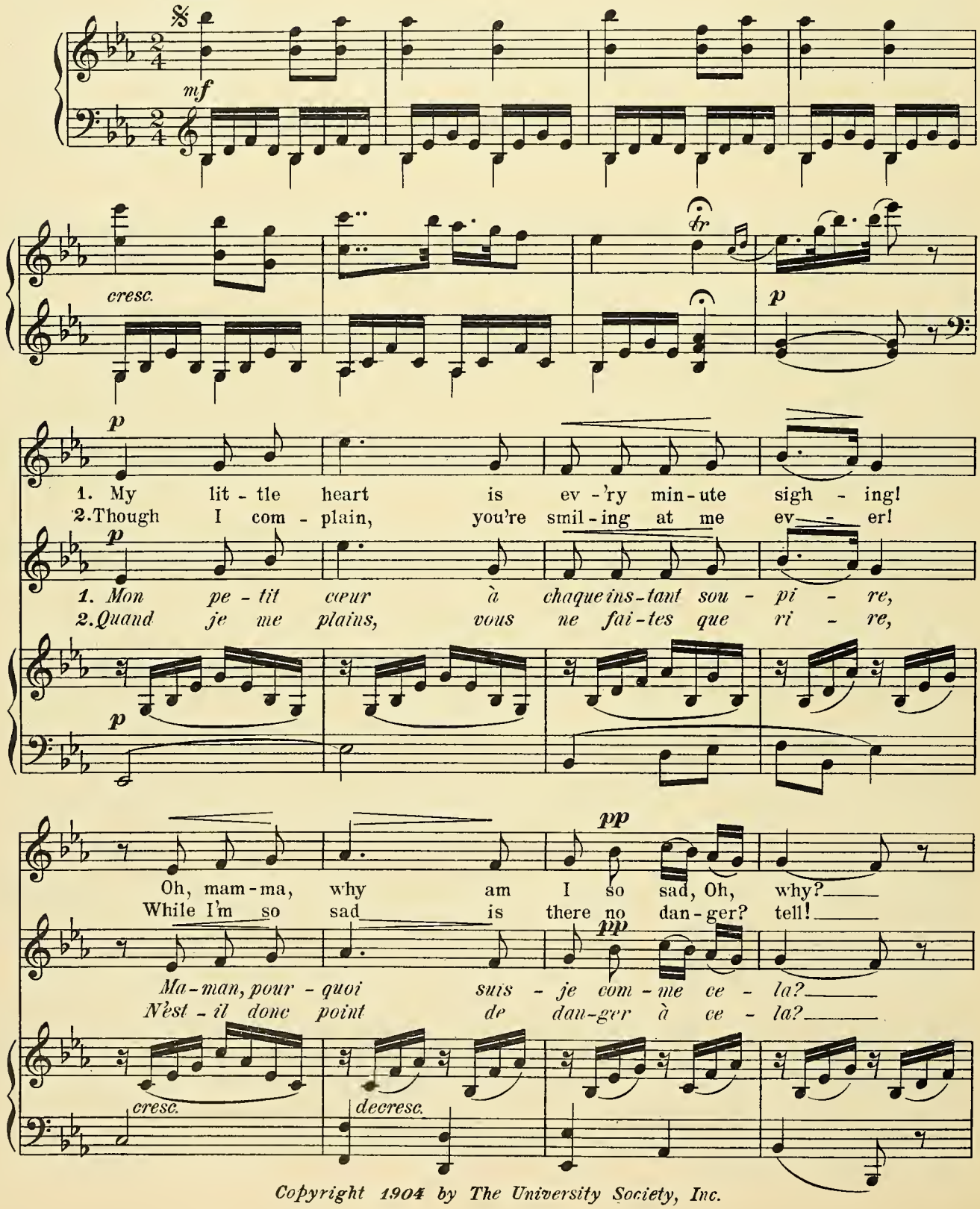
MY LITTLE HEART IS SIGHING.

(MON PETIT CŒUR SOUPIRE.)

Old French Chanson.
English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

Old French Air
Arr. by J. B. WEKERLIN.

Andante.



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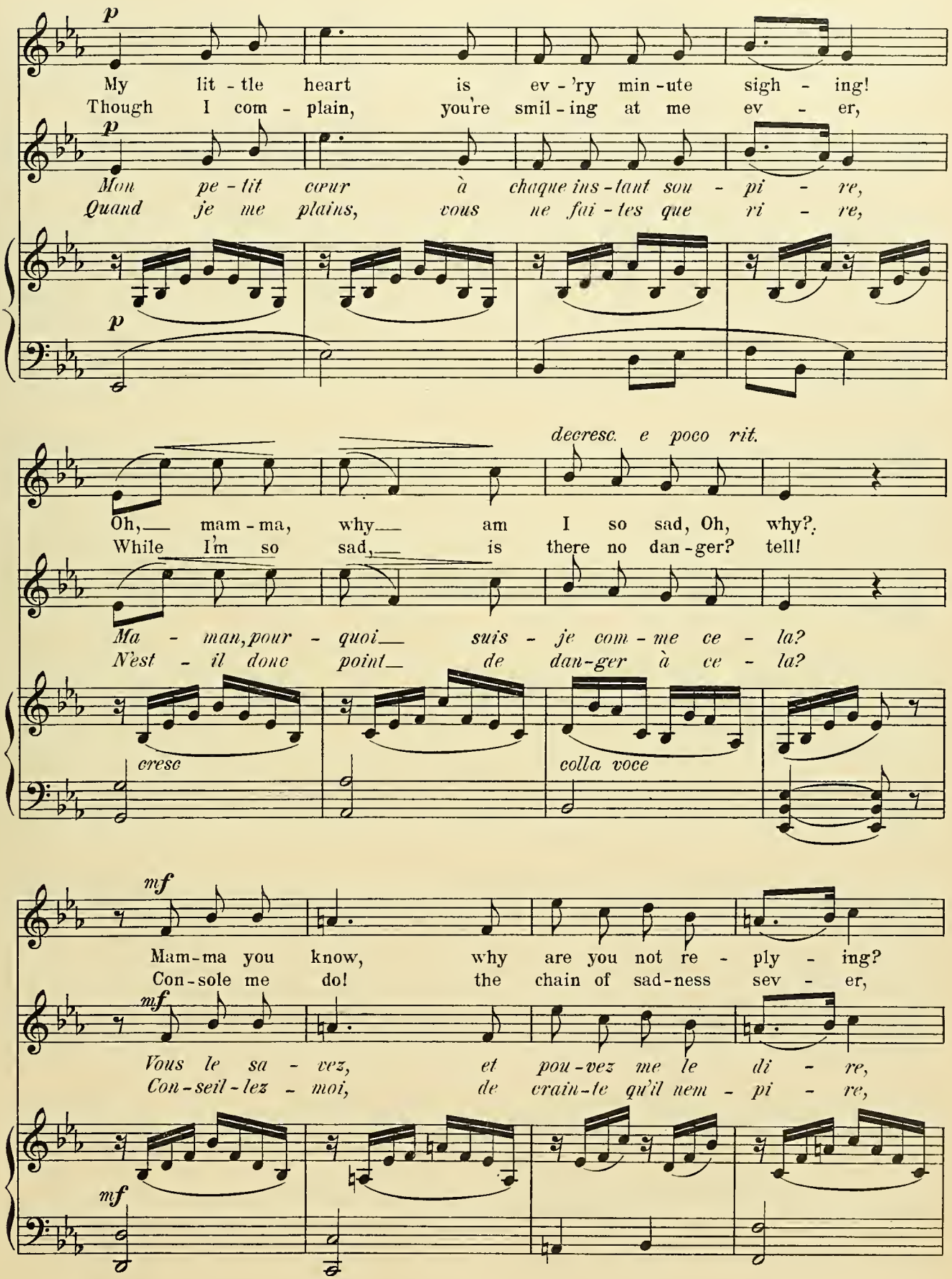
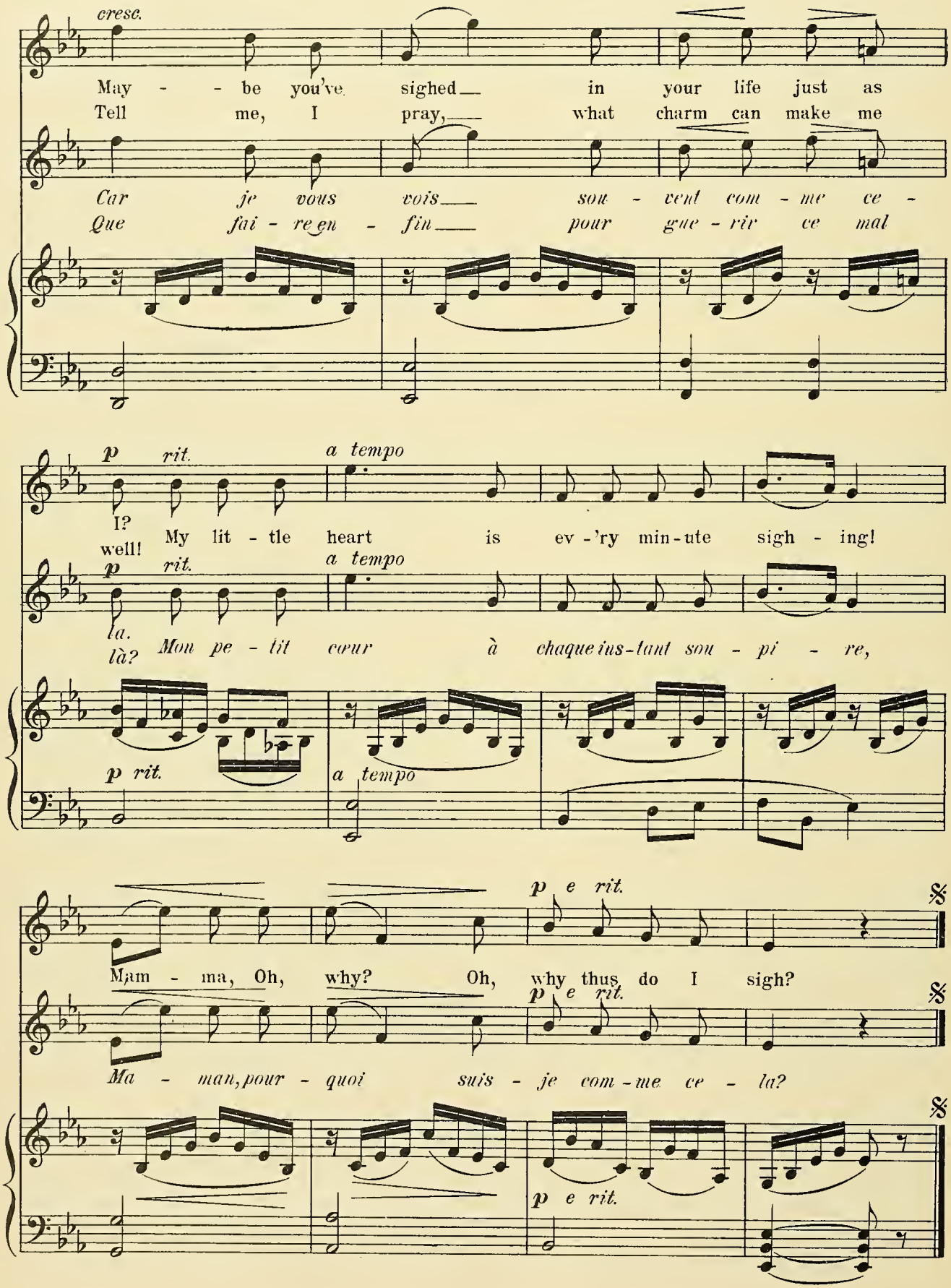

p
My lit - tle heart is ev - 'ry min - ute sigh - ing!
Though I com - plain, you're smil - ing at me ev - er,
Mon pe - tit cœur à chaque ins - tant sou - pi - re,
Quand je me plains, vous ne fai - tes que ri - re,
decresc. e poco rit.
Oh, mam - ma, why am I so sad, Oh, why?
While I'm so sad, is there no dan - ger? tell!
Ma - man, pour - quoi suis - je com - me ce - la?
N'est - il donc point de dan - ger à ce - la?
cresc
colla voce
mf
Mam - ma you know, why are you not re - ply - ing?
Con - sole me do! the chain of sad - ness sev - er,
Vous le sa - vez, et pou - vez me le di - re,
Con - seil - lez - moi, de crain - te qu'il nem - pi - re,


cresc.
May - - be you've sighed in your life just as
Tell me, I pray, what charm can make me
Car je vous vois sou - vent com - me ce -
Que fai - re en - fin pour gue - rir ce mal
p rit.
a tempo
I?
well!
My lit - tle heart is ev - 'ry min - ute sigh - ing!
la.
là?
Mon pe - tit cœur à chaque ins - tant sou - pi - re,
p rit.
a tempo
p e rit.
Mam - ma, Oh, why? Oh, why thus do I sigh?
Ma - man, pour - quoi suis - je com - me ce - la?
p e rit.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.

THEO. MARZIALS.

Not too quick.

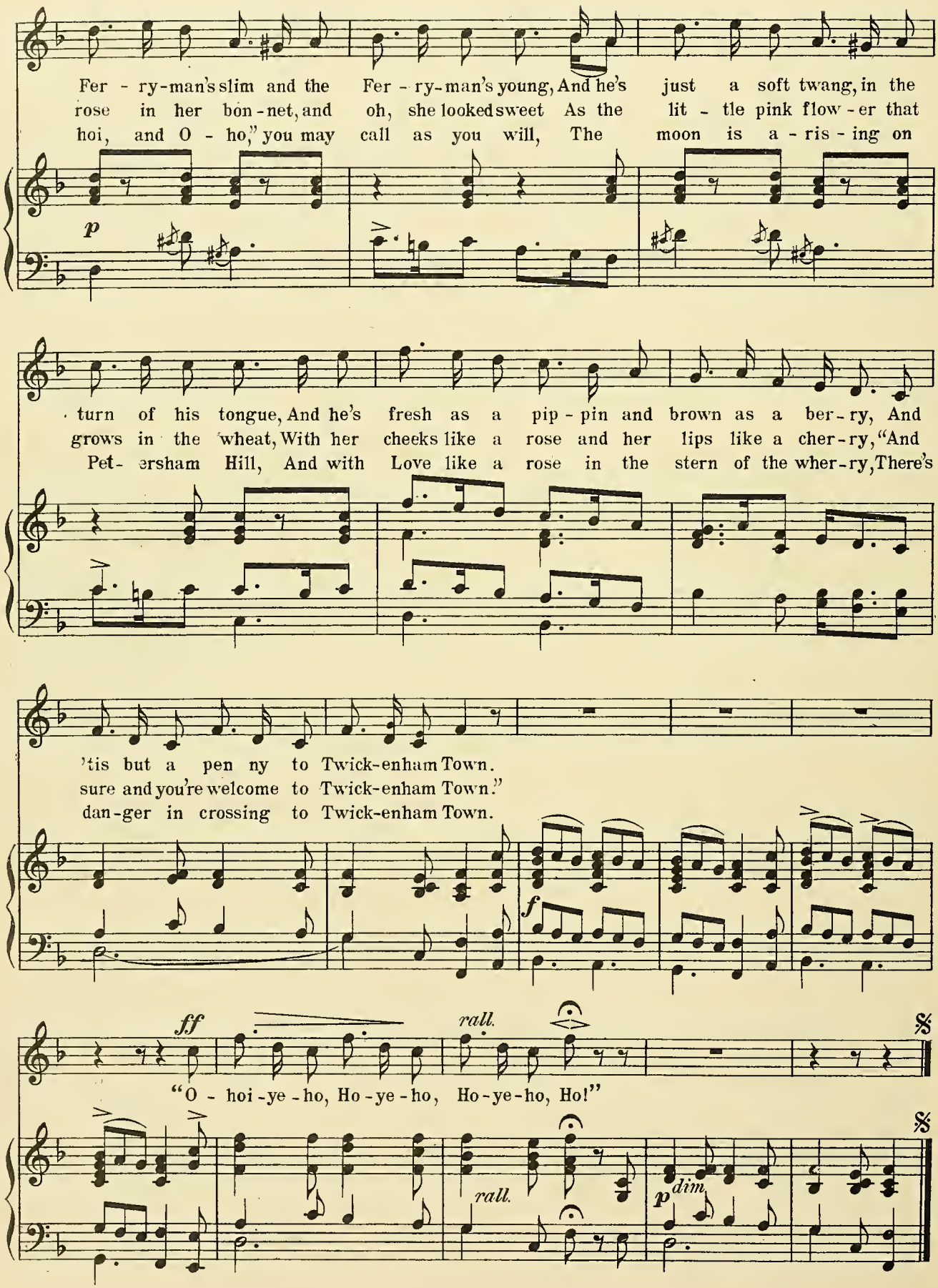
f *ff*

1 O - hoi-ye-ho, Ho - ye - ho who's for the fer-ry, The
2 O - hoi-ye-ho, Ho - ye - ho, I'm for the fer-ry, The
3 O - hoi-ye-ho, Ho! you're too late for the fer-ry, The

rall.

bri - ar's in bud, the sun go - ing down, And I'll row ye so quick and I'll
bri - ar's in bud, the sun go - ing down, And its late as it is, and I
bri - ar's in bud, the sun go - ing down, And he's not row - ing quick and he's

row ye so stead - y, And 'tis but a pen - ny to Twick - en - ham Town." The
haven't a pen - ny, And how shall I get me to Twick - en - ham Town?" She'd a
not row - ing stead - y, You'd think 'twas a jour - ney to Twick - en - ham Town. "O

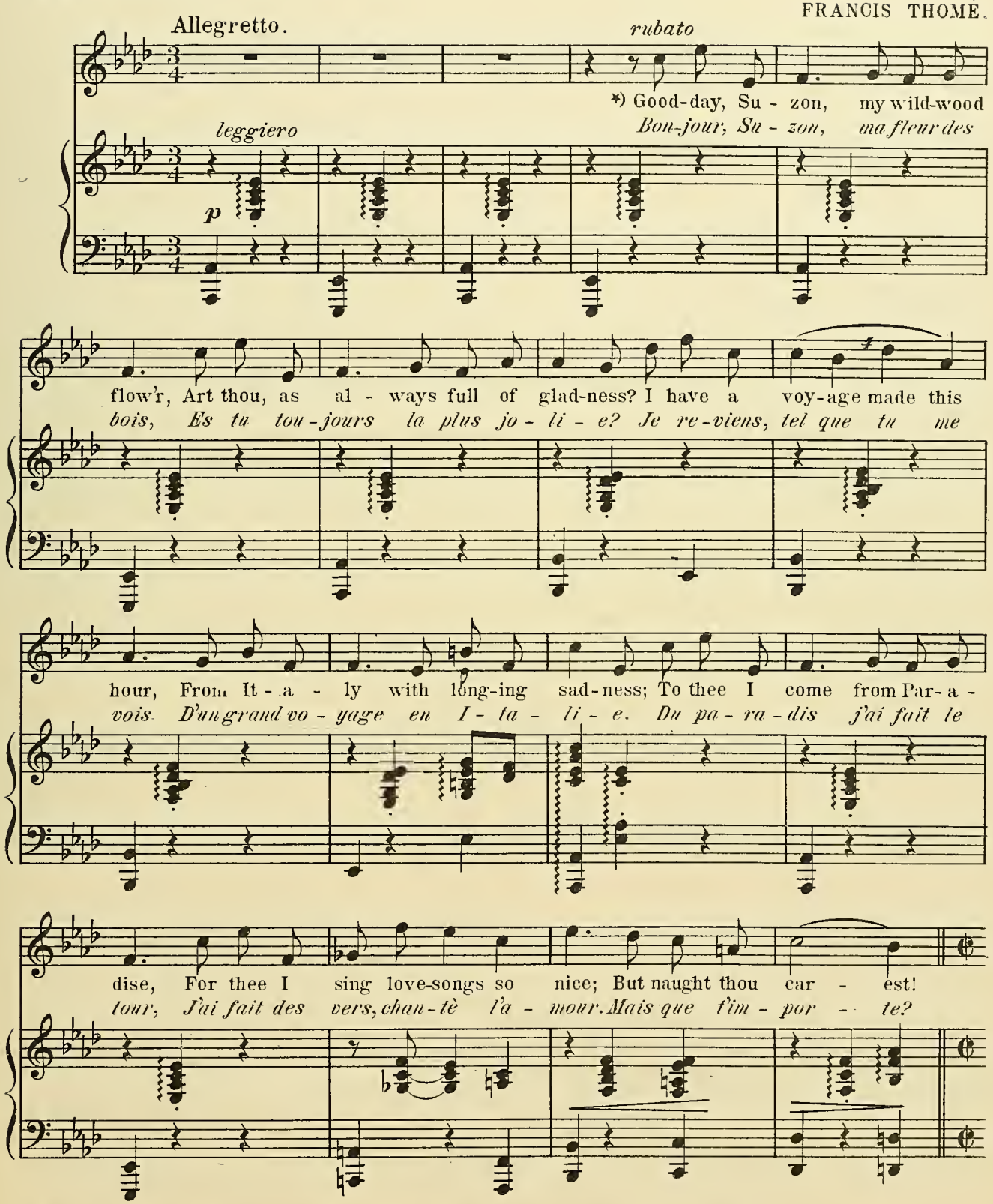

Fer - ry-man's slim and the Fer - ry-man's young, And he's just a soft twang, in the
rose in her bon-net, and oh, she looked sweet As the lit - tle pink flow-er that
hoi, and O - ho," you may call as you will, The moon is a - ris - ing on
p
turn of his tongue, And he's fresh as a pip - pin and brown as a ber - ry, And
grows in the wheat, With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cher-ry, "And
Pet- ersham Hill, And with Love like a rose in the stern of the wher-ry, There's
'tis but a pen ny to Twick-enham Town.
sure and you're welcome to Twick-enham Town."
dan-ger in crossing to Twick-enham Town.
f
ff
rall.
"O - hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho!"
rall.
p dim.

GOOD DAY, SUZON!

BONJOUR, SUZON!

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

FRANCIS THOMÉ.



*) Throughout the song the words "Bonjour, Suzon" may be used instead of "Good-day, Suzon."

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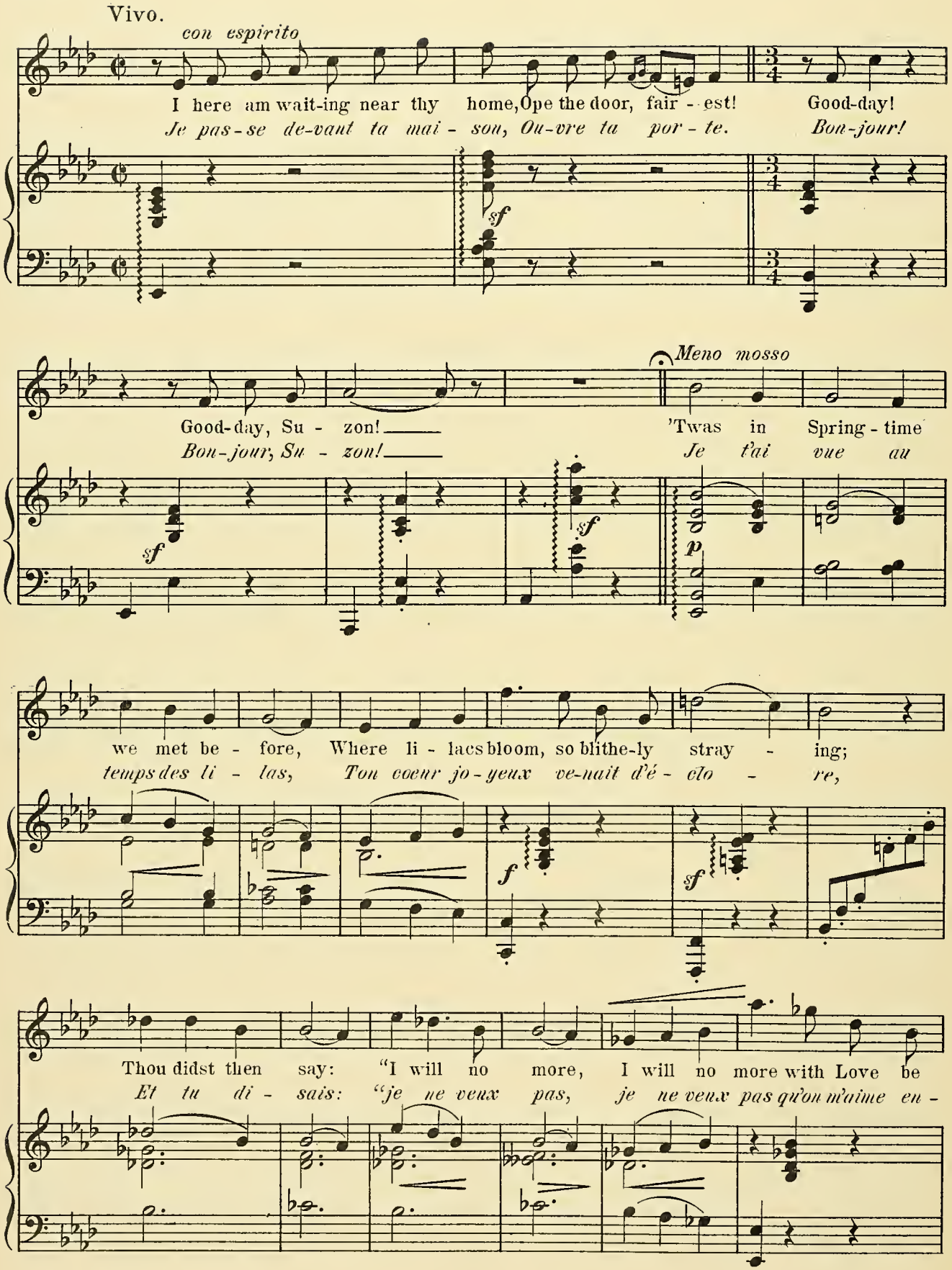
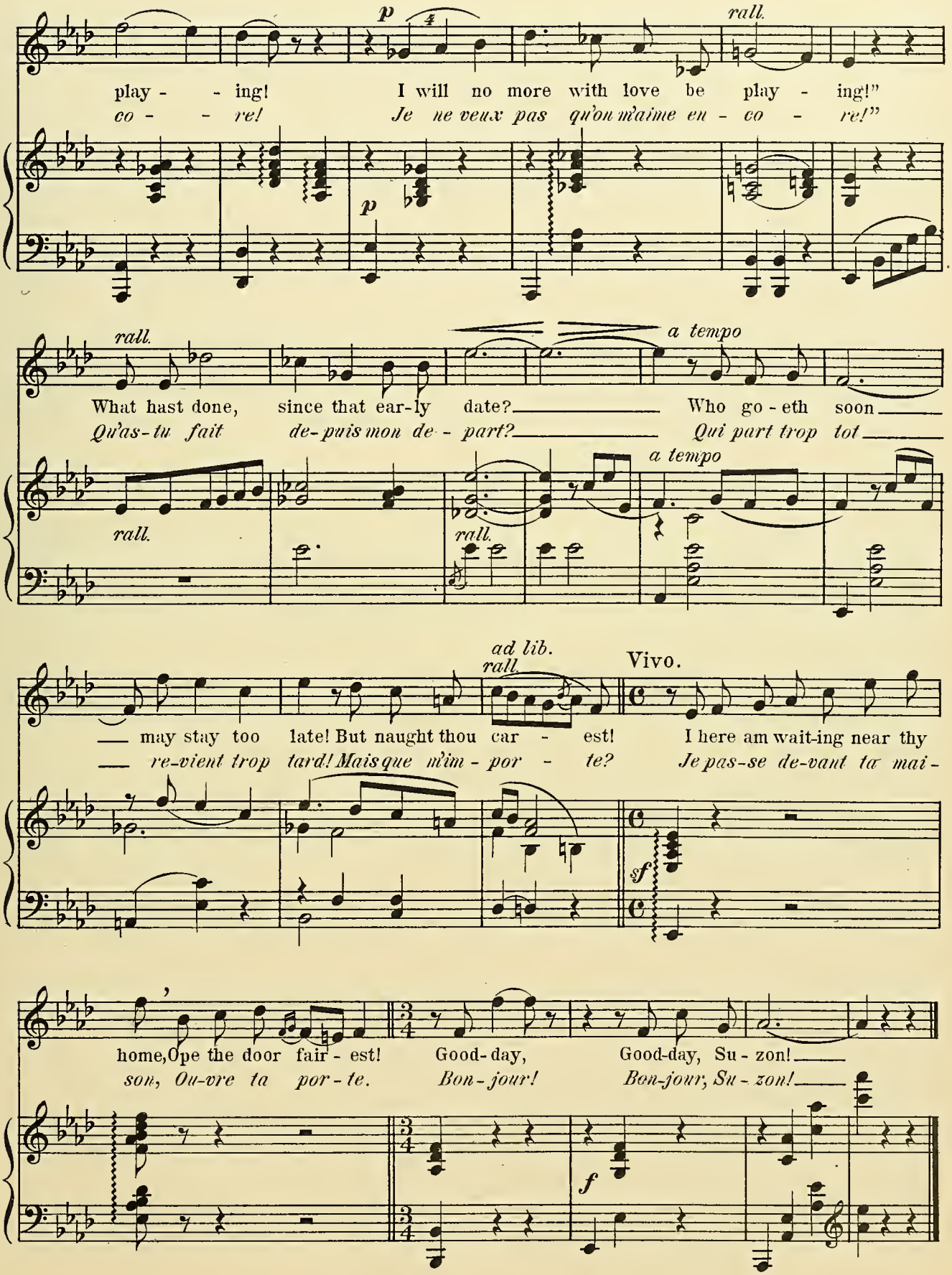

Vivo.
con espirito
I here am wait-ing near thy home, Ope the door, fair - est! Good-day!
Je pas-se de-vant ta mai - son, Ou-vre ta por - te. Bon-jour!
sf
Meno mosso
Good-day, Su - zon!
Bon-jour, Su - zon!
'Twas in Spring - time
Je t'ai vue au
sf
p
we met be - fore, Where li - lacs bloom, so blithe-ly stray - ing;
temps des li - las, Ton coeur jo-yeux ve-nait d'é - clo - re,
f
sf
Thou didst then say: "I will no more, I will no more with Love be
Et tu di - sais: "je ne veux pas, je ne veux pas qu'on m'aime en -

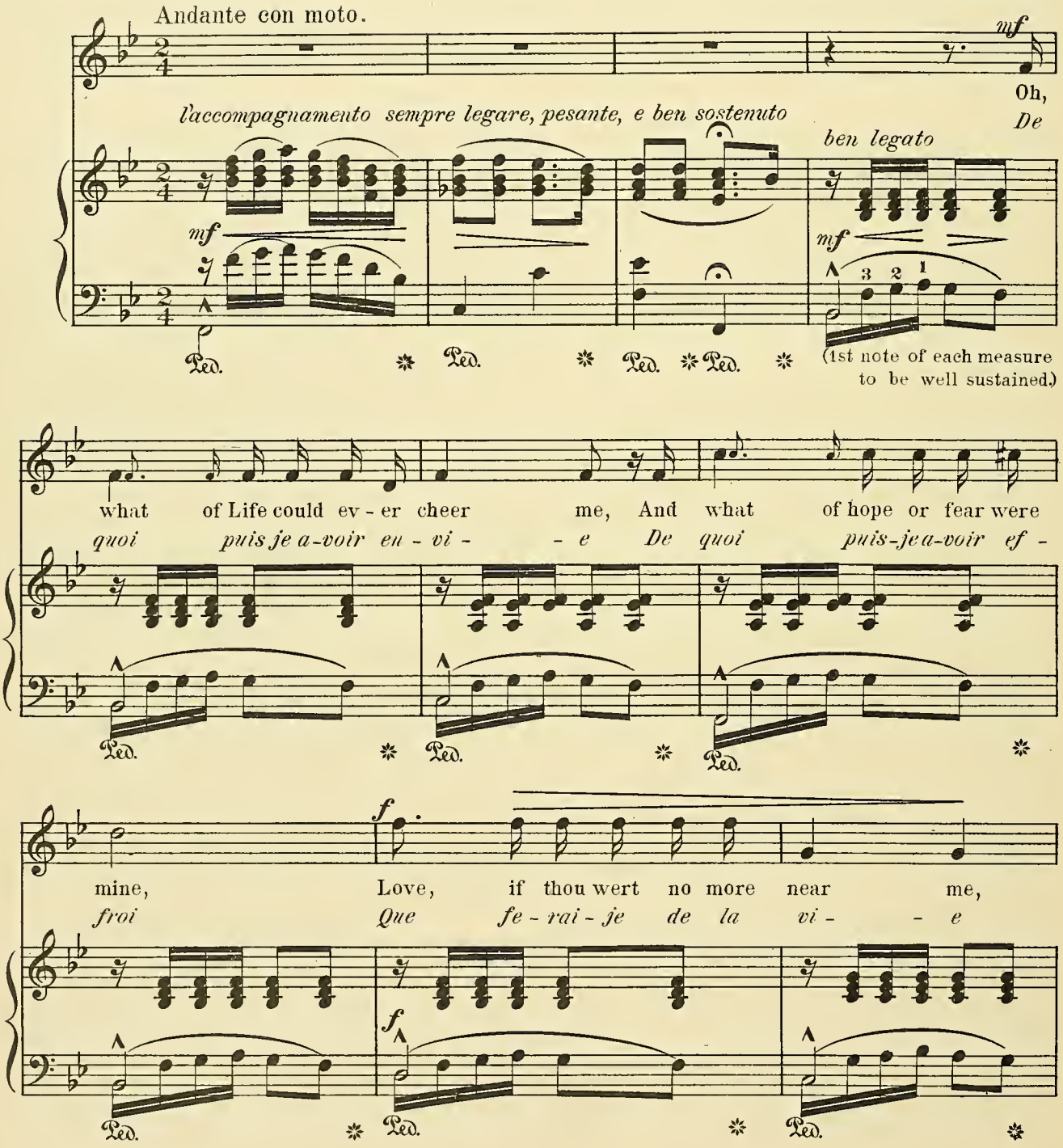

p
rall.
play - - ing! I will no more with love be play - ing!"
co - - re! Je ne veux pas qu'on m'aime en - co - re!"
p
rall.
a tempo
What hast done, since that ear-ly date? Who go-eth soon
Qu'as-tu fait de-puis mon de - part? Qui part trop tot
rall.
rall.
a tempo
ad lib.
rall.
Vivo.
may stay too late! But naught thou car - est! I here am wait-ing near thy
re-vient trop tard! Mais que m'im - por - te? Je pas-se de-vant ta mai-
sf
home, Ope the door fair - est! Good-day, Good-day, Su - zon!
son, Ou-vre ta por - te. Bon - jour! Bon-jour, Su - zon!
f

WITHOUT THEE.

SANS TOI.

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

GUY d'HARDELOT.



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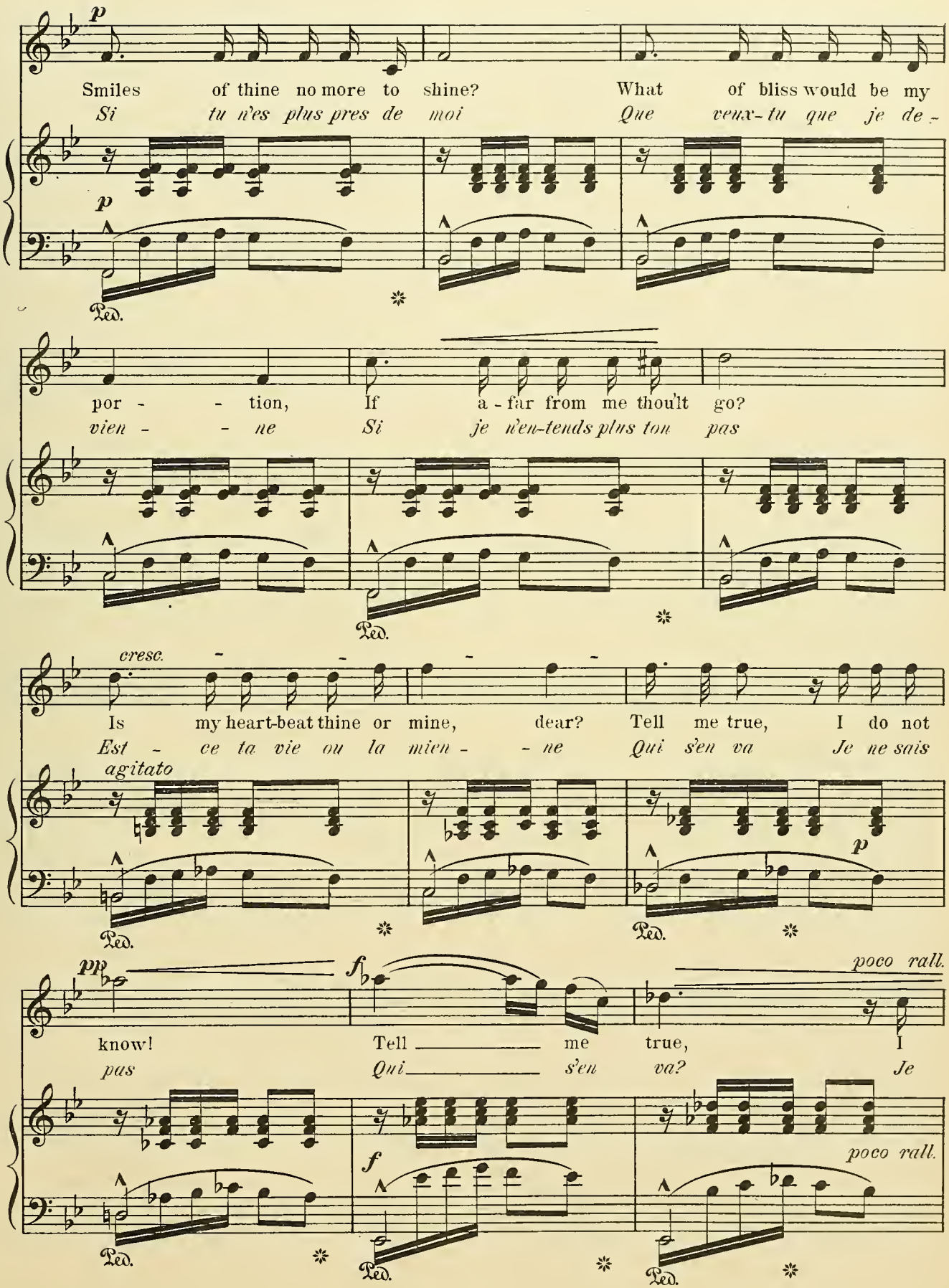
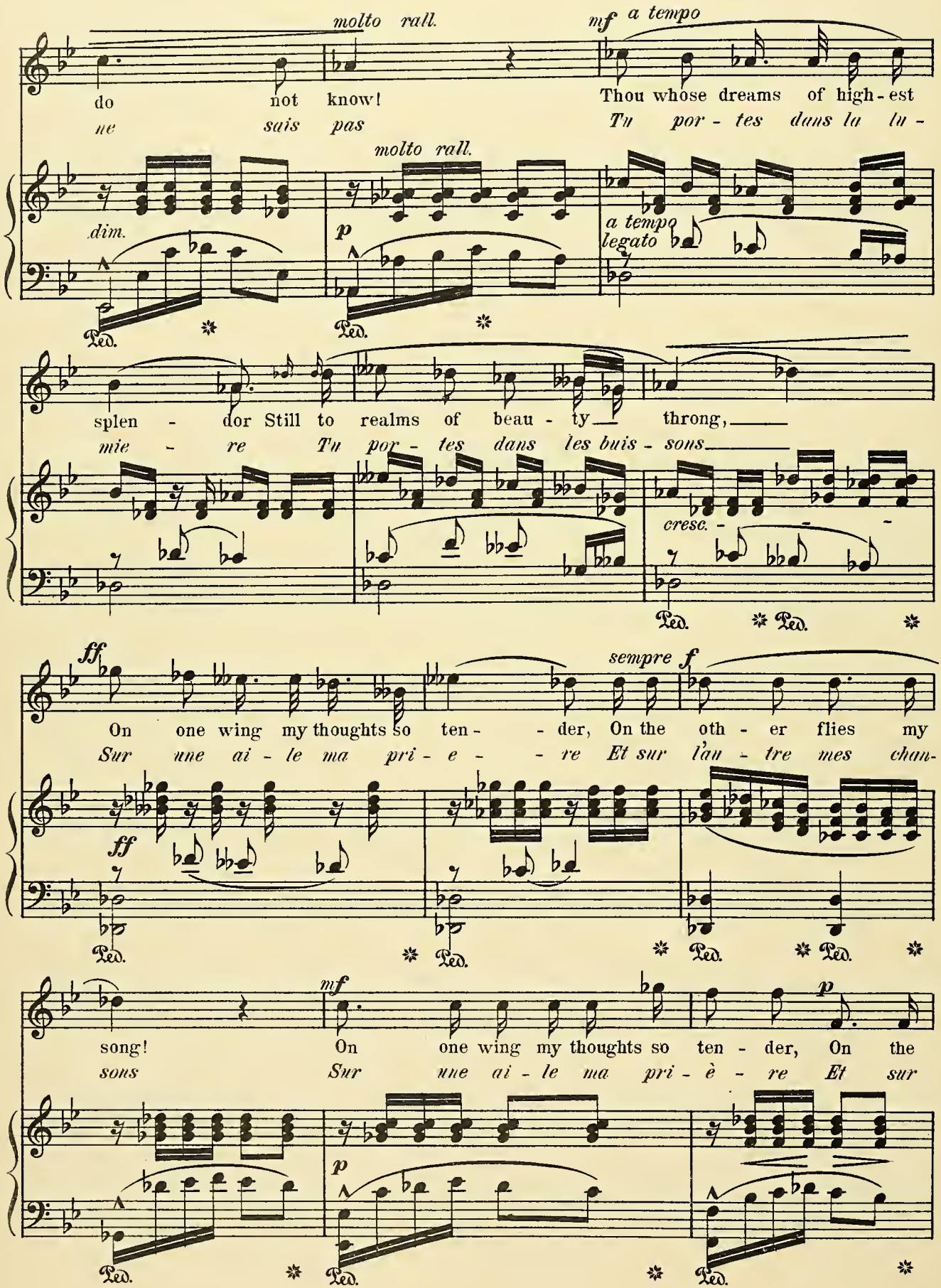
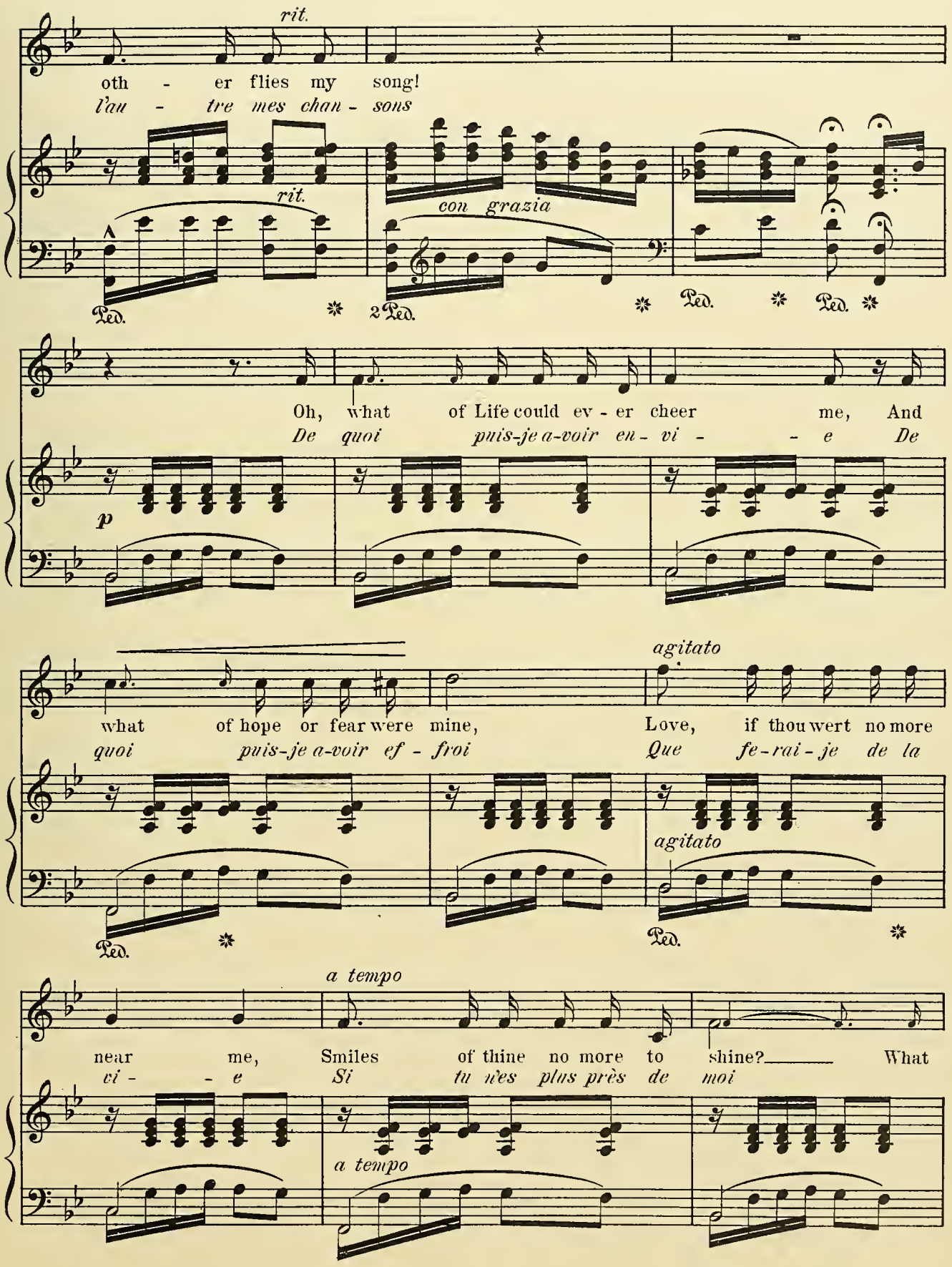
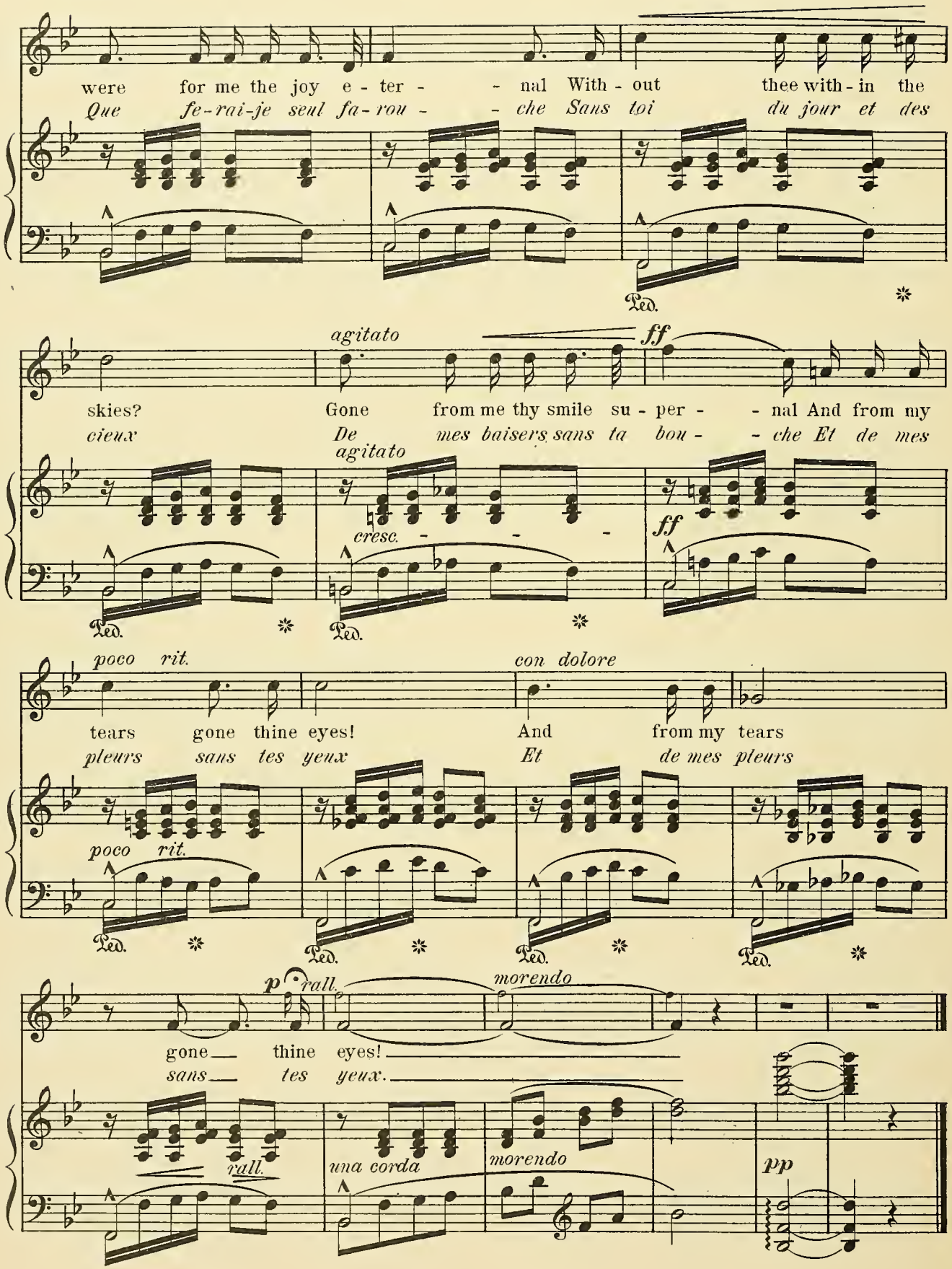

p
Smiles of thine no more to shine? What of bliss would be my
Si tu n'es plus pres de moi Que veux-tu que je de -
Ped.
por - - tion, If a - far from me thou'lt go?
vien - - ne Si je n'en-tends plus ton pas
cresc.
Is my heart-beat thine or mine, dear? Tell me true, I do not
Est - ce ta vie ou la mien - - ne Qui s'en va Je ne sais
agitato
pp
f
know! Tell me true, I
pas Qui s'en va? Je
poco rall.
poco rall.


molto rall.
mf a tempo
do not know!
Thou whose dreams of high-est
ne sais pas
Tu por-tes dans la lu-
molto rall.
dim.
p
a tempo
legato
splen-dor Still to realms of beau-ty throng,
mie-re Tu por-tes dans les buis-sons
cresc.
ff
sempre f
On one wing my thoughts so ten-der, On the oth-er flies my
Sur une ai-le ma pri-e-re Et sur l'au-tre mes chan-
ff
mf
p
song!
On one wing my thoughts so ten-der, On the
sons
Sur une ai-le ma pri-è-re Et sur
p


rit.
oth - er flies my song!
l'au - tre mes chan - sons
rit.
con grazia
Ped.
2 Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Oh, what of Life could ev - er cheer me, And
De quoi puis-je a-voir en - vi - - e De
p
what of hope or fear were mine,
quoi puis-je a-voir ef - froi
agitato
Love, if thou wert no more
Que fe-rai-je de la
agitato
Ped.
a tempo
near me, Smiles of thine no more to shine? What
vi - - e Si tu n'es plus près de moi
a tempo

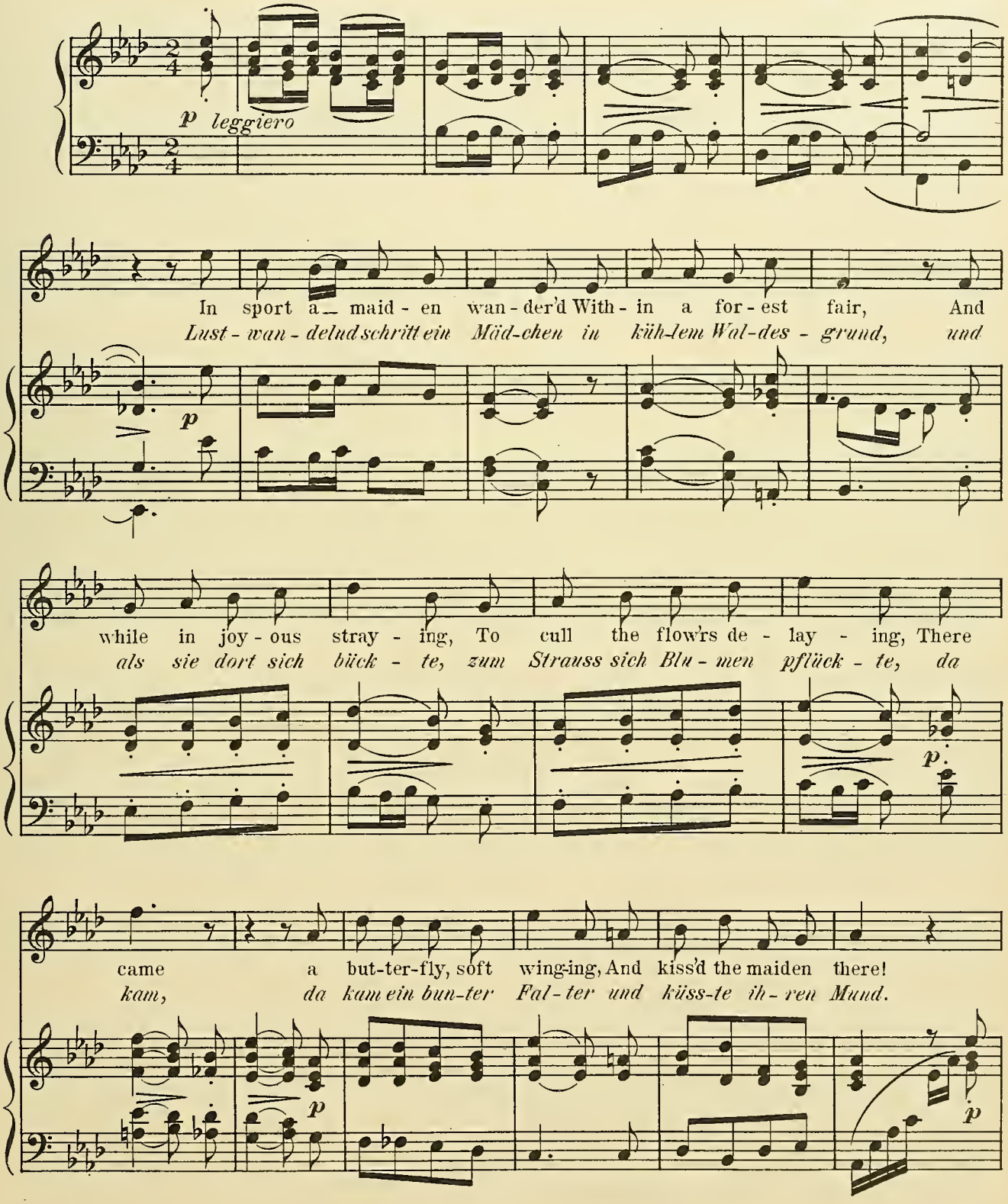

were for me the joy e - ter - - nal With - out thee with - in the
Que fe-rai-je seul fa-rou - - che Sans toi du jour et des
Ped.
agitato
ff
skies? Gone from me thy smile su - per - - nal And from my
cieux De mes baisers sans ta bou - - che Et de mes
agitato
cresc. - - -
ff
Ped.
poco rit.
con dolore
tears gone thine eyes! And from my tears
pleurs sans tes yeux Et de mes pleurs
poco rit.
Ped.
p
rall.
morendo
gone thine eyes!
sans tes yeux.
rall.
una corda
morendo
pp

THE MAID AND THE BUTTERFLY.

DAS MÄDCHEN UND DER SCHMETTERLING.

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.

EUGEN d'ALBERT.



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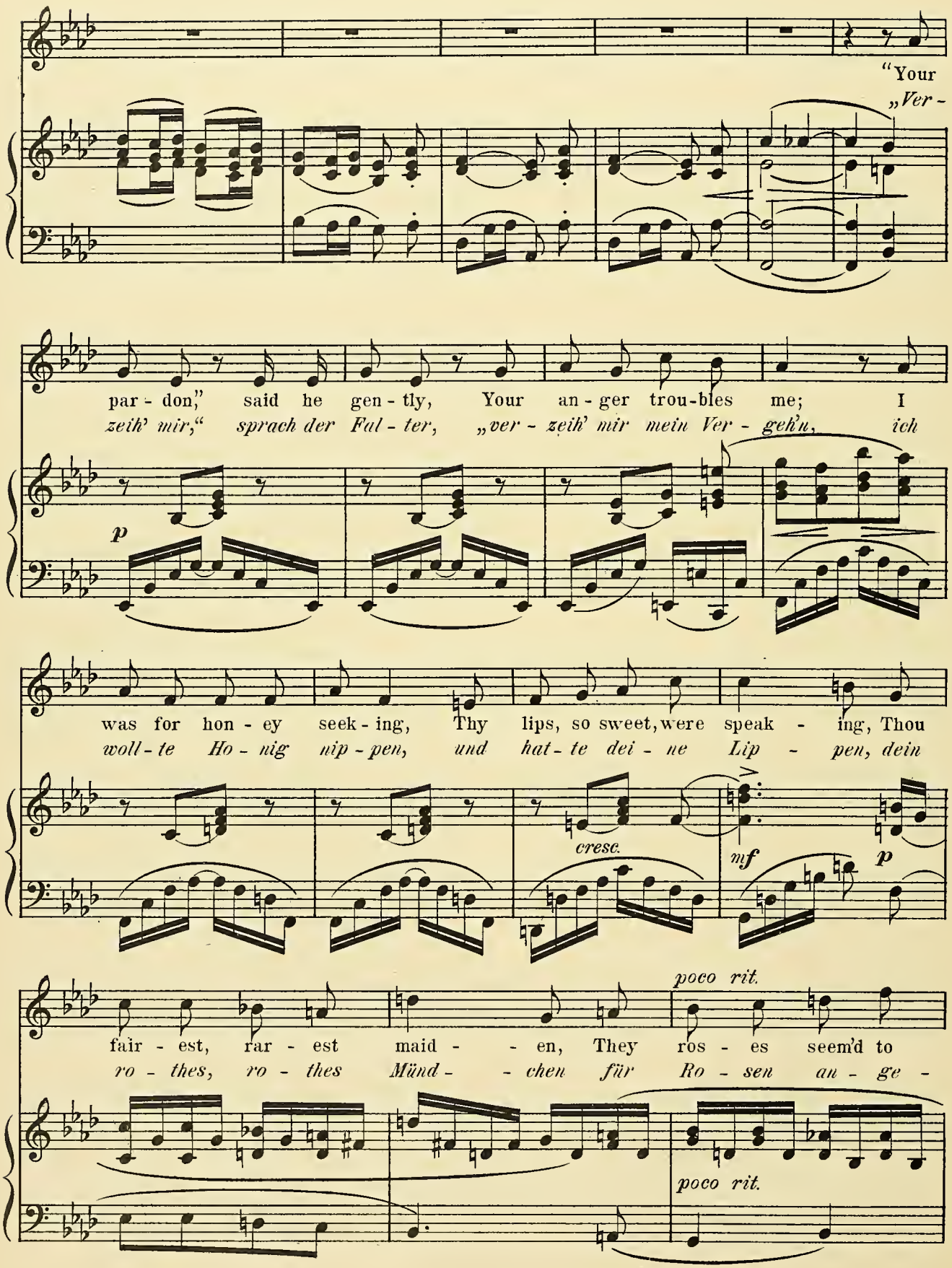
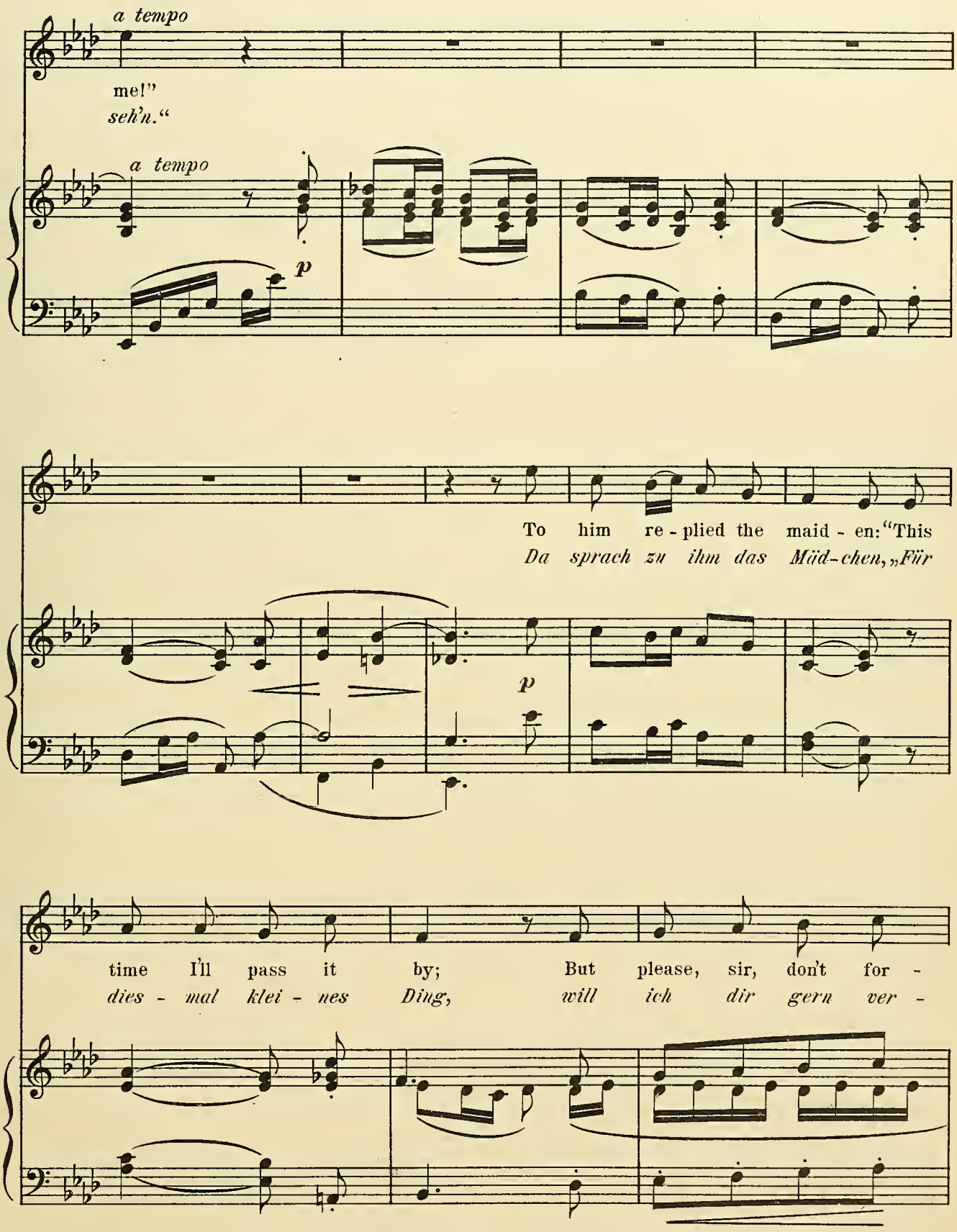
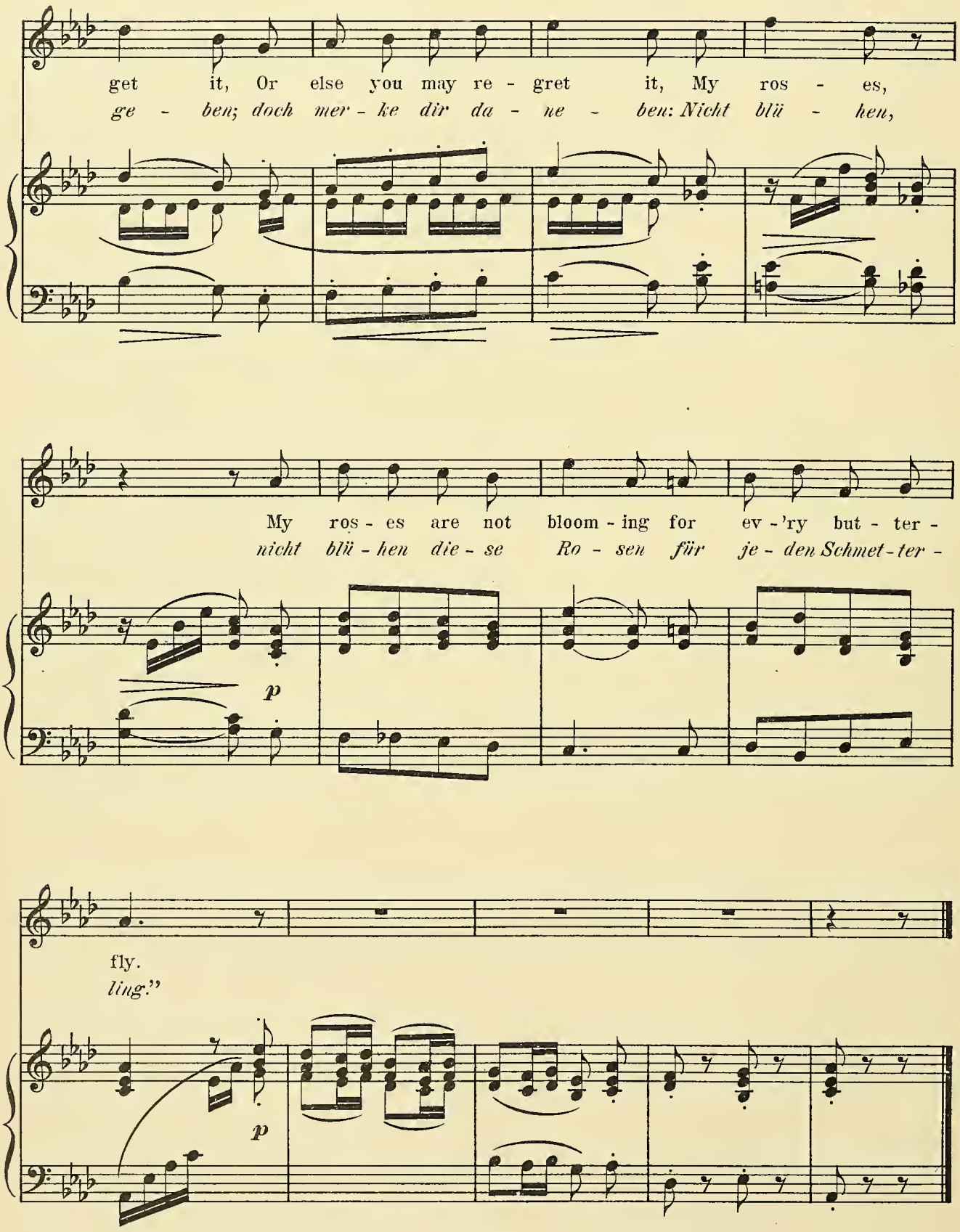

"Your
„Ver -
par - don," said he gen - tly, Your an - ger trou-bles me; I
zeih' mir," sprach der Fal - ter, „ver - zeih' mir mein Ver - geh'n, ich
p
was for hon - ey seek - ing, Thy lips, so sweet, were speak - ing, Thou
woll - te Ho - nig nip - pen, und hat - te dei - ne Lip - pen, dein
cresc.
mf
p
poco rit.
fair - est, rar - est maid - - en, They ros - es seem'd to
ro - thes, ro - thes Münd - - chen für Ro - sen an - ge -
poco rit.


a tempo
me!"
seh'n."
a tempo
p
To him re - plied the maid - en: "This
Da sprach zu ihm das Mäd-chen, „Für
p
time I'll pass it by; But please, sir, don't for -
dies - mal klei - nes Ding, will ich dir gern ver -


get it, Or else you may re - gret it, My ros - es,
ge - ben; doch mer - ke dir da - ne - ben: Nicht blü - hen,
My ros - es are not bloom - ing for ev - 'ry but - ter -
nicht blü - hen die - se Ro - sen für je - den Schmet - ter -
p
fly.
ling."
p

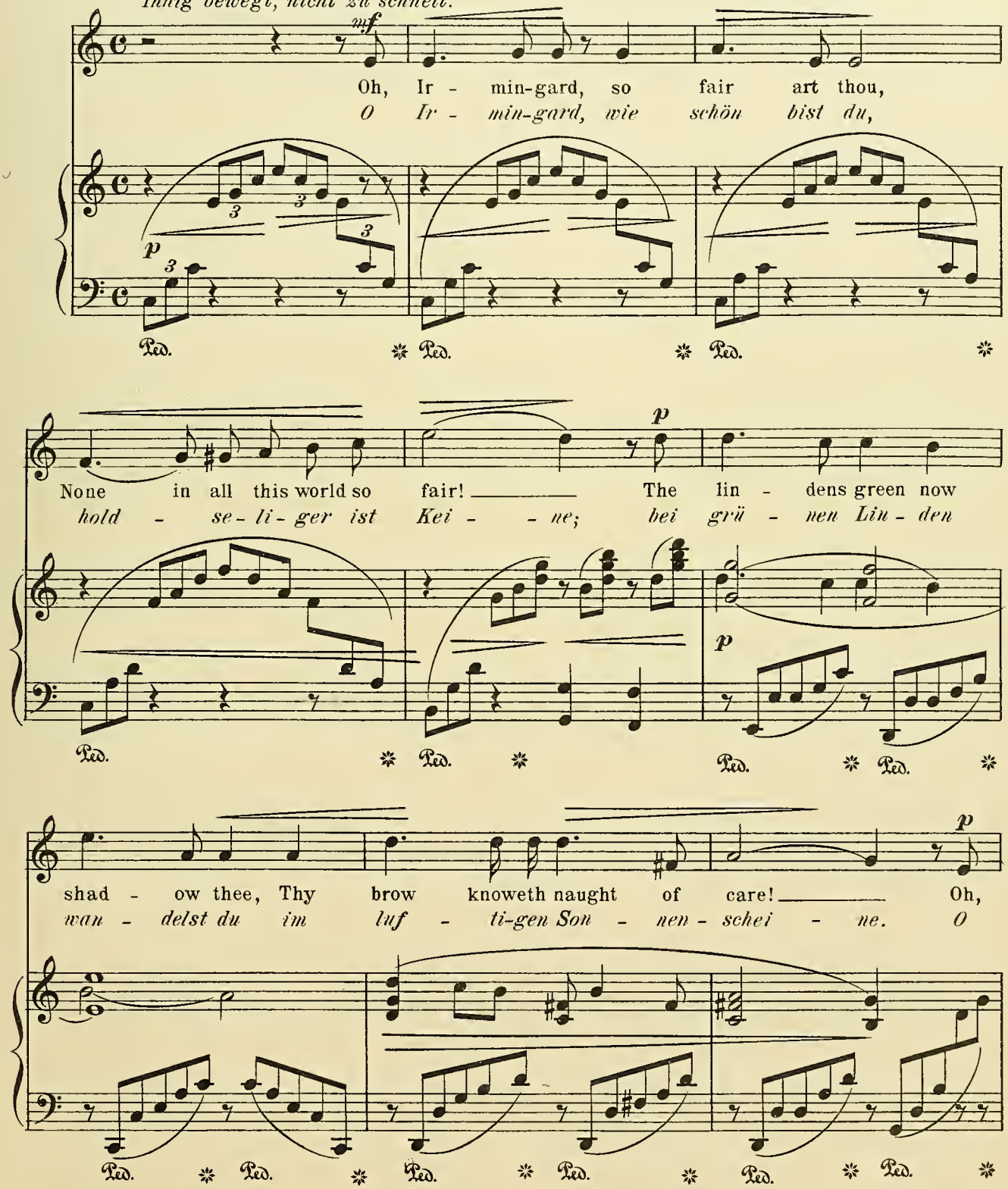
OH, IRMINGARD!

(Heimliche Grüsse.)

English Version by
GEORGE COOPER.

ALEXANDER von FIELITZ.
Op. 9. No 4.

With tenderness, not too quick.
Innig bewegt, nicht zu schnell.



Grade III.

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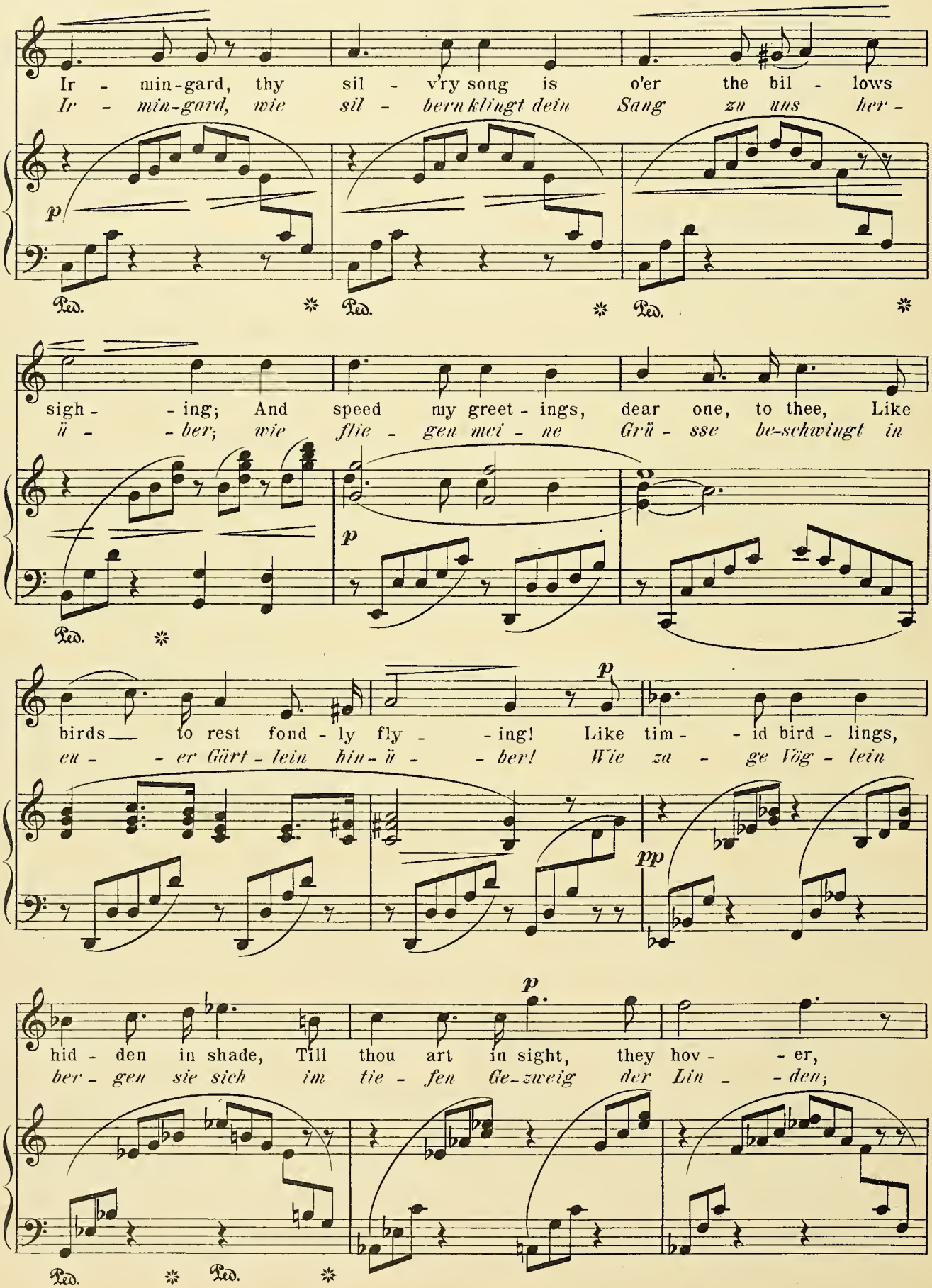
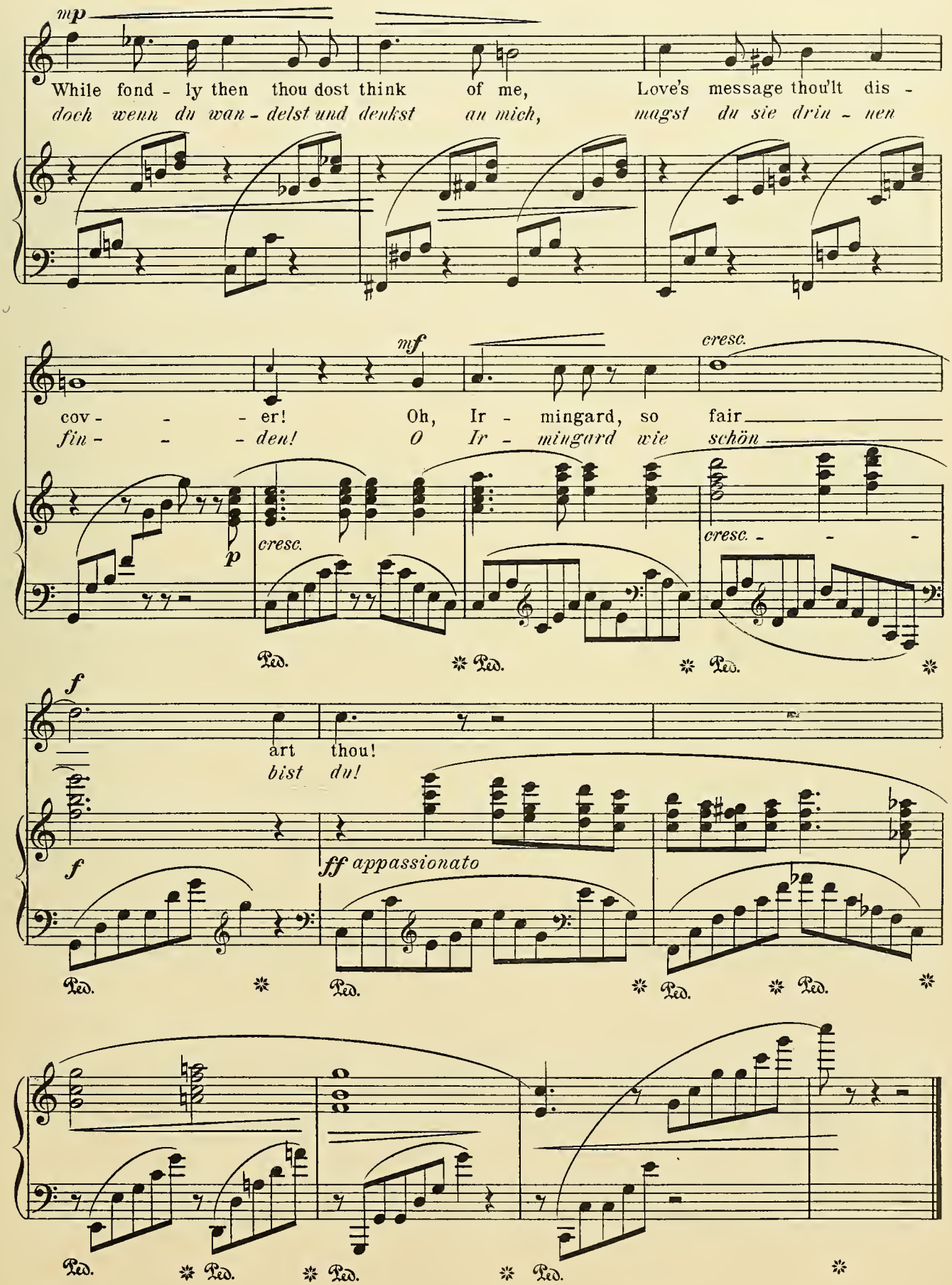

Ir - min-gard, thy sil - v'ry song is o'er the bil - lows
Ir - min-gard, wie sil - bern klingt dein Sang zu uns her -
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.
sigh - - ing; And speed my greet - ings, dear one, to thee, Like
ü - - ber; wie flie - gen mei - ne Grü - sse be-schwingt in
p
Ped.
birds to rest fond - ly fly - - ing! Like tim - - id bird - lings,
ei - - er Gärt - lein hin - ü - - ber! Wie za - ge Vög - lein
p
pp
hid - den in shade, Till thou art in sight, they hov - - er,
ber - gen sie sich im tie - fen Ge-zweig der Lin - - den;
p
Ped. Ped.

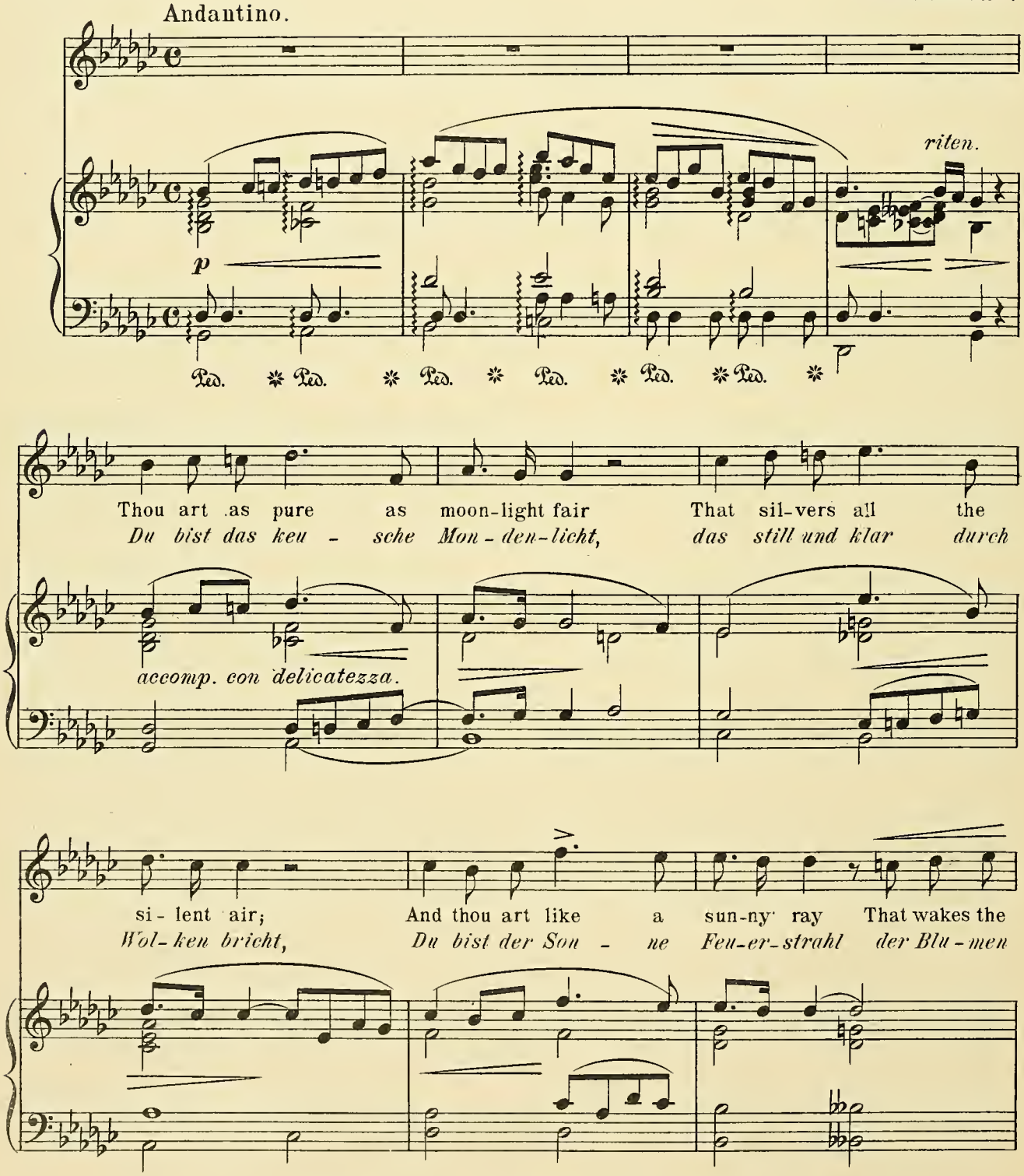

mp
While fond - ly then thou dost think of me, Love's message thou'lt dis -
doch wenn du wan - delst und denkst an mich, magst du sie drin - nen
mf
cresc.
cov - - - er! Oh, Ir - mingard, so fair
fin - - - den! O Ir - mingard wie schön
p
cresc.
cresc. - - -
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
art thou!
bist du!
f
ff appassionato
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

THOU ART MY ALL.

(Du bist mein All.)

English Version by
GEORGE COOPER.

TH. BRADSKY.



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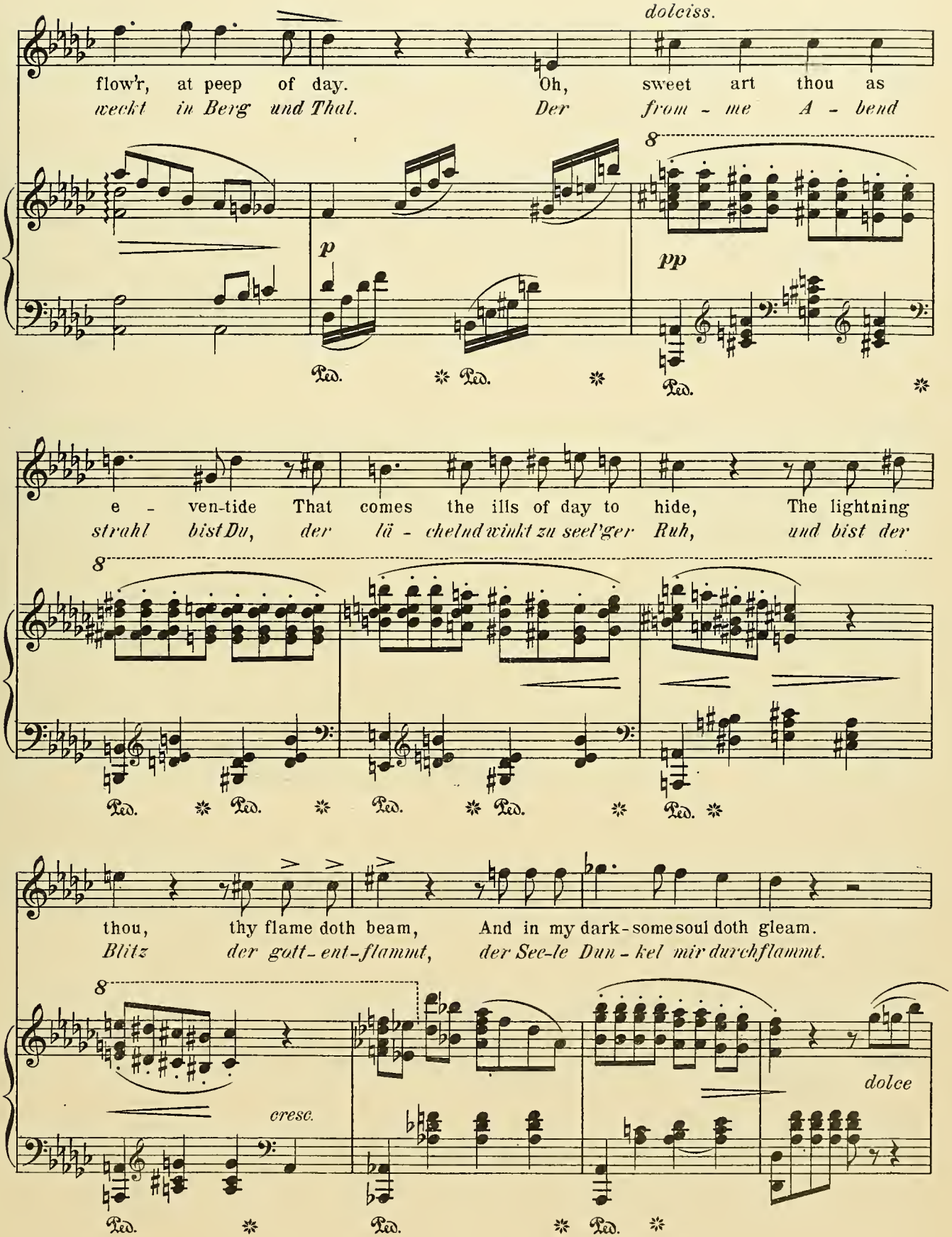
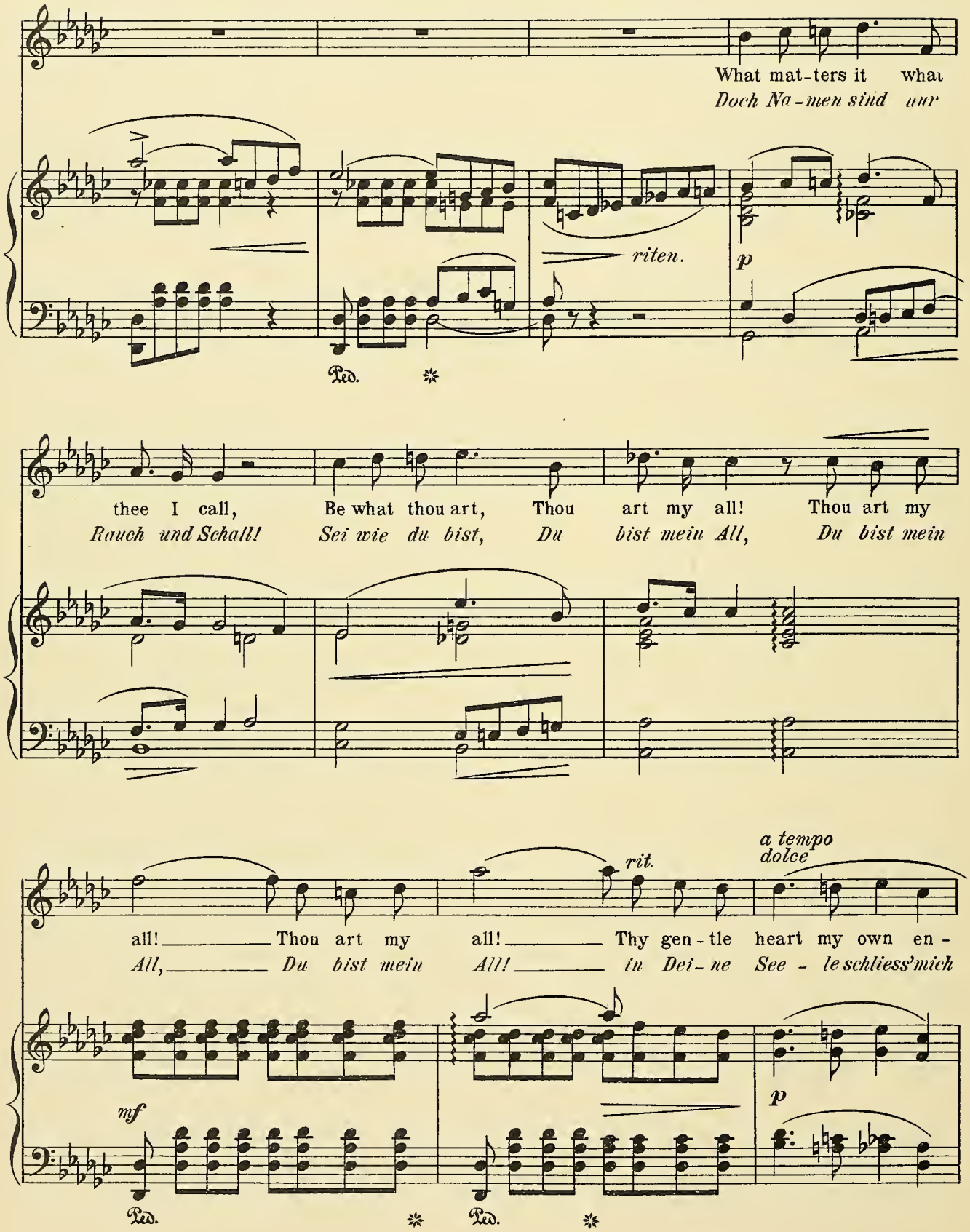
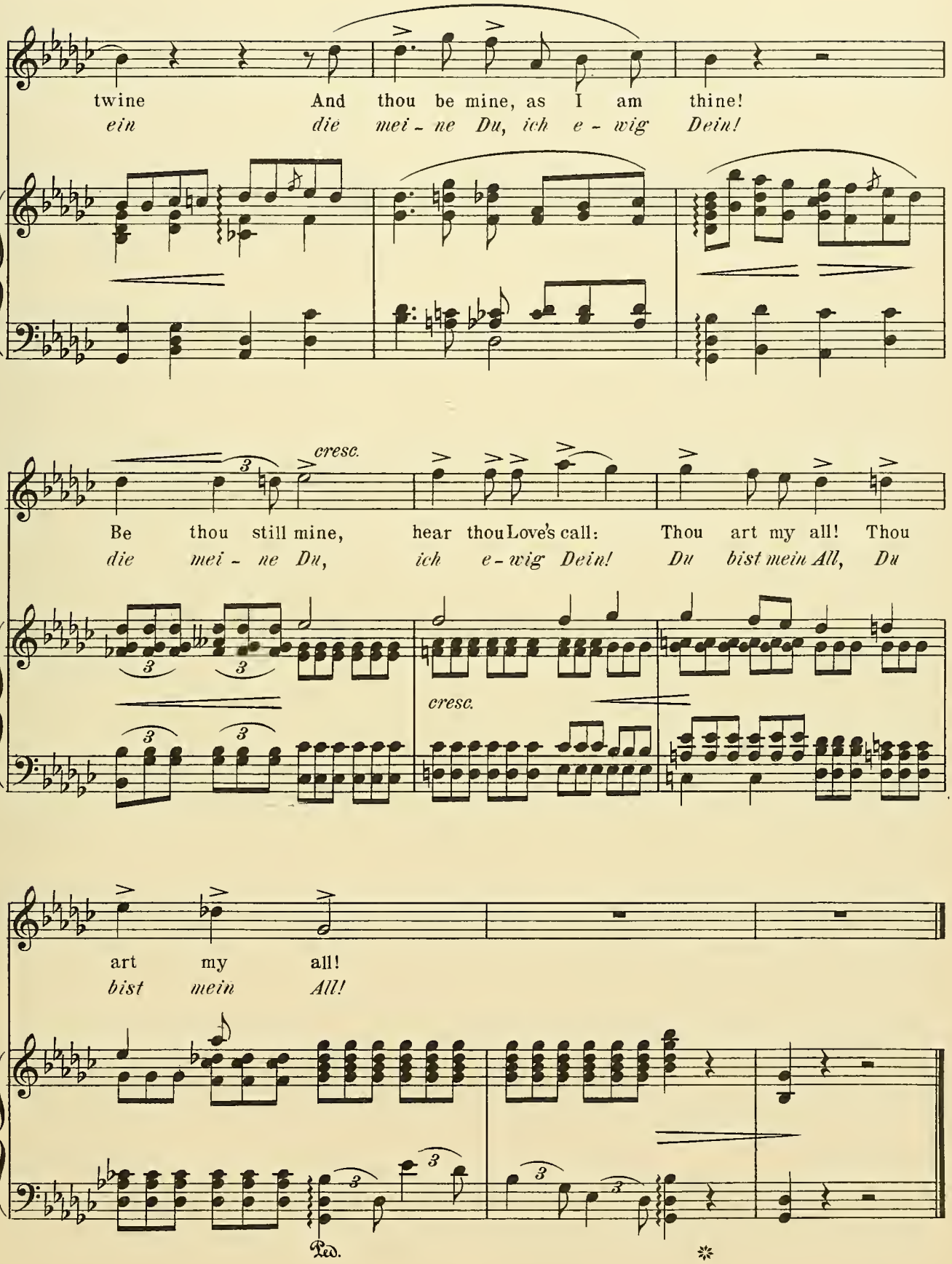

dolciss.
flow'r, at peep of day. Oh, sweet art thou as
weckt in Berg und Thal. Der from - me A - bend
8
p
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped.
e - ven-tide That comes the ills of day to hide, The lightning
strahl bist Du, der lä - chelnd winkt zu seel'ger Ruh, und bist der
8
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
thou, thy flame doth beam, And in my dark-some soul doth gleam.
Blitz der gott-ent-flammt, der See-le Dun - kel mir durchflammt.
8
cresc.
dolce
Ped. Ped. Ped.


What mat-ters it what
Doch Na-men sind nur
riten.
p
Ped.
thee I call, Be what thou art, Thou art my all! Thou art my
Rauch und Schall! Sei wie du bist, Du bist mein All, Du bist mein
a tempo
dolce
rit.
all! Thou art my all! Thy gen-tle heart my own en-
All, Du bist mein All! in Dei-ne See-le schliess'mich
mf
p
Ped.
Ped.

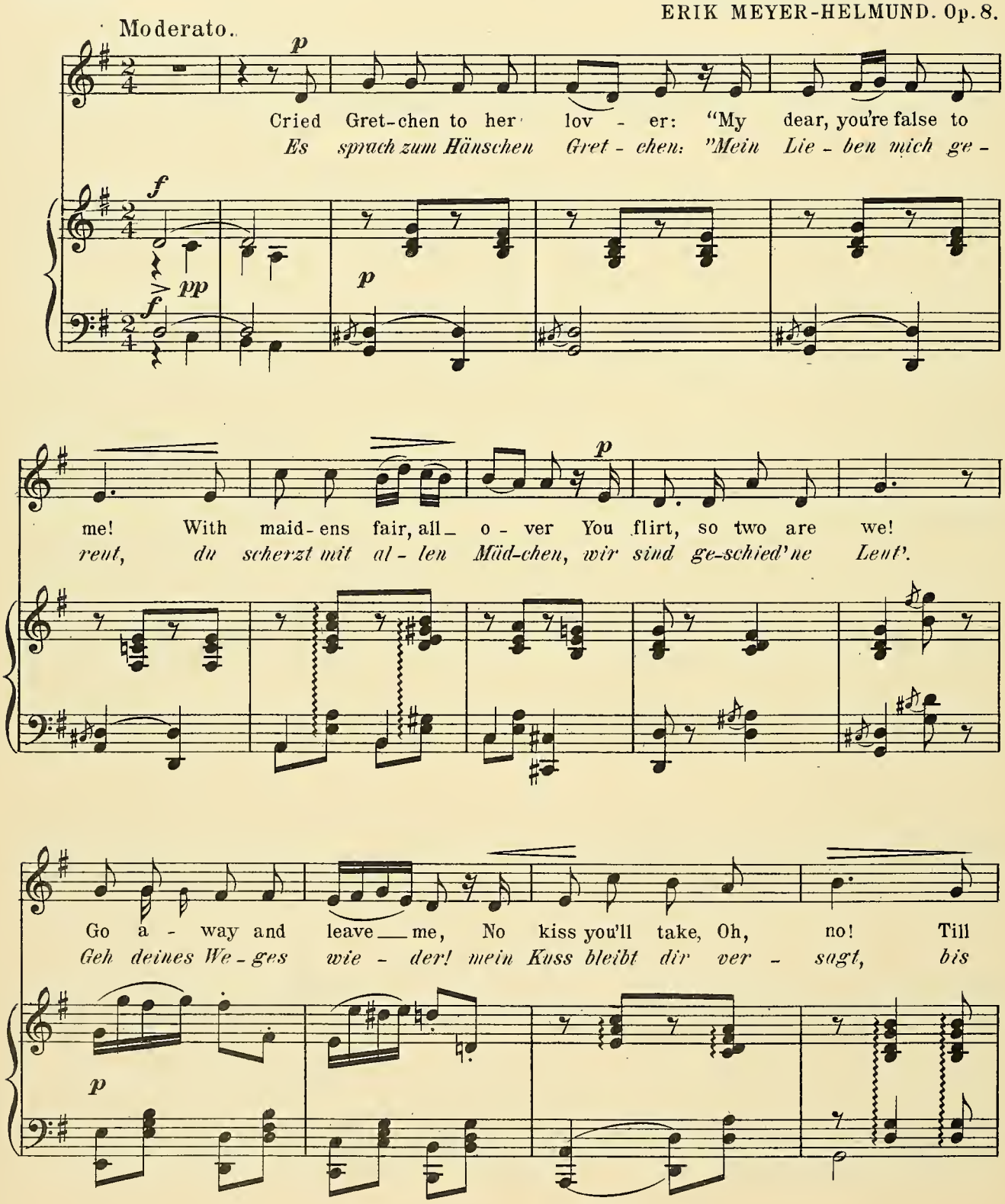

twine And thou be mine, as I am thine!
ein die mei - ne Du, ich e - wig Dein!
cresc.
Be thou still mine, hear thou Love's call: Thou art my all! Thou
die mei - ne Du, ich e - wig Dein! Du bist mein All, Du
cresc.
art my all!
bist mein All!
Ped.

THE VOW.

(Der Schwur.)

English Version by
GEORGE COOPER.

ERIK MEYER-HELMUND. Op. 8.



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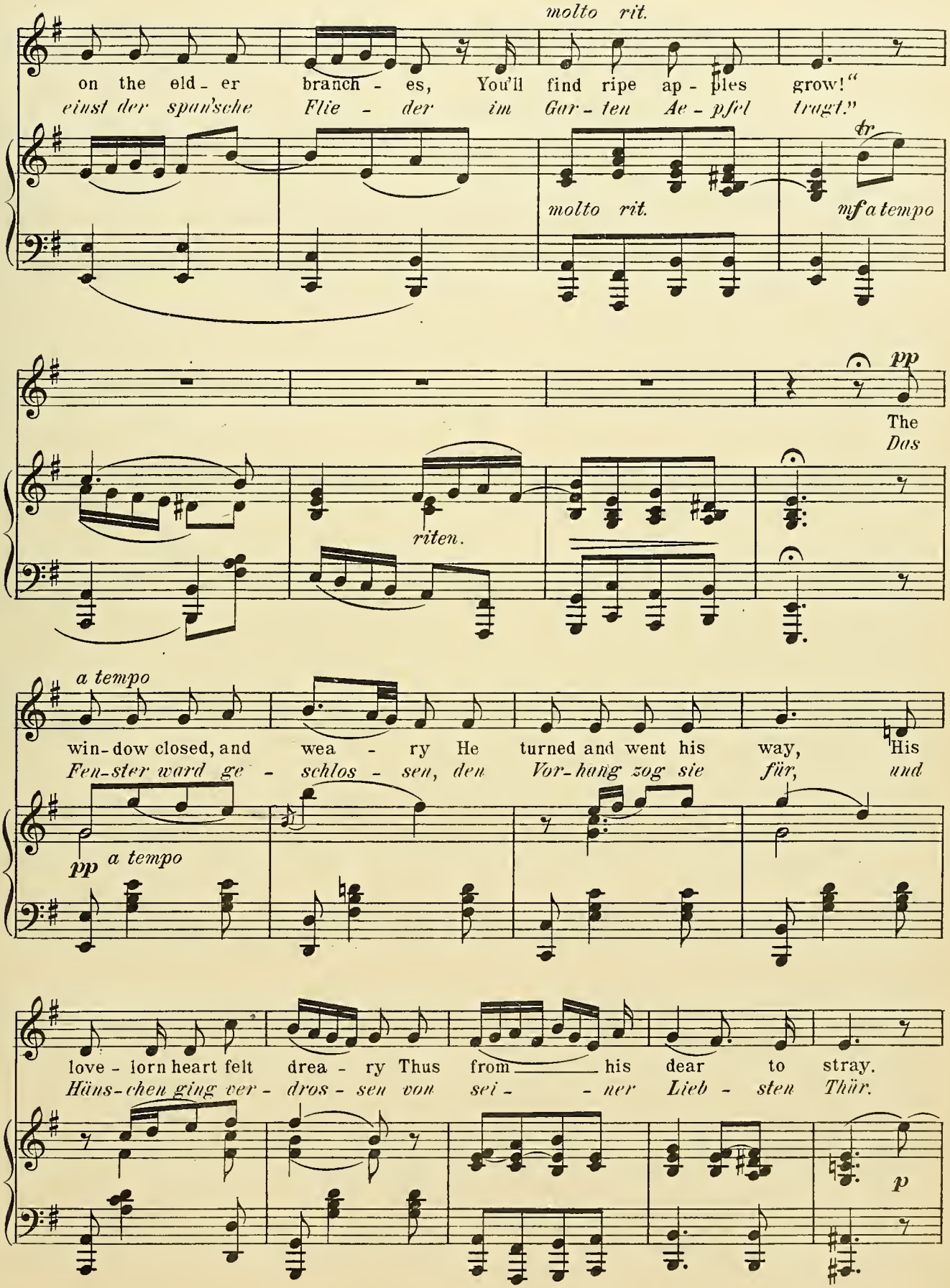
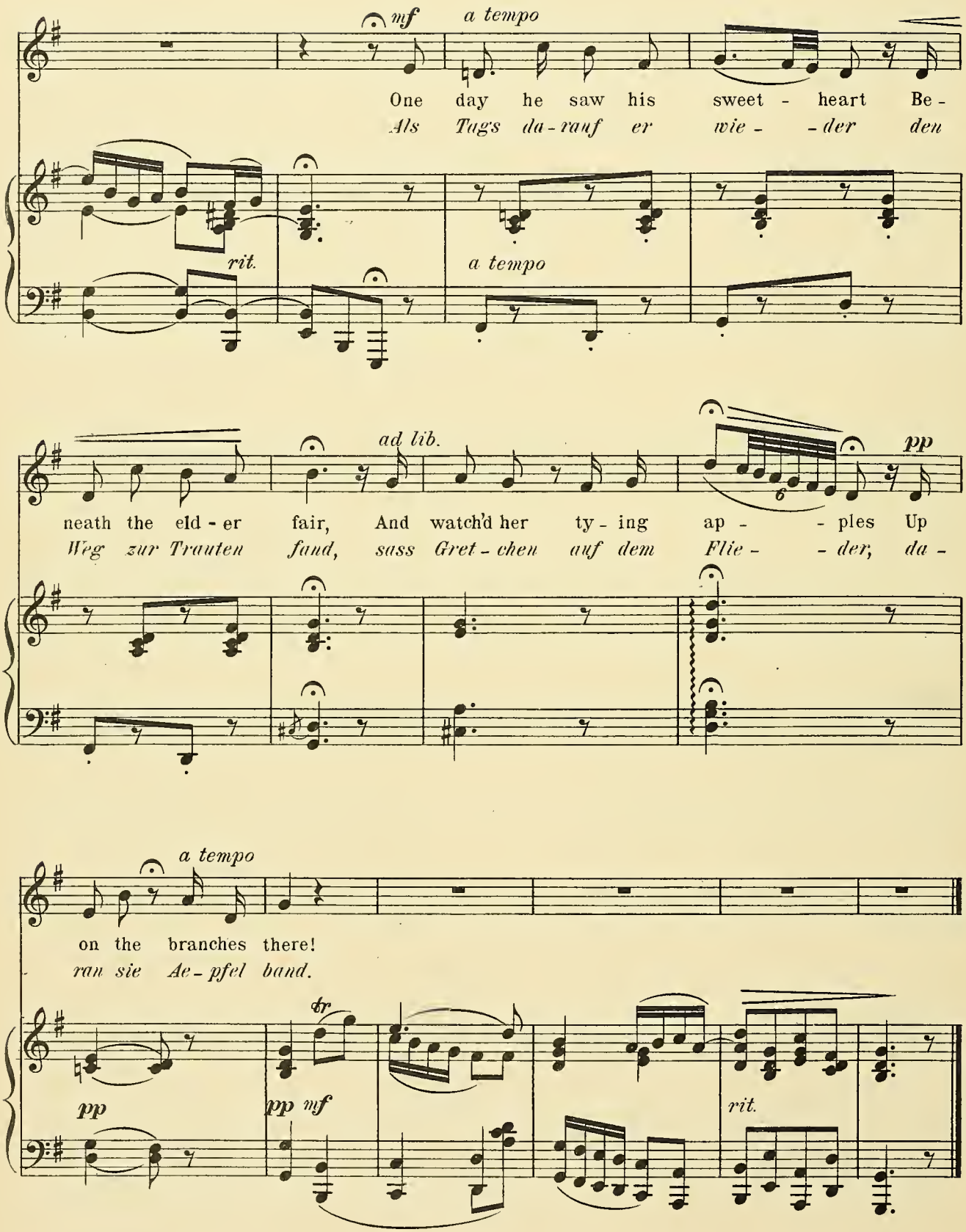
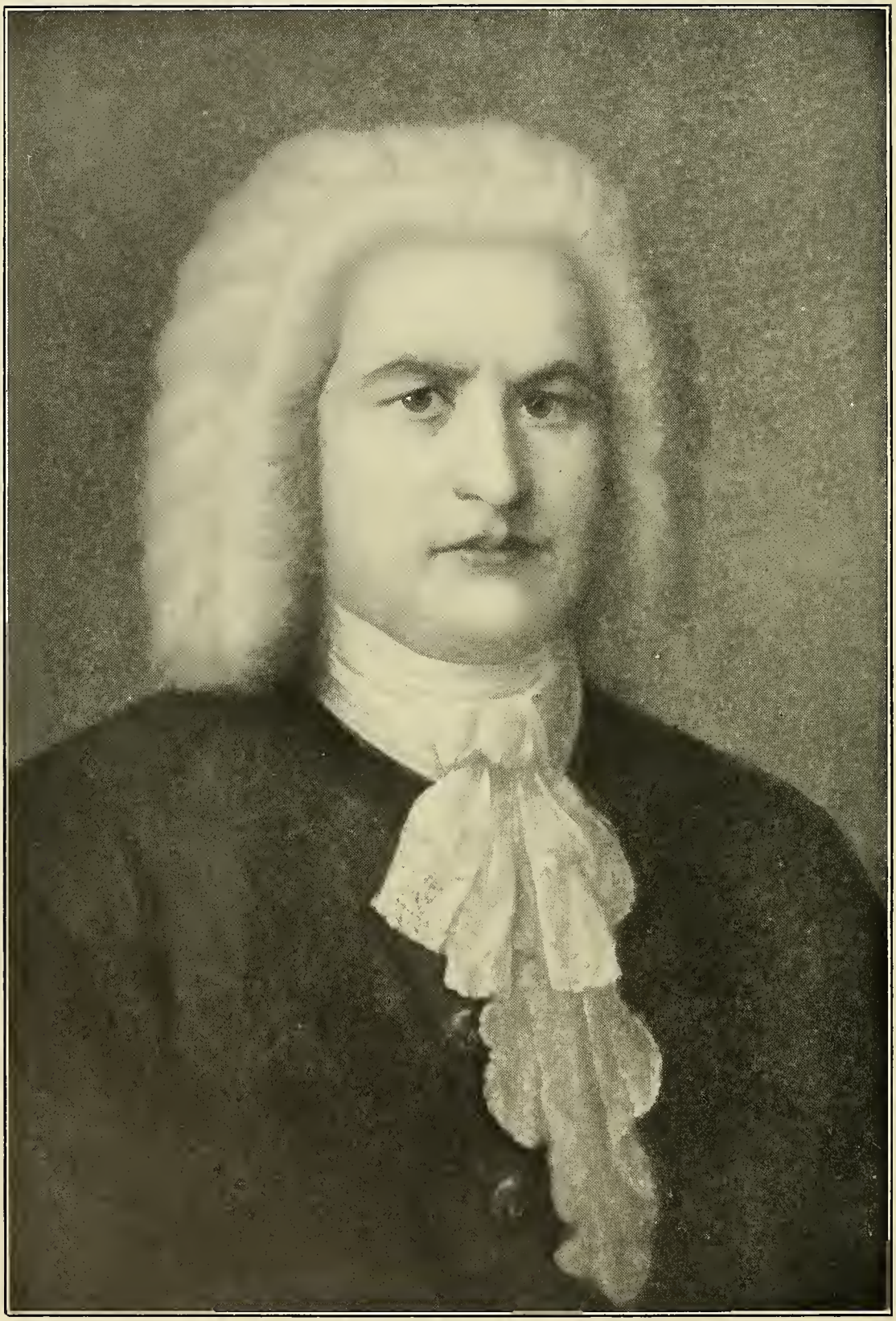

molto rit.
on the eld - er branch - es, You'll find ripe ap - ples grow!"
einst der span'sche Flie - der im Gar - ten Ae - pfel trägt."
molto rit.
tr
mf a tempo
pp
The
Das
riten.
a tempo
win - dow closed, and wea - ry He turned and went his way, His
Fen - ster ward ge - schlos - sen, den Vor - hang zog sie für, und
pp a tempo
love - lorn heart felt drea - ry Thus from his dear to stray.
Häns - chen ging ver - dros - sen von sei - ner Lieb - sten Thür.
p


mf
a tempo
One day he saw his sweet - heart Be -
Als Tags da - rauf er wie - - der den
rit.
a tempo
ad lib.
pp
neath the eld - er fair, And watch'd her ty - ing ap - - ples Up
Weg zur Trauten fand, sass Gret - chen auf dem Flie - - der, da -
a tempo
on the branches there!
ran sie Ae - pfel band.
pp
pp mf
rit.



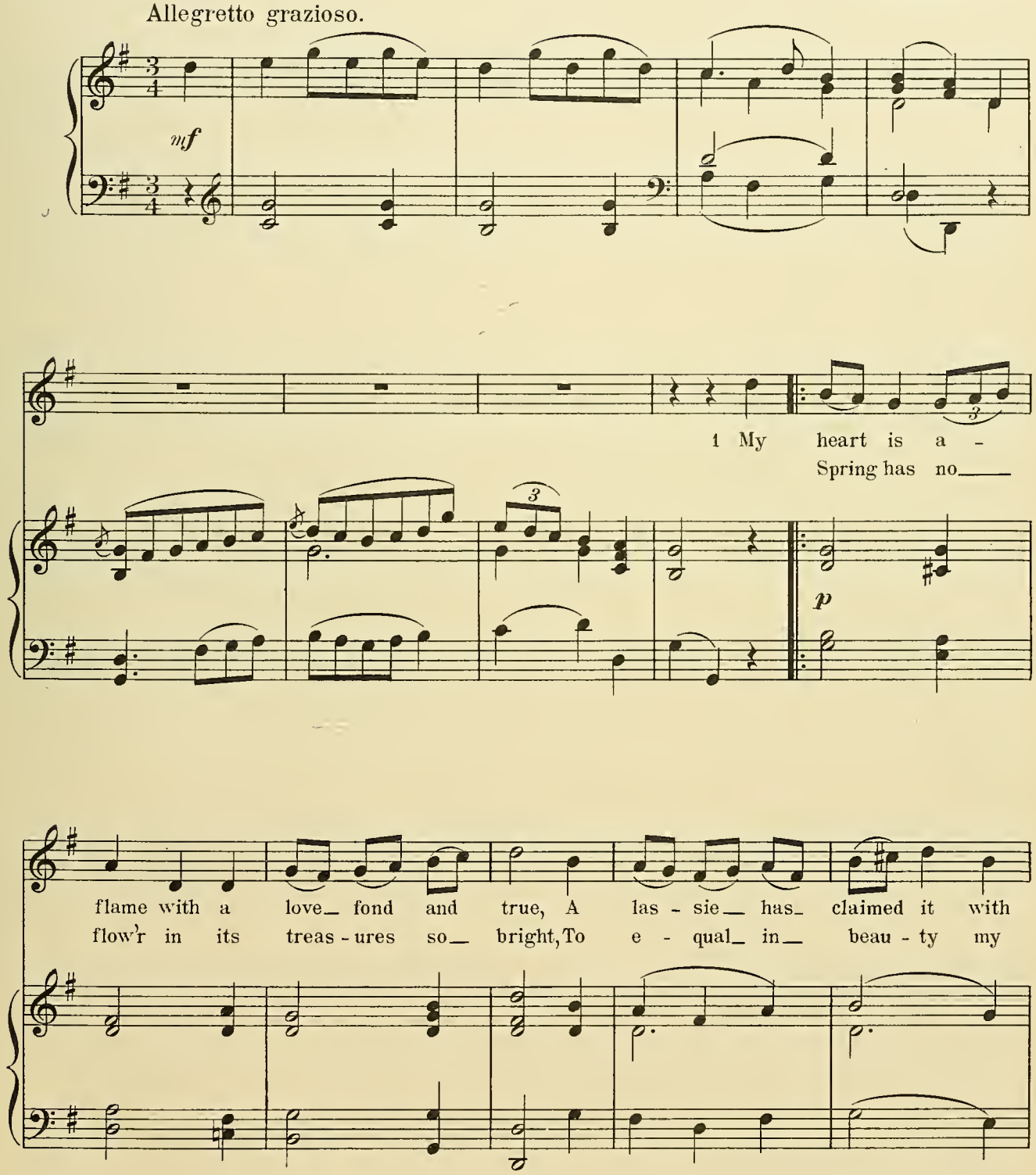
BACH

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR.

Version by GEORGE COOPER.

Dr. THOMAS A. ARNE.
(1710-1778.)

Allegretto grazioso.



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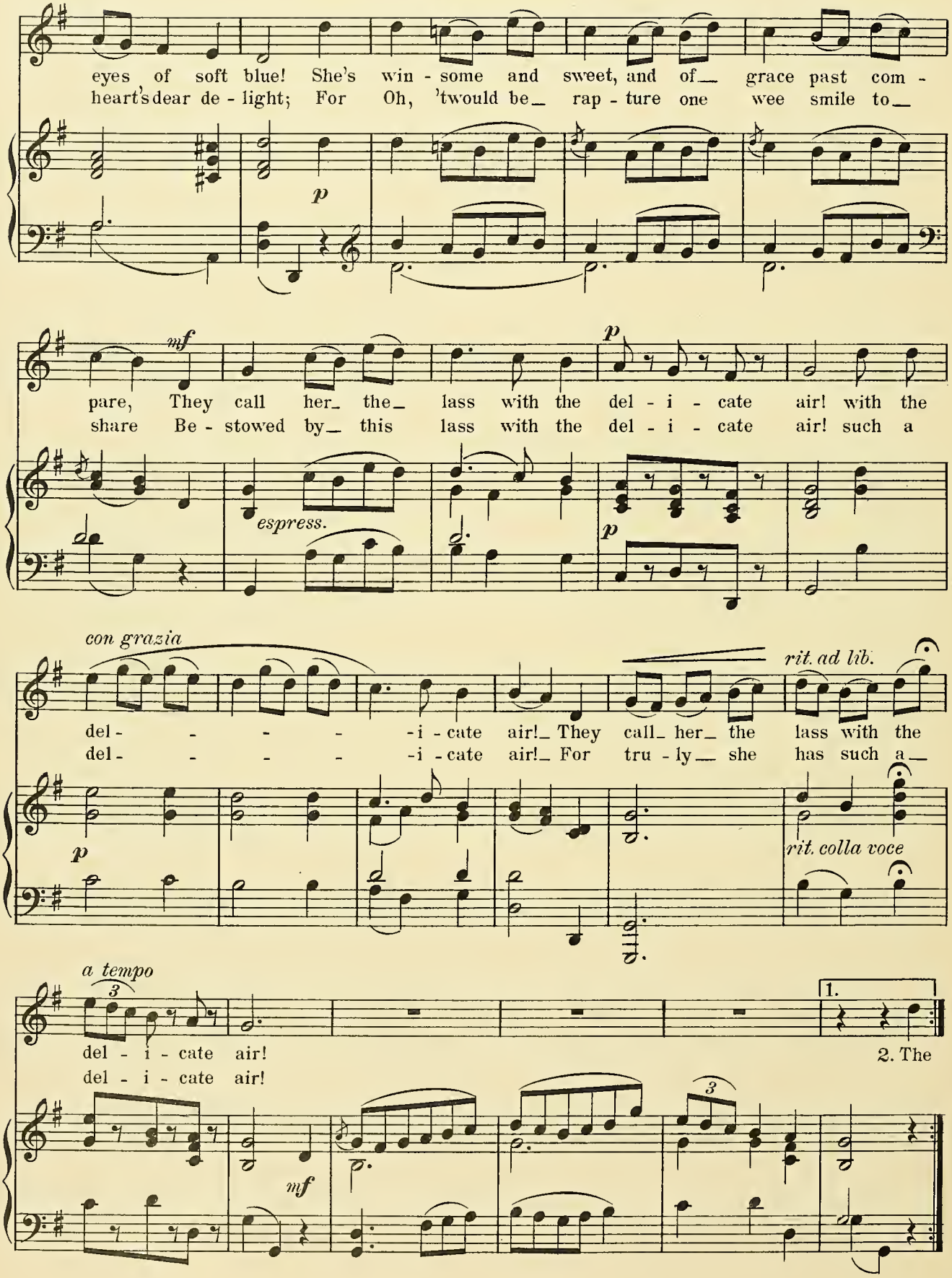
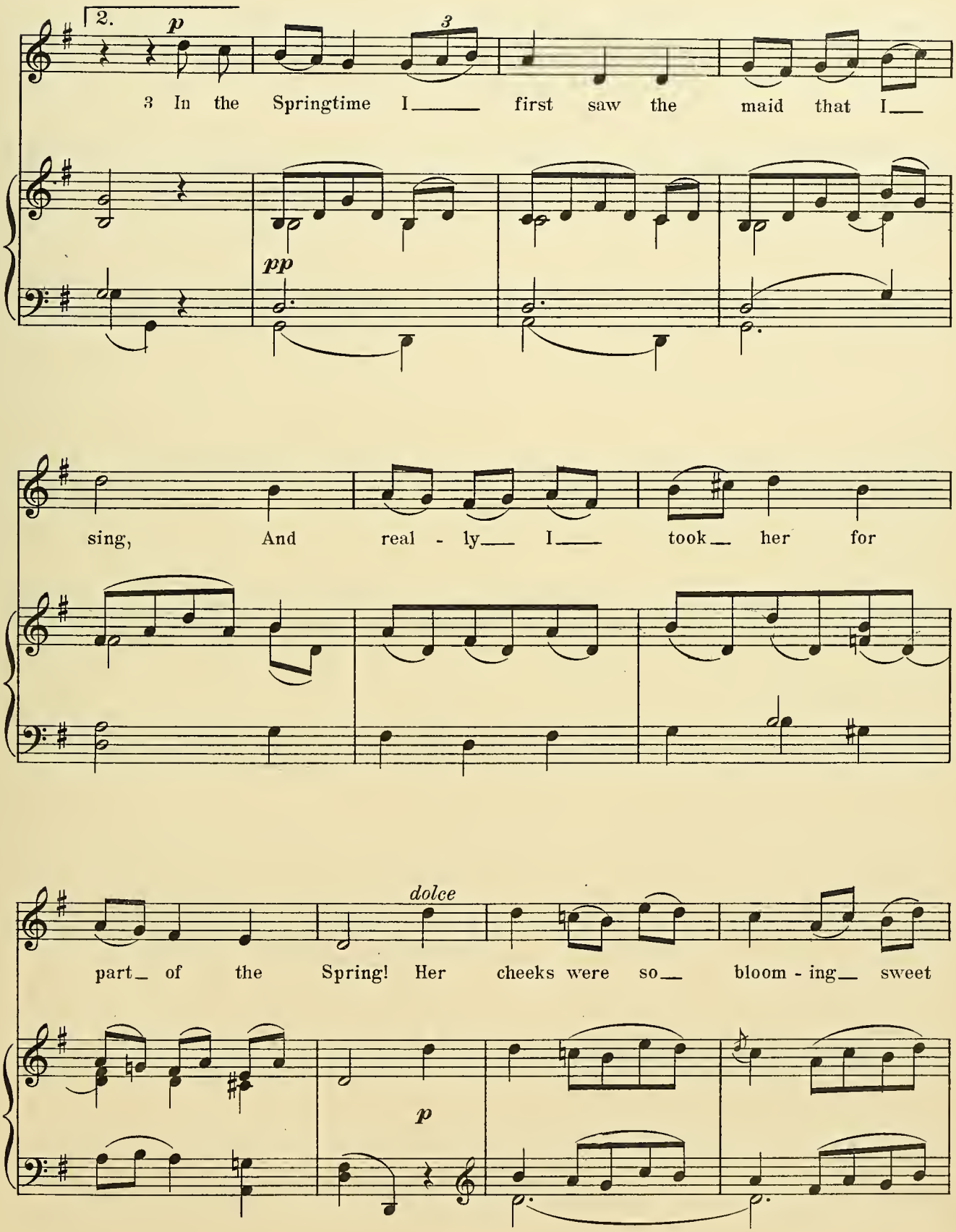
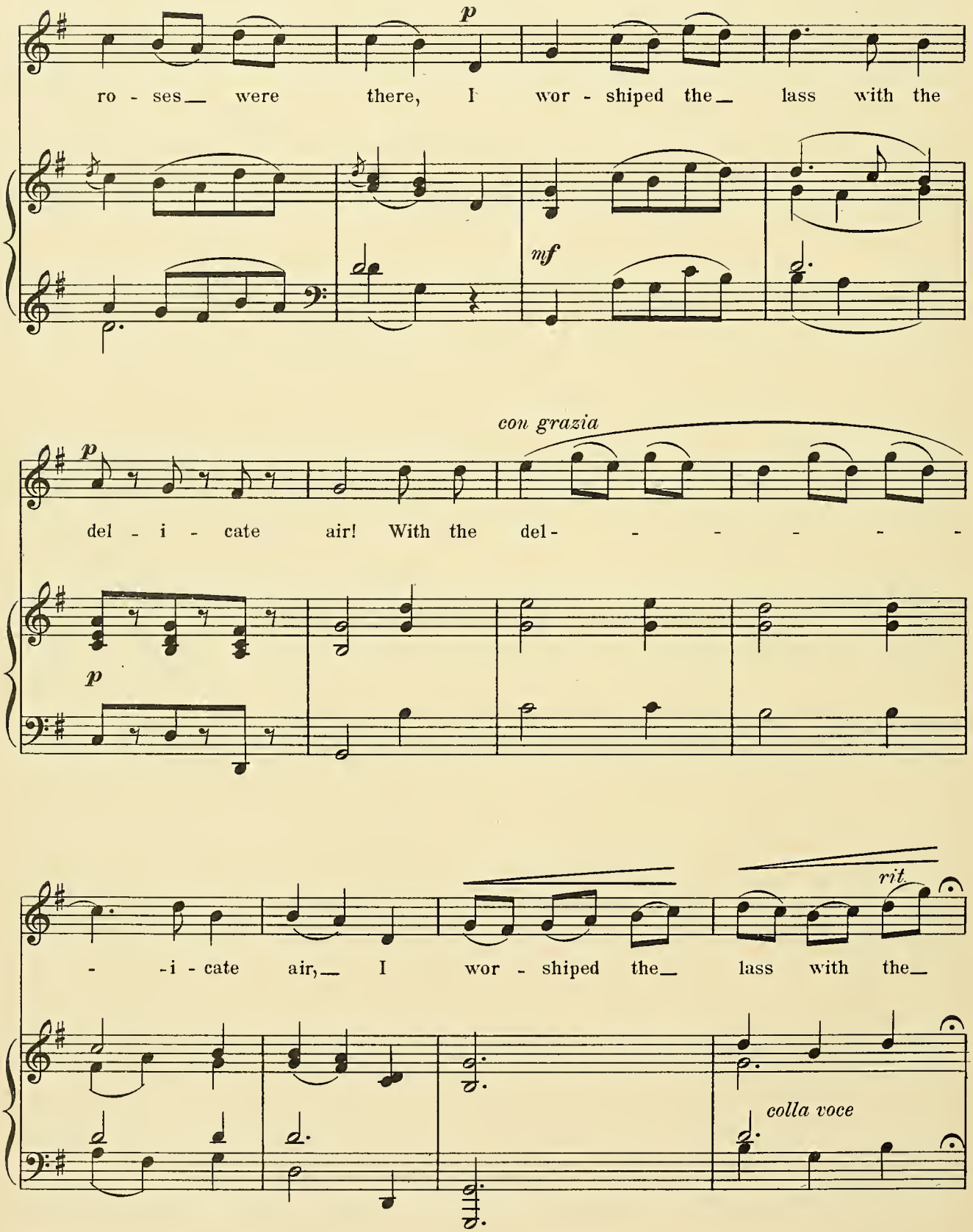
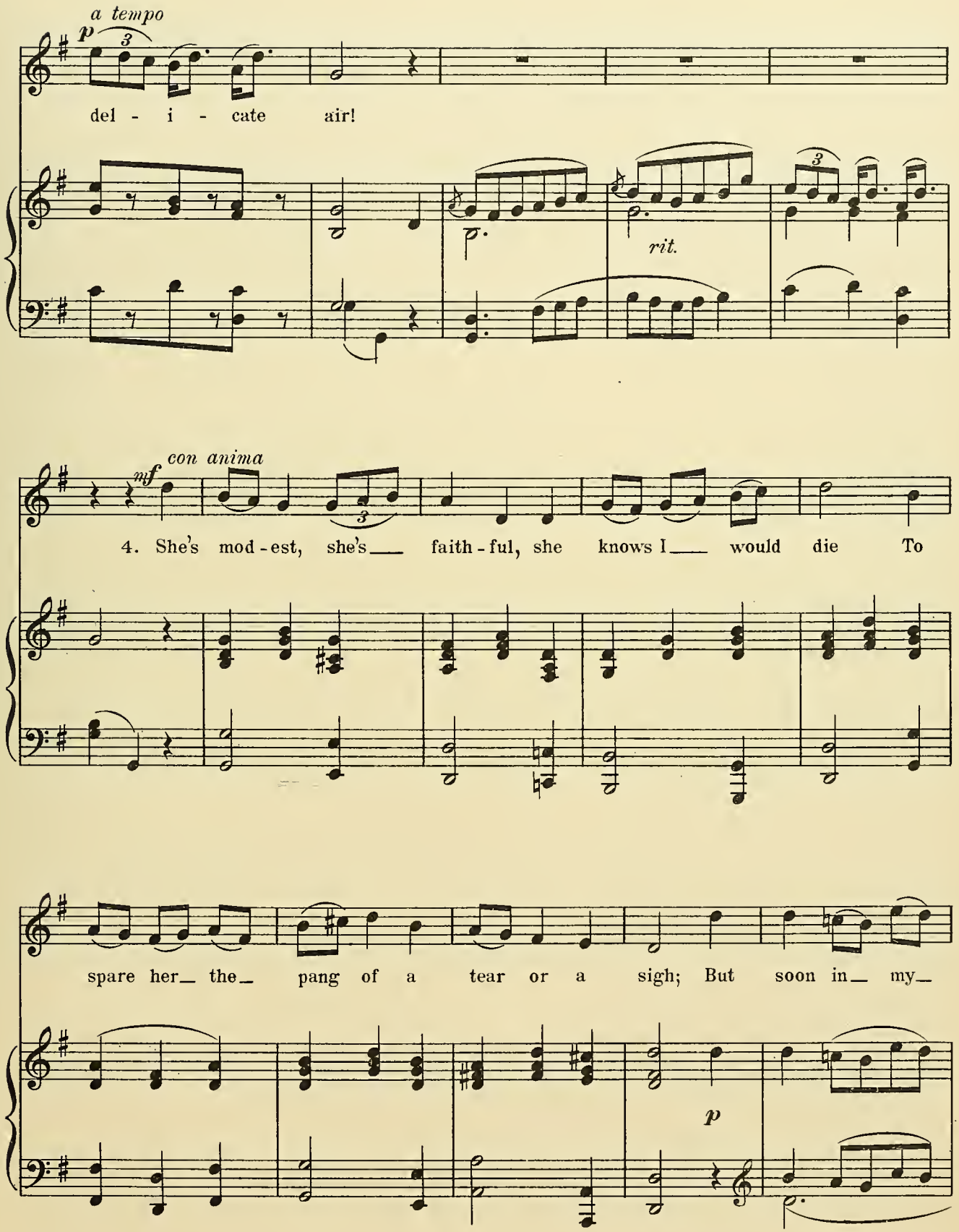
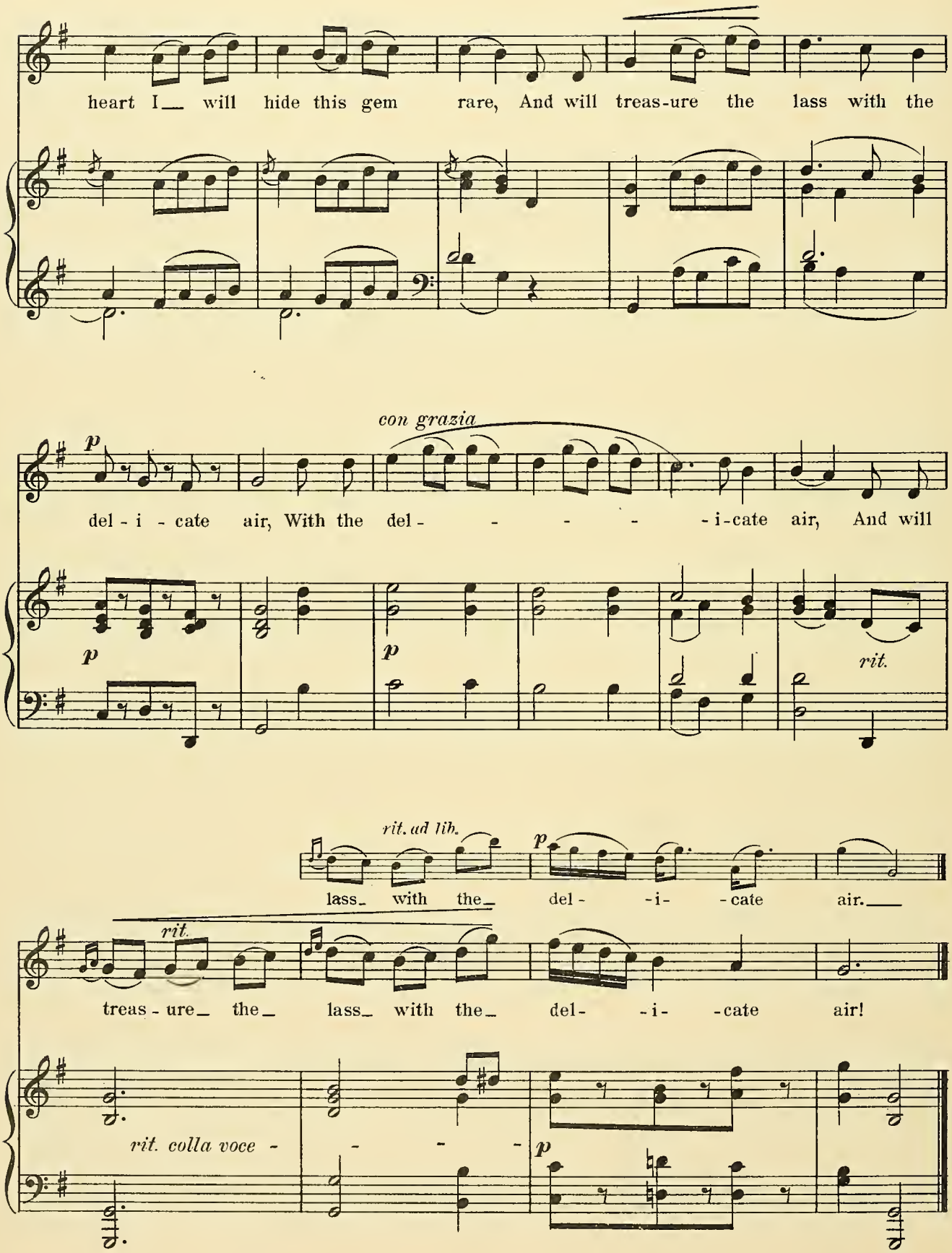

eyes of soft blue! She's win - some and sweet, and of grace past com -
heart's dear de - light; For Oh, 'twould be rap - ture one wee smile to
p
mf
pare, They call her the lass with the del - i - cate air! with the
share Be - stowed by this lass with the del - i - cate air! such a
espress.
p
con grazia
rit. ad lib.
del - - - - - i - cate air! They call her the lass with the
del - - - - - i - cate air! For tru - ly she has such a
p
rit. colla voce
a tempo
3
1.
del - i - cate air!
2. The
del - i - cate air!
mf
3


2.
p
3
3 In the Springtime I first saw the maid that I
pp
sing, And real - ly I took her for
dolce
part of the Spring! Her cheeks were so bloom - ing sweet
p


p
ro - ses__ were there, I wor - shiped the__ lass with the
mf
con grazia
p
del - i - cate air! With the del- - - - - -
p
- -i - cate air,__ I wor - shiped the__ lass with the__
rit.
colla voce

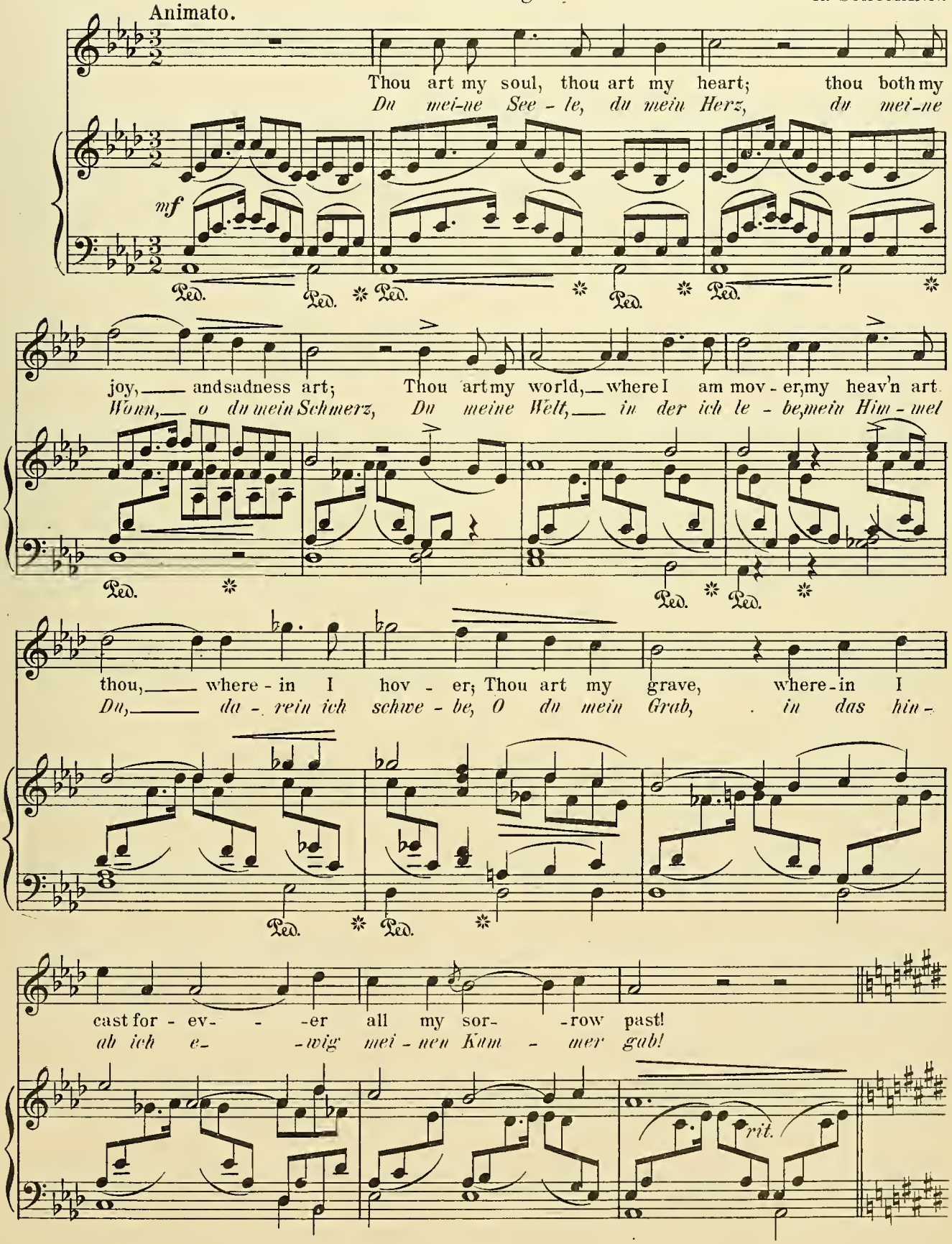

a tempo
p
del - i - cate air!
rit.
mf
con anima
4. She's mod - est, she's faith - ful, she knows I would die To
spare her the pang of a tear or a sigh; But soon in my
p

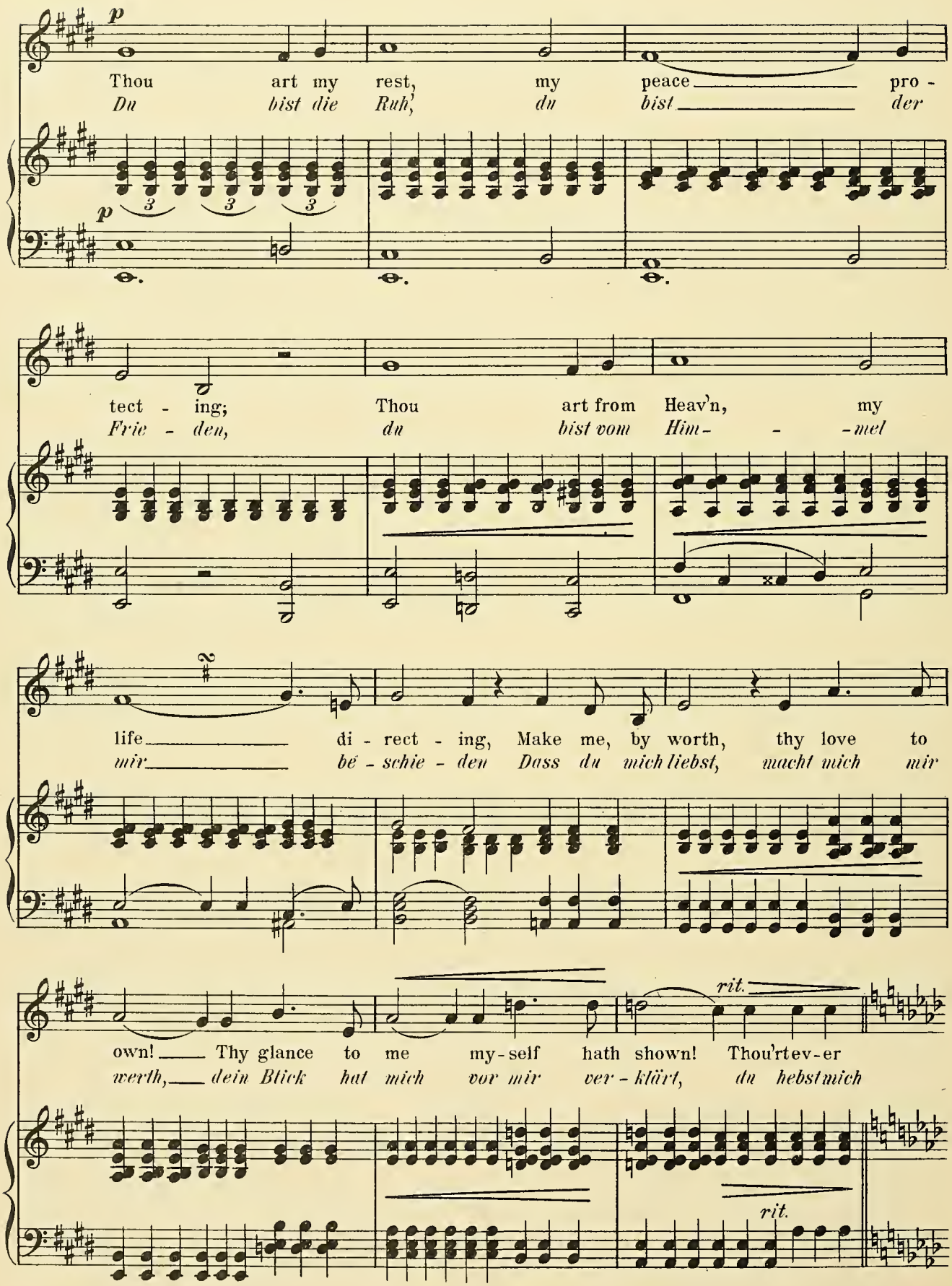

heart I__ will hide this gem rare, And will treas-ure the lass with the
con grazia
p
del - i - cate air, With the del - - - - - i-cate air, And will
p
p
rit.
rit. ad lib.
p
lass_ with the_ del - - i - cate air.___
rit.
treas - ure_ the_ lass_ with the_ del - - i - cate air!
rit. colla voce - - - -
p

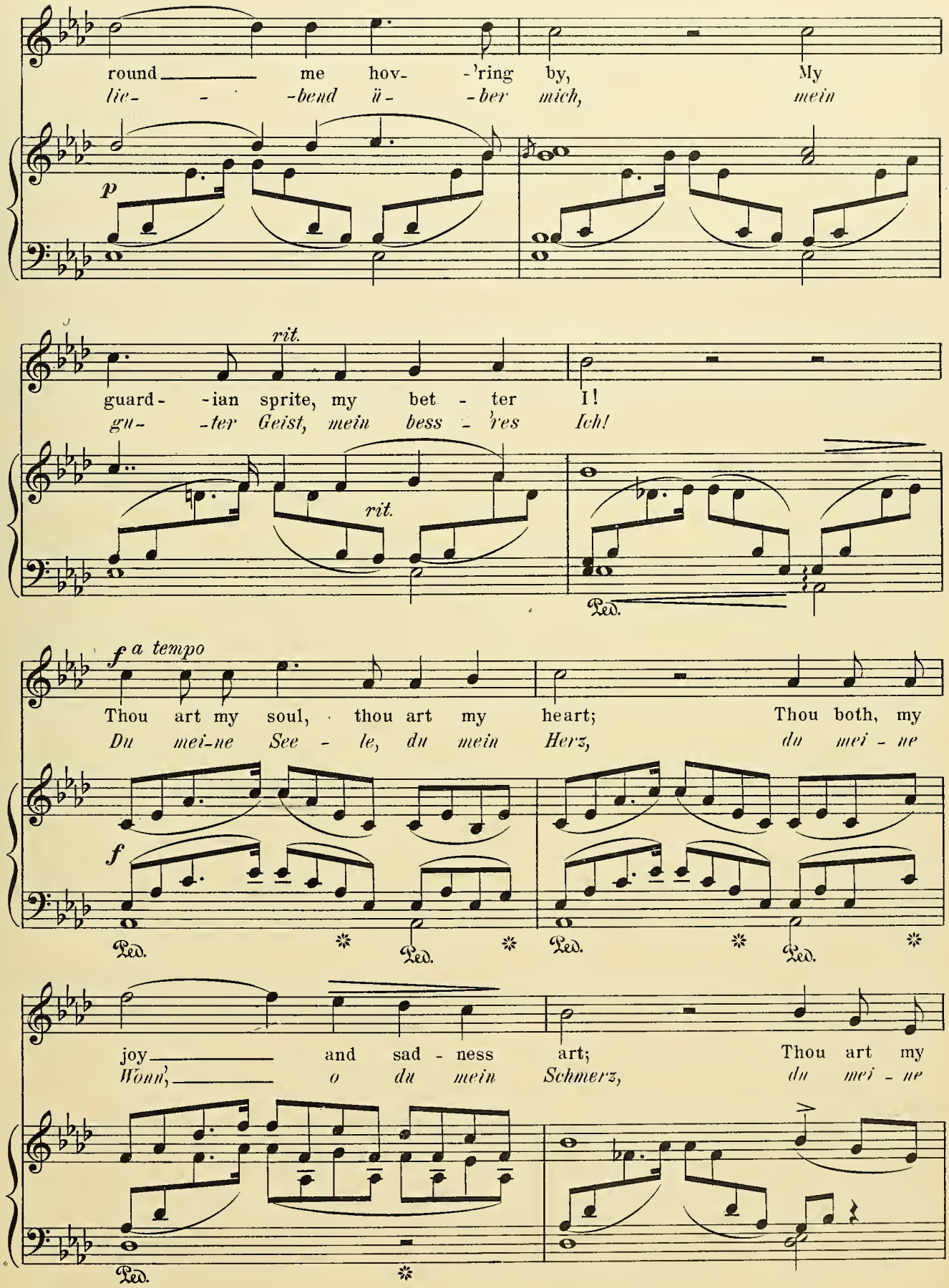
DEDICATION.

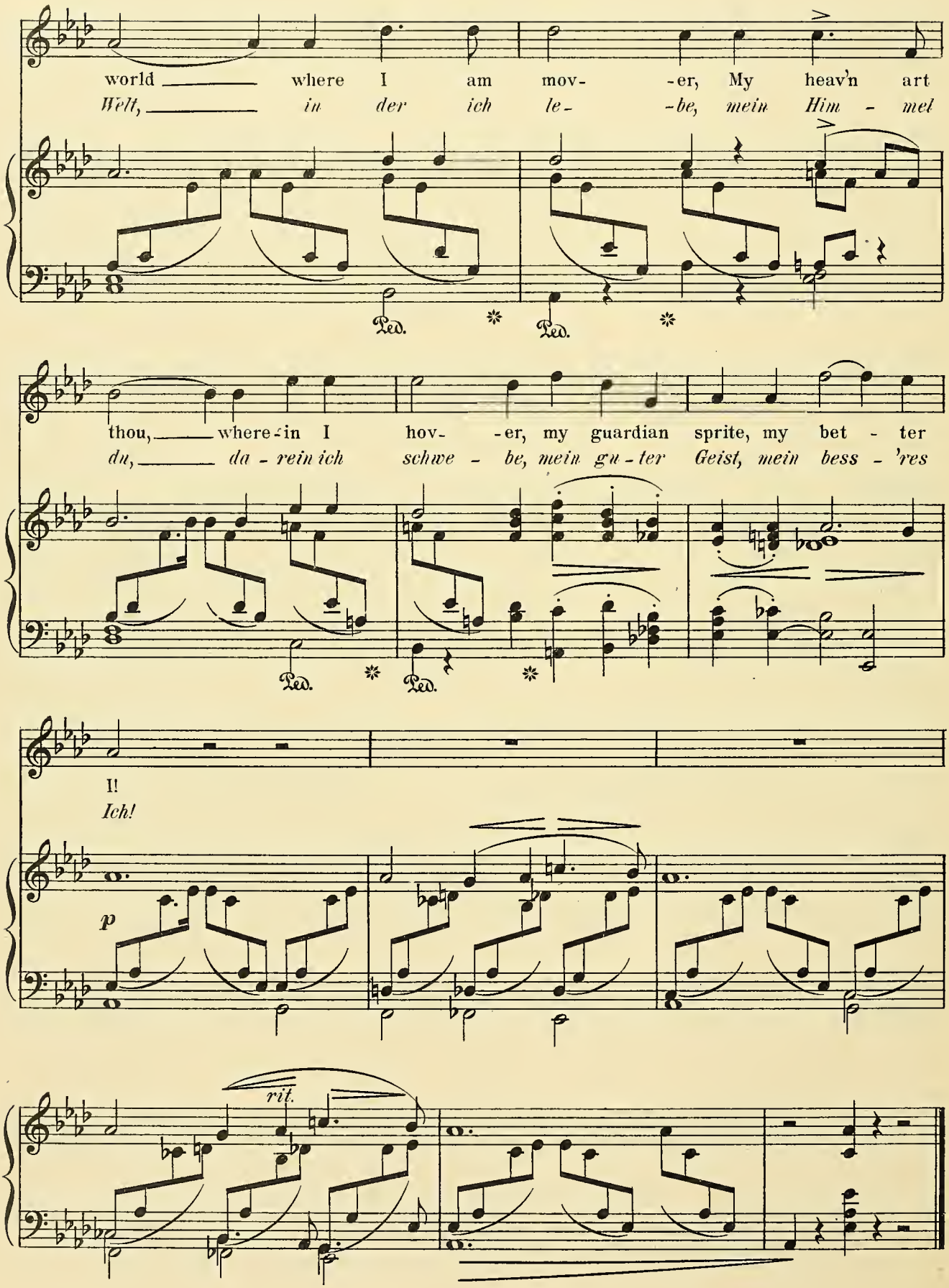
Widmung.

R. SCHUMANN.




p
Thou art my rest, my peace pro -
Du bist die Ruh', du bist der
p
tect - ing; Thou art from Heav'n, my
Frie - den, du bist vom Him - - mel
life di - rect - ing, Make me, by worth, thy love to
mir be - schie - den Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir
own! Thy glance to me my-self hath shown! Thou'rtev-er
werth, dein Blick hat mich vor mir ver - klärt, du hebstmich
rit.
rit.


round me hov- 'ring by, My
lie- -bend ü- -ber mich, mein
p
rit.
guard- -ian sprite, my bet - ter I!
gu- -ter Geist, mein bess - 'res Ich!
rit.
Ped.
f a tempo
Thou art my soul, thou art my heart; Thou both, my
Du mei-ne See - le, du mein Herz, du mei - ne
f
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
joy and sad - ness art; Thou art my
Wonn', o du mein Schmerz, du mei - ne
Ped.

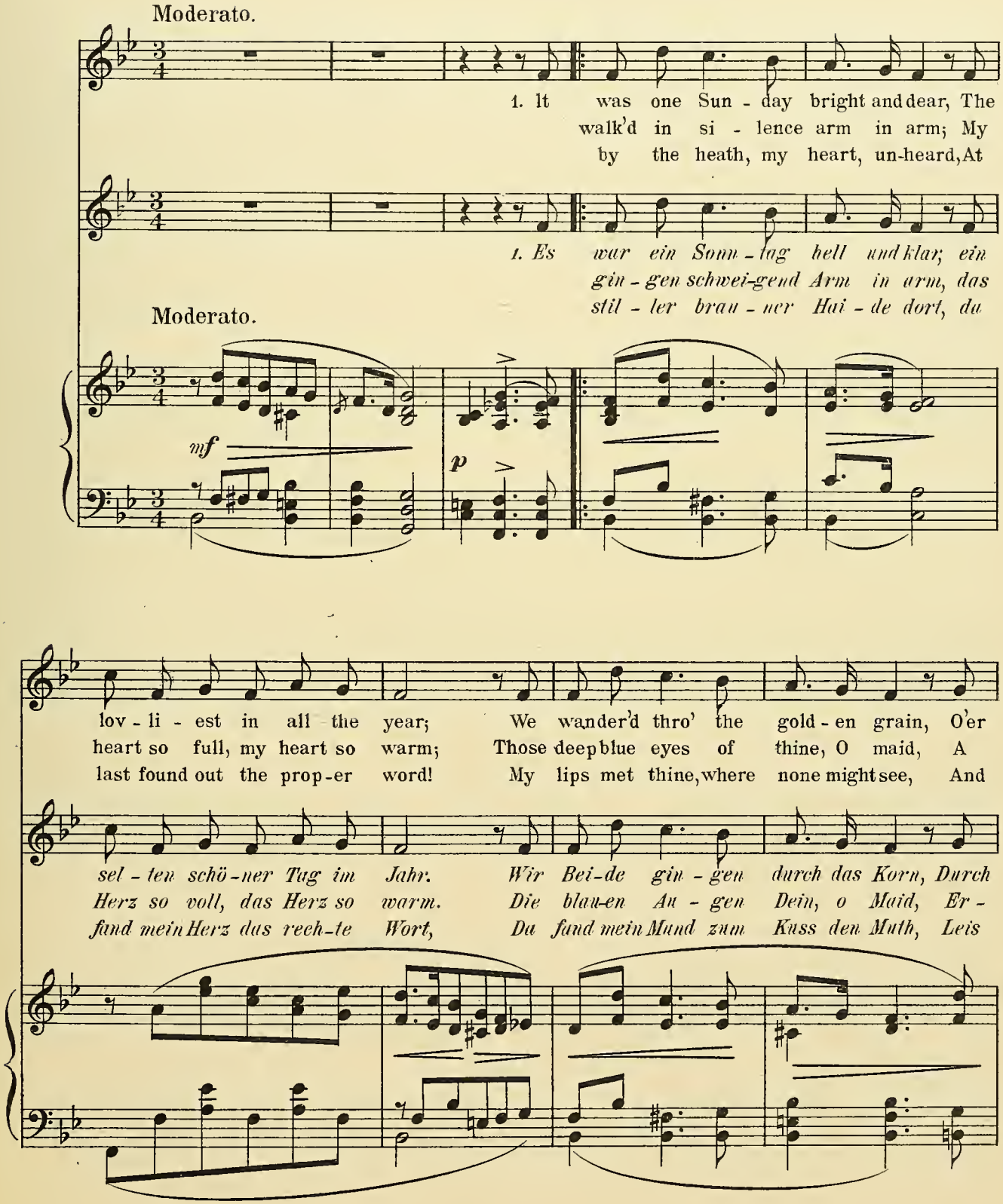

world where I am mov- -er, My heav'n art
Welt, in der ich le- -be, mein Him - mel
thou, where in I hov- -er, my guardian sprite, my bet - ter
du, da - rein ich schwe - be, mein gu - ter Geist, mein bess - 'res
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
I!
Ich!
p
rit.

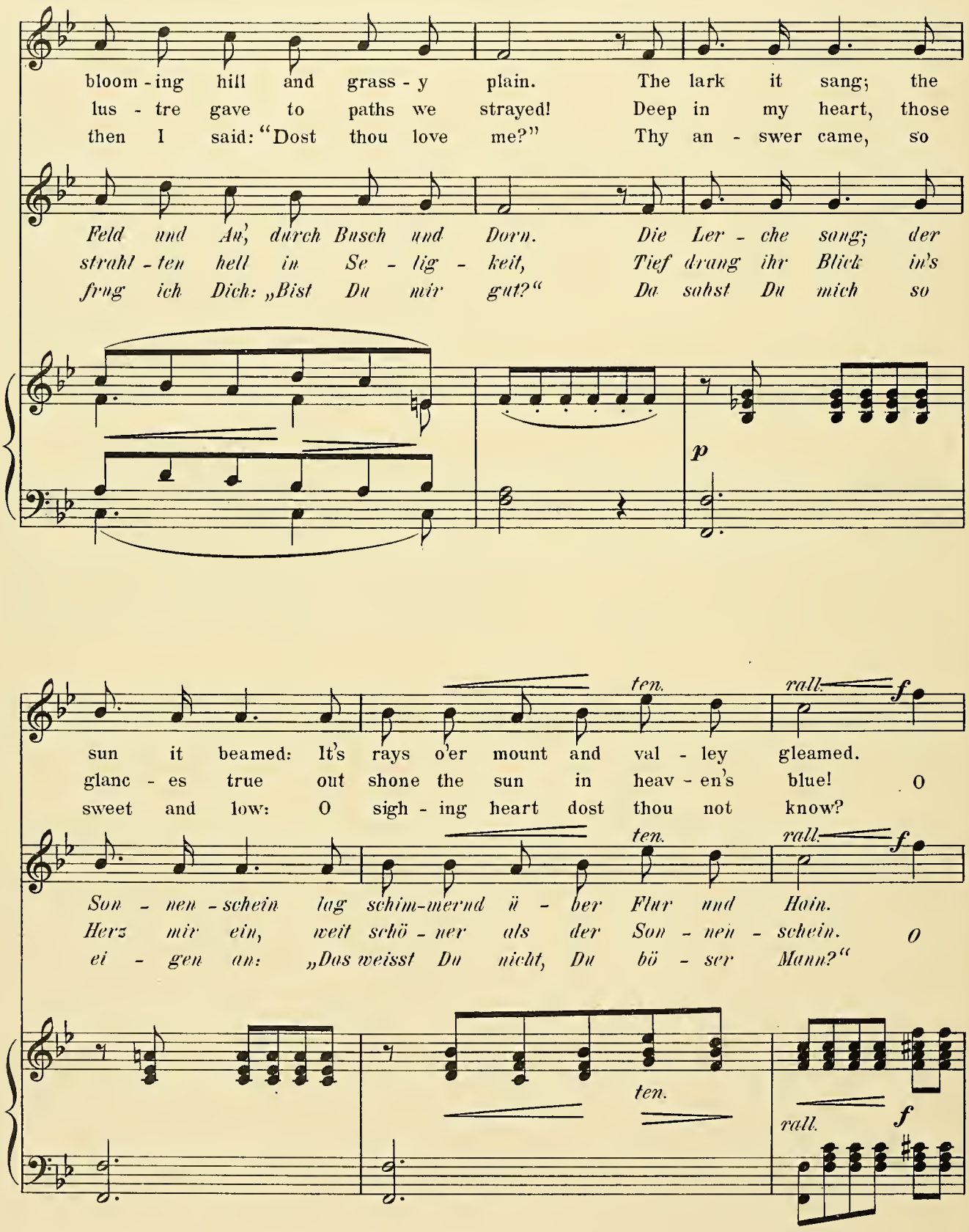
O HAPPY DAY.

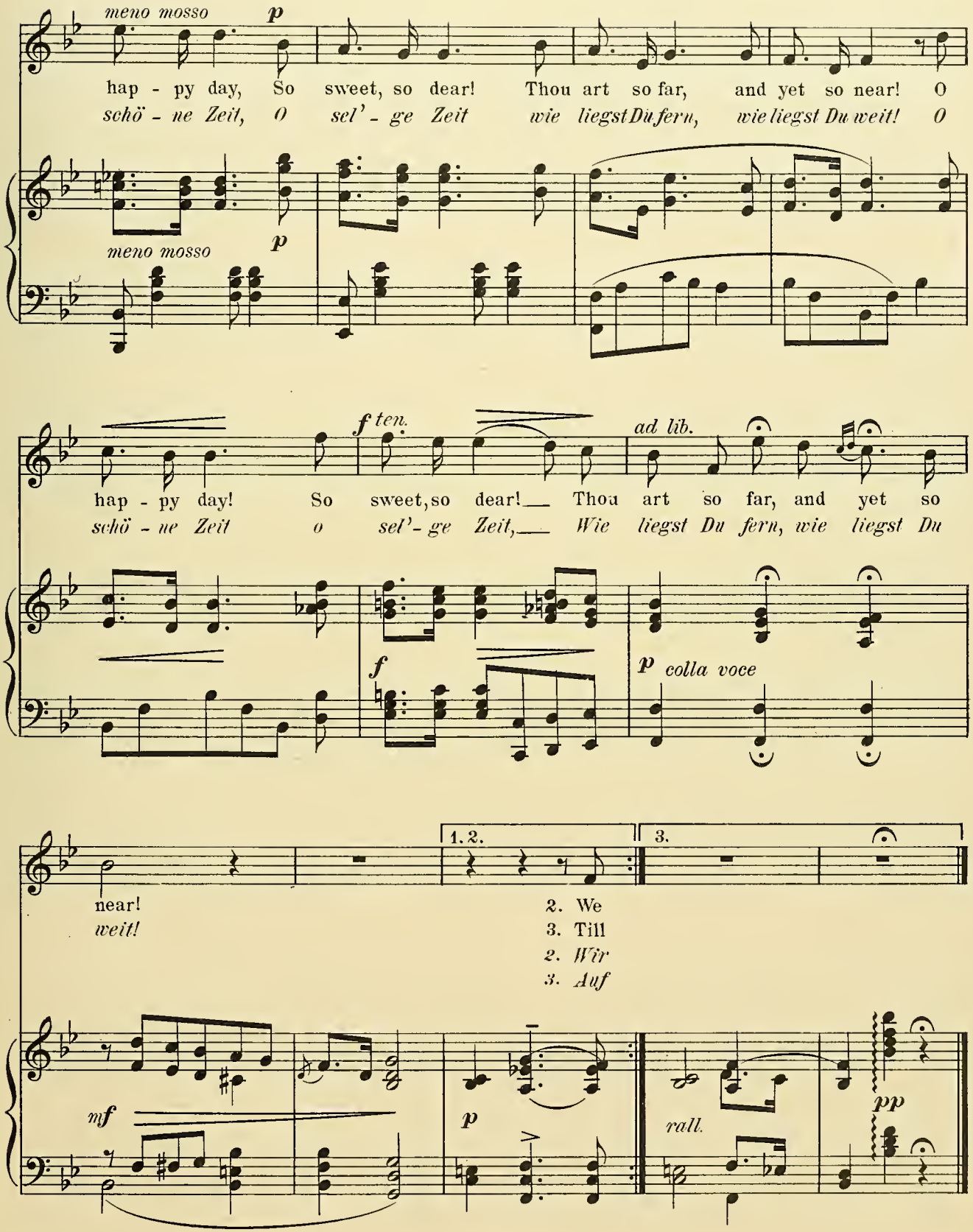
English Version by
GEORGE COOPER.

Schöne Zeit, O sel'ge Zeit.

CARL GÖTZE.




bloom - ing hill and grass - y plain. The lark it sang; the
lus - tre gave to paths we strayed! Deep in my heart, those
then I said: "Dost thou love me?" Thy an - swer came, so
Feld und Au', durch Busch und Dorn. Die Ler - che sang; der
strahl - ten hell in Se - lig - keit, Tief drang ihr Blick in's
frug ich Dich: „Bist Du mir gut?" Da sahst Du mich so
p
sun it beamed: It's rays o'er mount and val - ley gleamed.
glanc - es true out shone the sun in heav - en's blue! O
sweet and low: O sigh - ing heart dost thou not know?
Son - nen - schein lag schim-mernd ü - ber Flur und Hain.
Herz mir ein, weit schö - ner als der Son - nen - schein. O
ei - gen an: „Das weisst Du nicht, Du bö - ser Mann?"
ten.
rall.
f
ten.
rall.
f

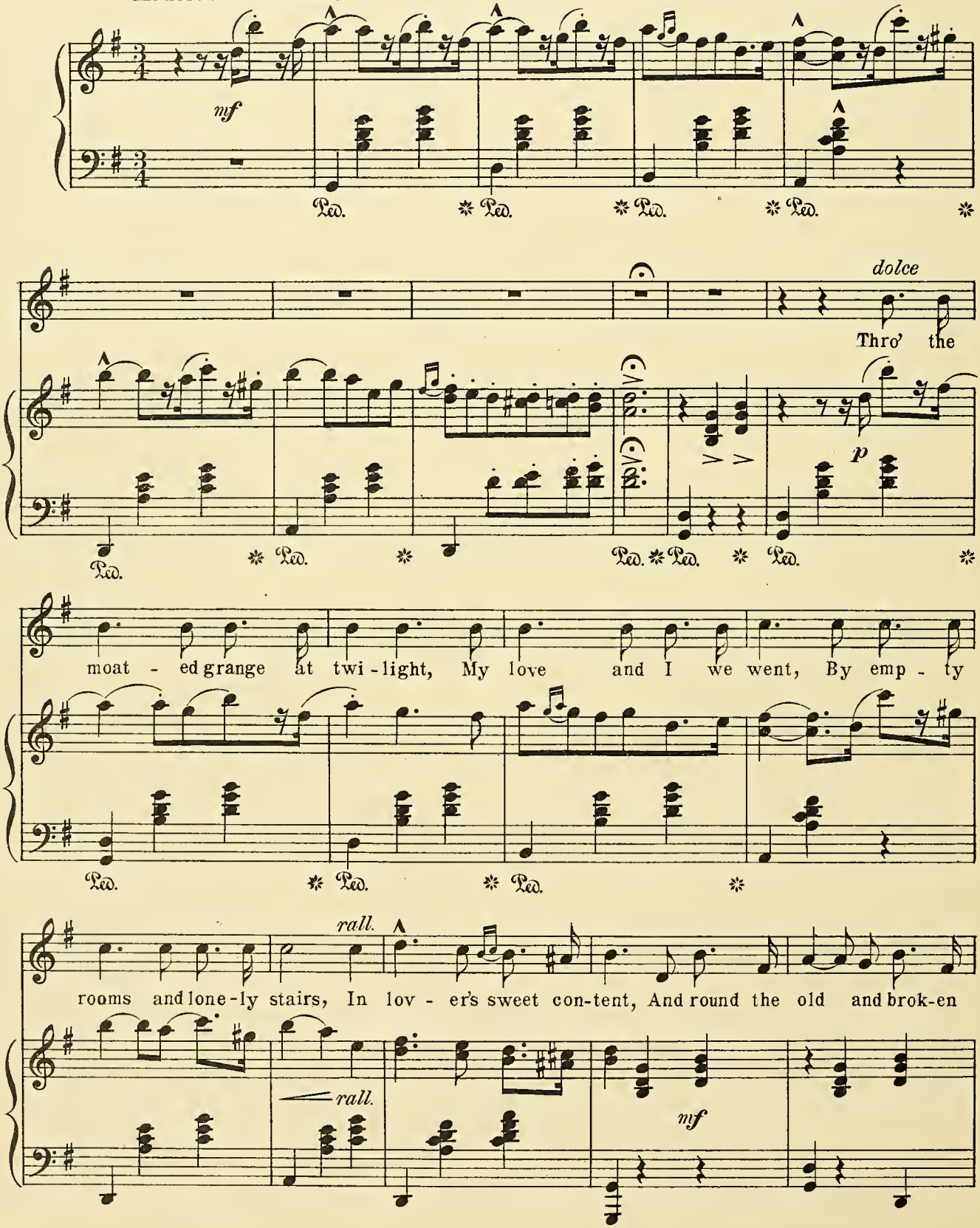

meno mosso
p
hap - py day, So sweet, so dear! Thou art so far, and yet so near! O
schö - ne Zeit, O sel' - ge Zeit wie liegst Du fern, wie liegst Du weit! O
meno mosso
p
f ten.
ad lib.
hap - py day! So sweet, so dear! Thou art so far, and yet so
schö - ne Zeit o sel' - ge Zeit, Wie liegst Du fern, wie liegst Du
f
p colla voce
1. 2.
3.
near!
weit!
2. We
3. Till
2. Wir
3. Auf
mf
p
rall.
pp

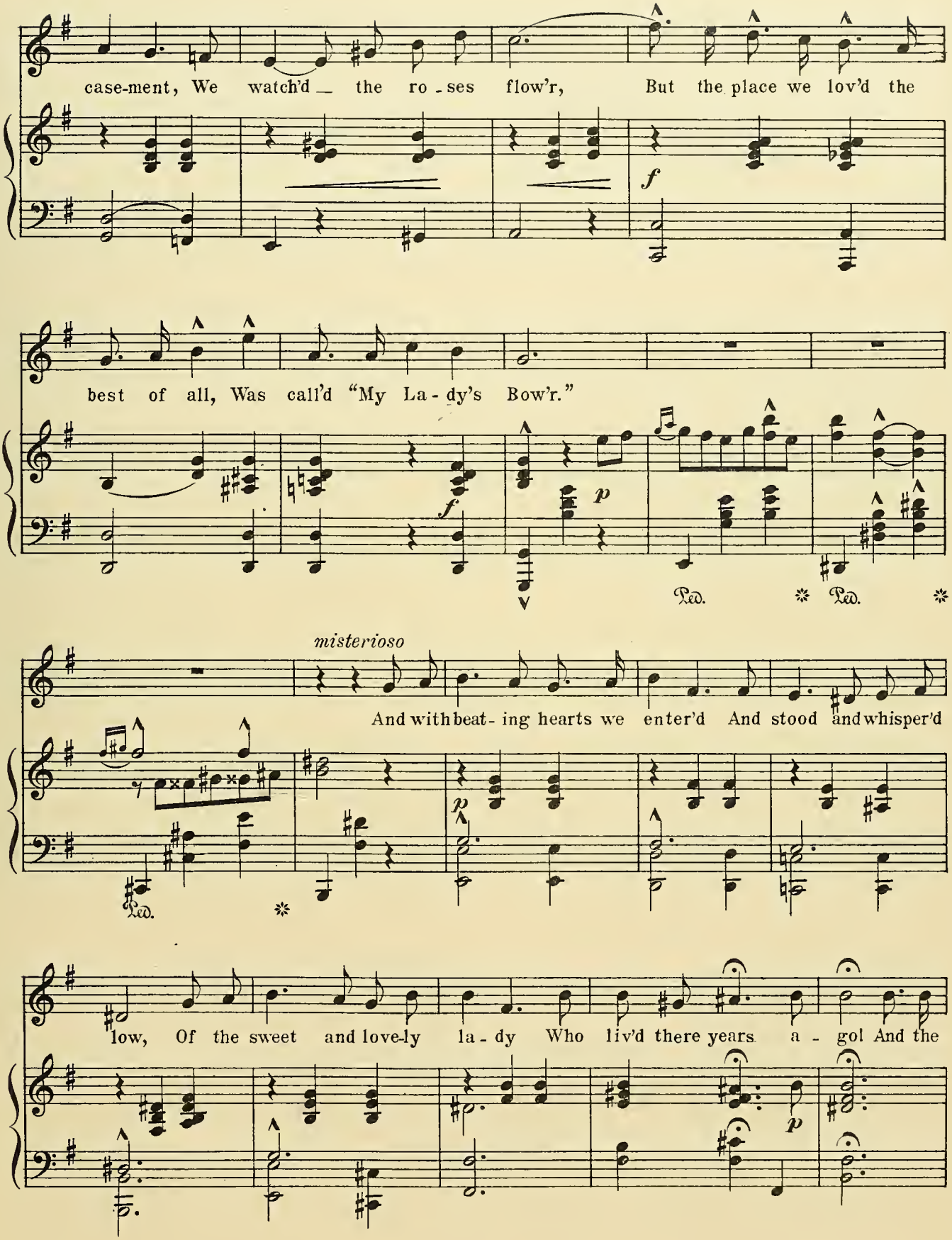
MY LADY'S BOWER.

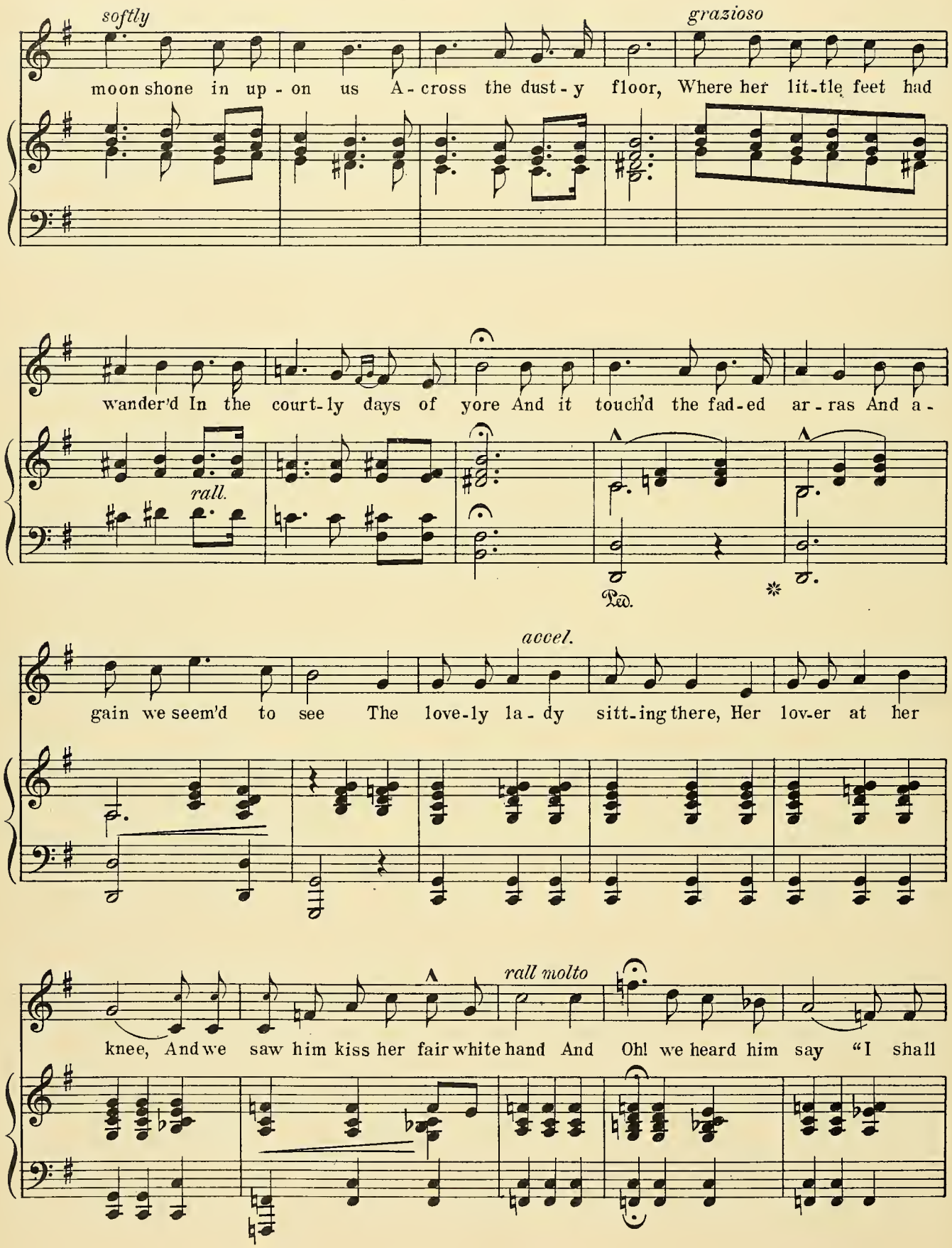
Words by
F. E. WEATHERLY.

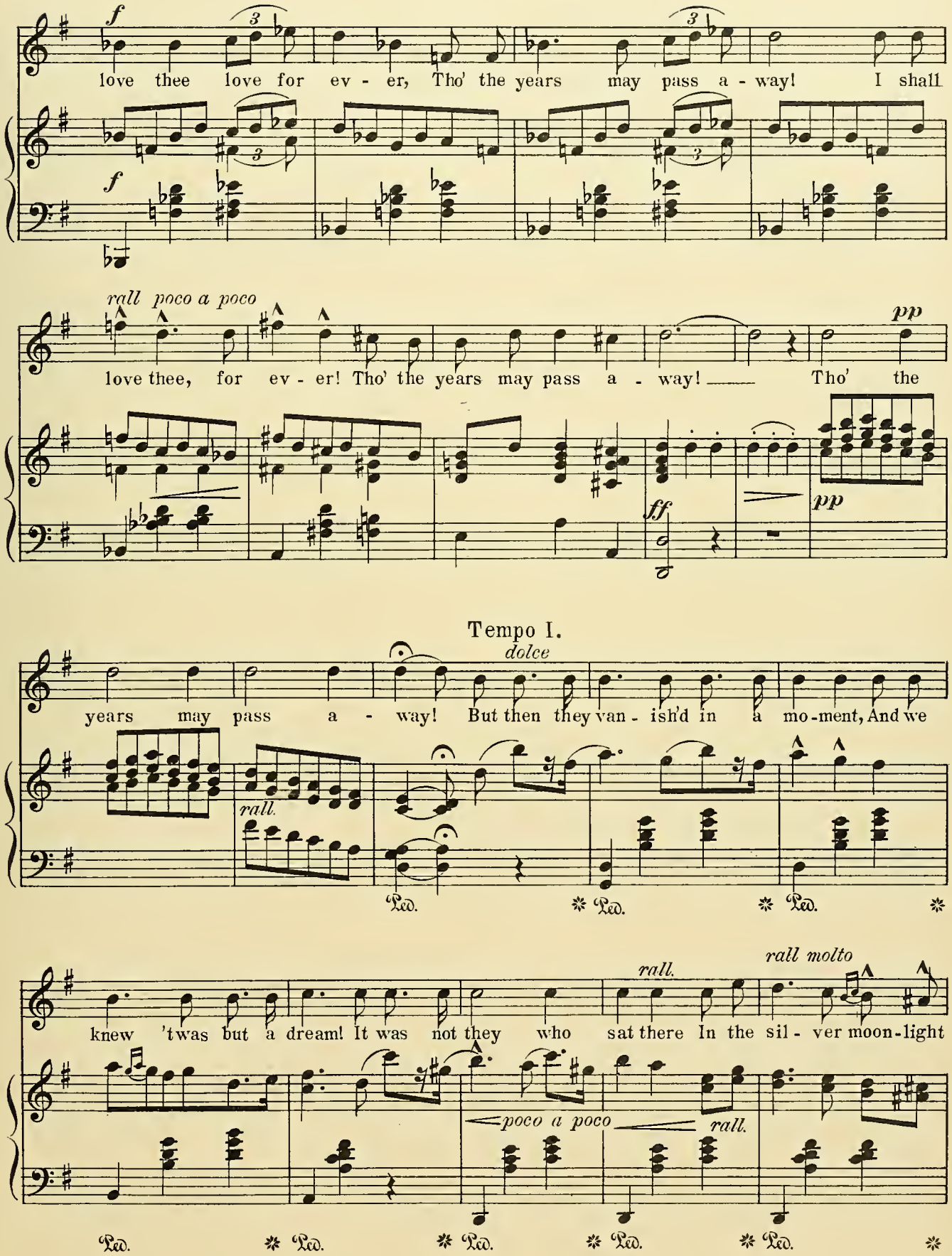
Music by
HOPE TEMPLE.

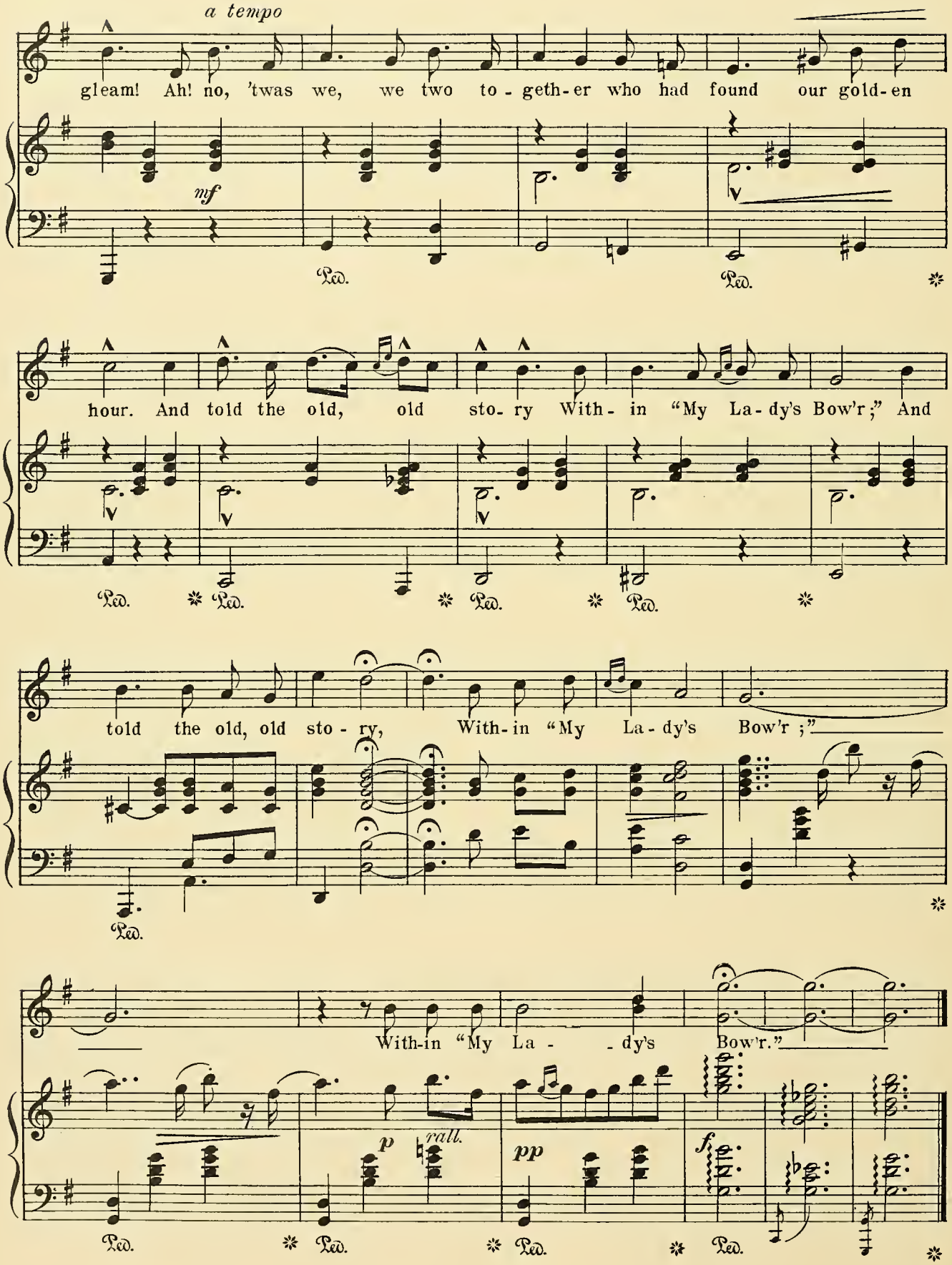
Moderato con moto.




case-ment, We watch'd the ro - ses flow'r, But the place we lov'd the
f
best of all, Was call'd "My La - dy's Bow'r."
f
p
Ped. * Ped. *
misterioso
And with beat - ing hearts we enter'd And stood and whisper'd
p
Ped. *
low, Of the sweet and love-ly la - dy Who liv'd there years a - go! And the
p


softly
moon shone in up - on us A - cross the dust - y floor,
grazioso
Where her lit-tle feet had
wander'd In the court-ly days of yore And it touch'd the fad-ed ar - ras And a -
rall.
Ped.
*
accel.
gain we seem'd to see The love-ly la - dy sitt-ing there, Her lov-er at her
knee, And we saw him kiss her fair white hand And
rall molto
Oh! we heard him say "I shall


f
love thee love for ev - er, Tho' the years may pass a - way! I shall
f
rall poco a poco
pp
love thee, for ev - er! Tho' the years may pass a - way! Tho' the
ff
pp
Tempo I.
dolce
years may pass a - way! But then they van - ish'd in a mo-ment, And we
rall.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
rall.
rall molto
knew 'twas but a dream! It was not they who sat there In the sil - ver moon-light
poco a poco
rall.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

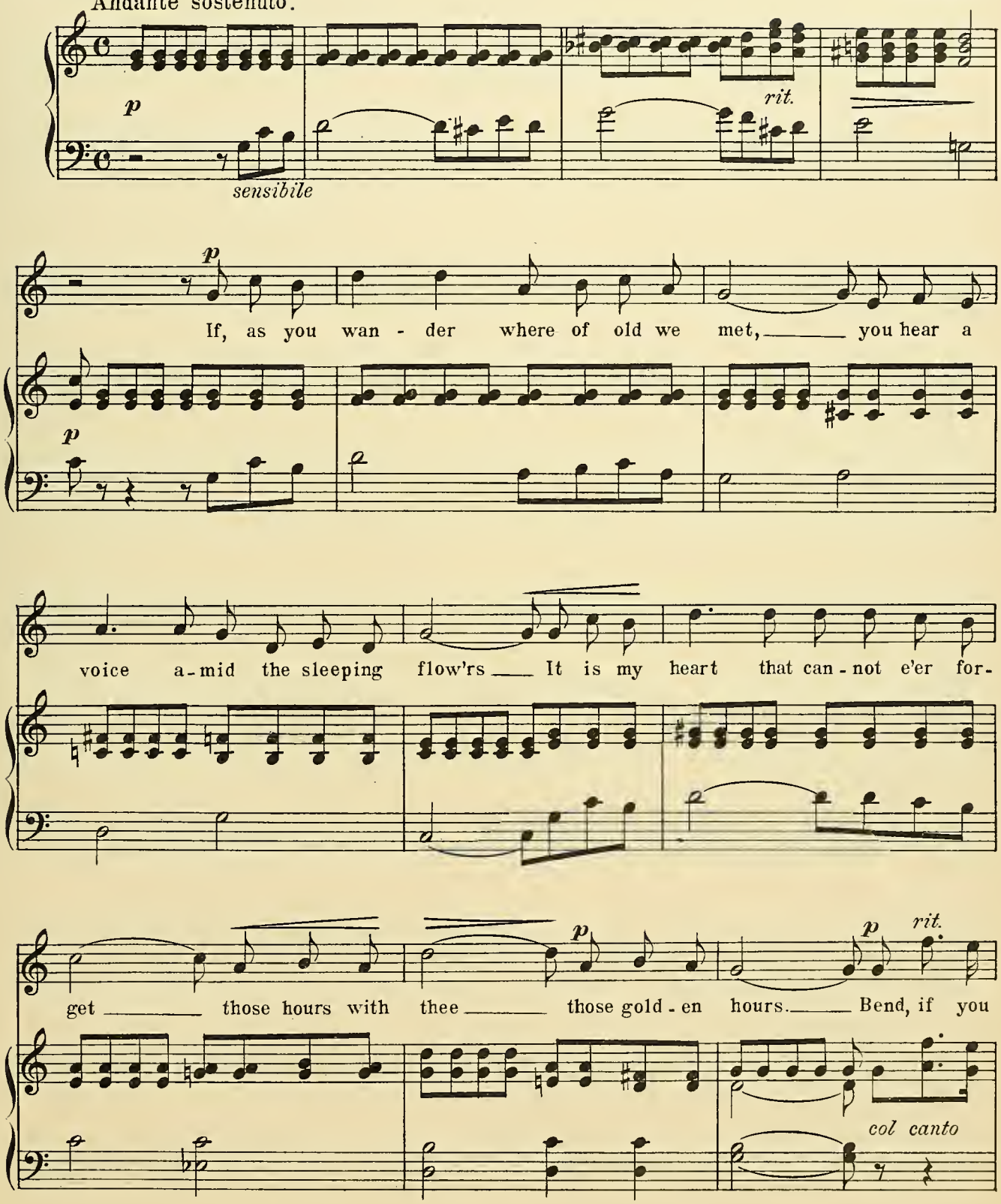

a tempo
gleam! Ah! no, 'twas we, we two to - geth - er who had found our gold - en
mf
Ped.
hour. And told the old, old sto - ry With - in "My La - dy's Bow'r;" And
told the old, old sto - ry, With - in "My La - dy's Bow'r;"
With - in "My La - - dy's Bow'r."
p
rall.
pp
f

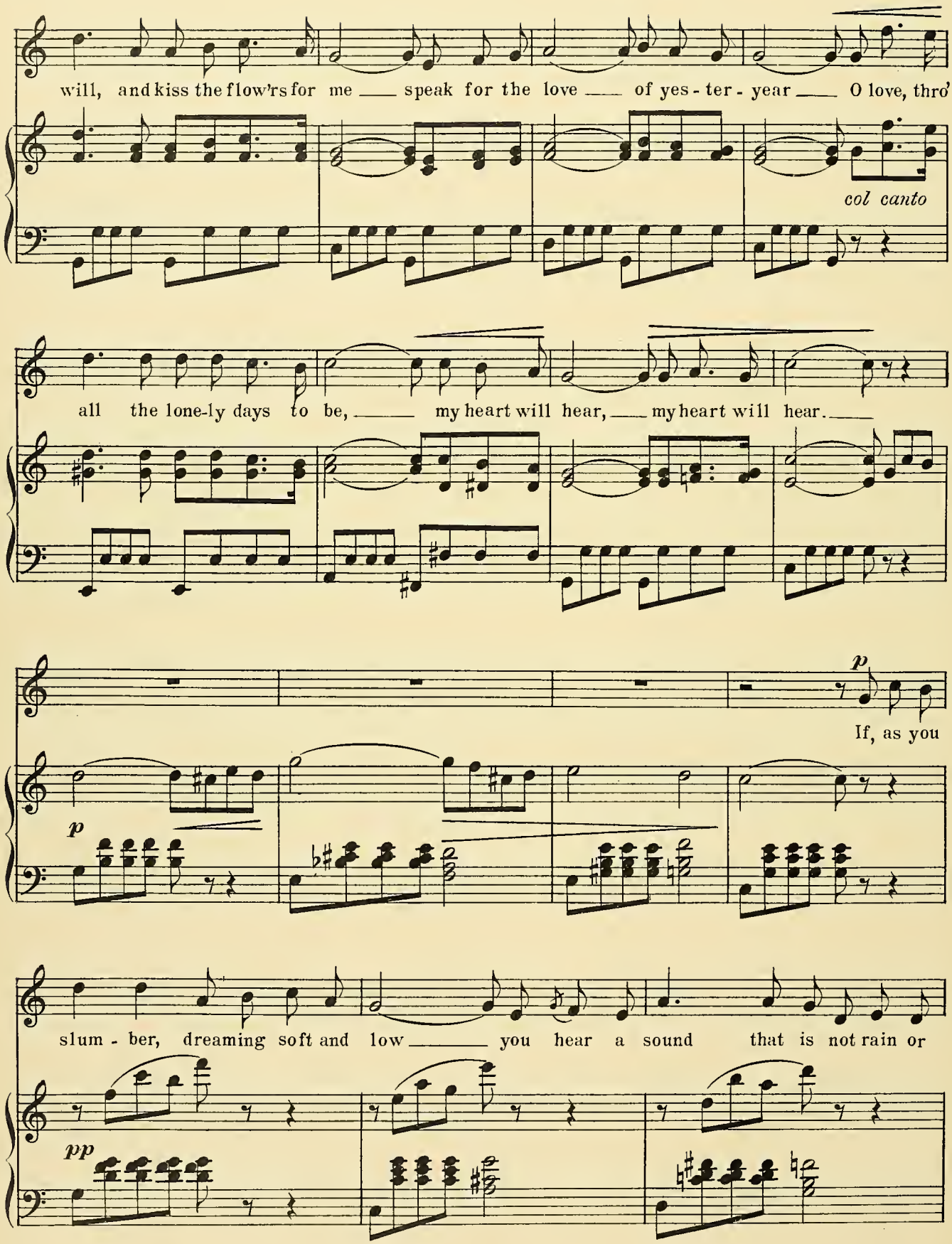
CALL ME BACK.

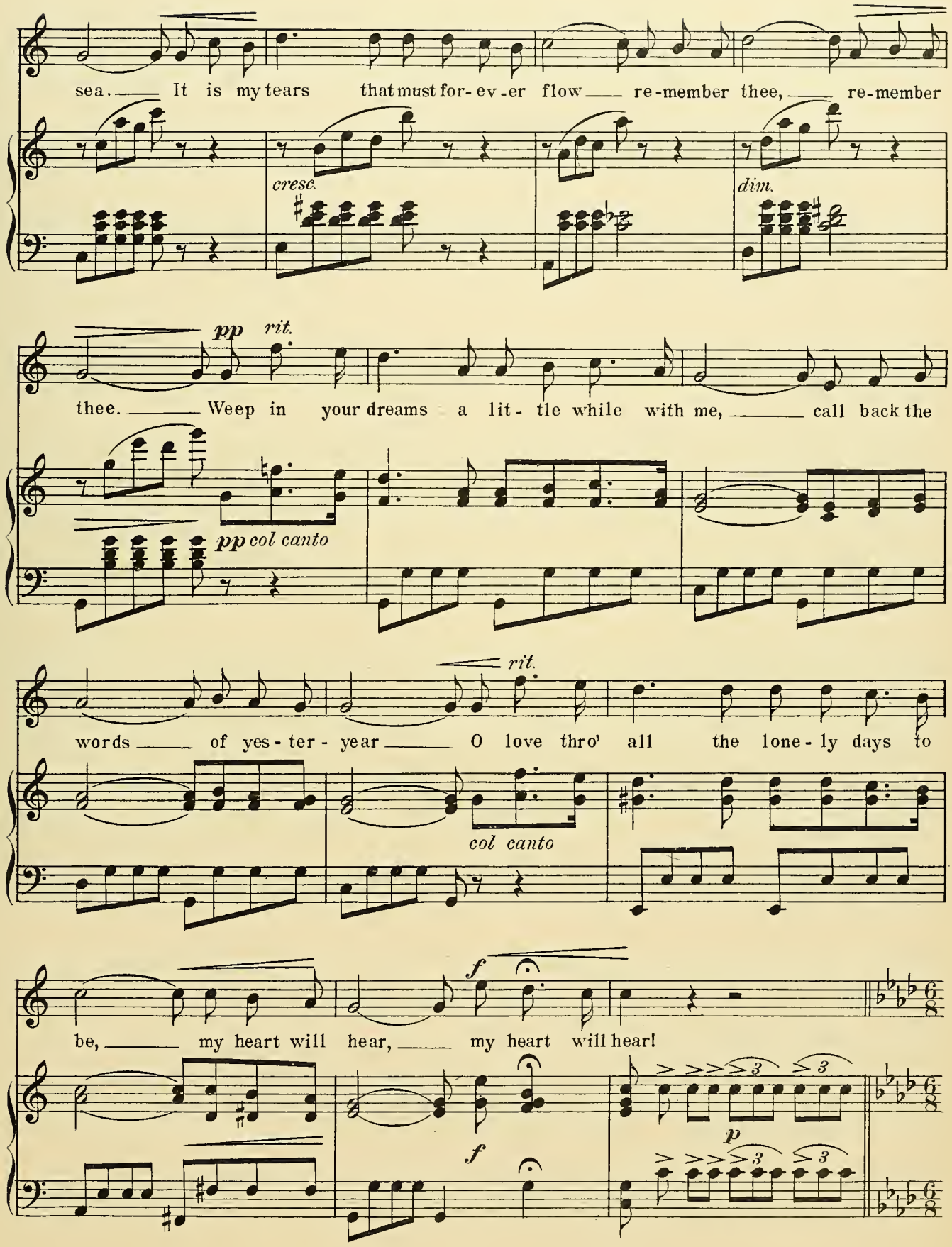
Words by
F.E.WEATHERLY.

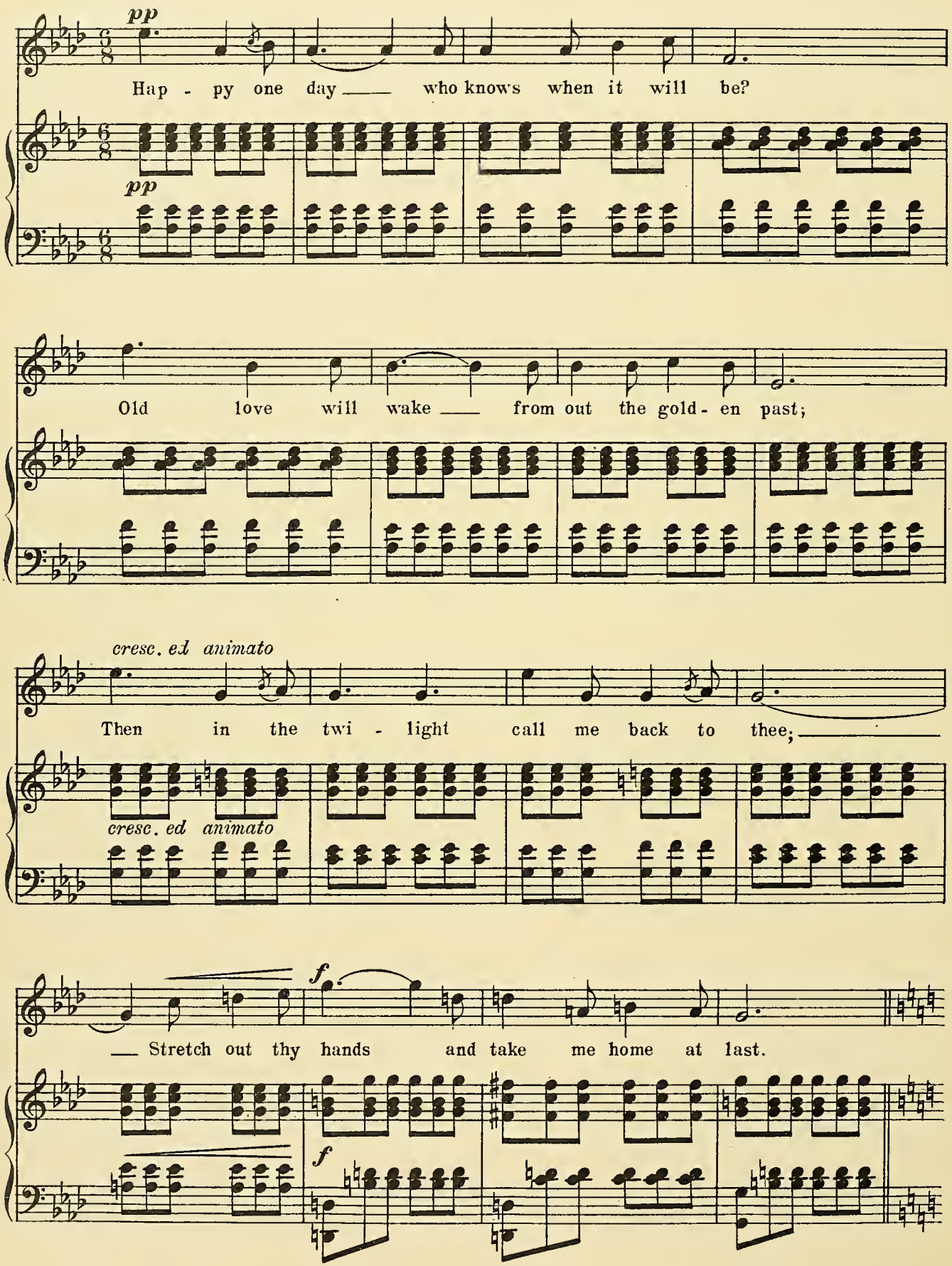
L. DENZA.

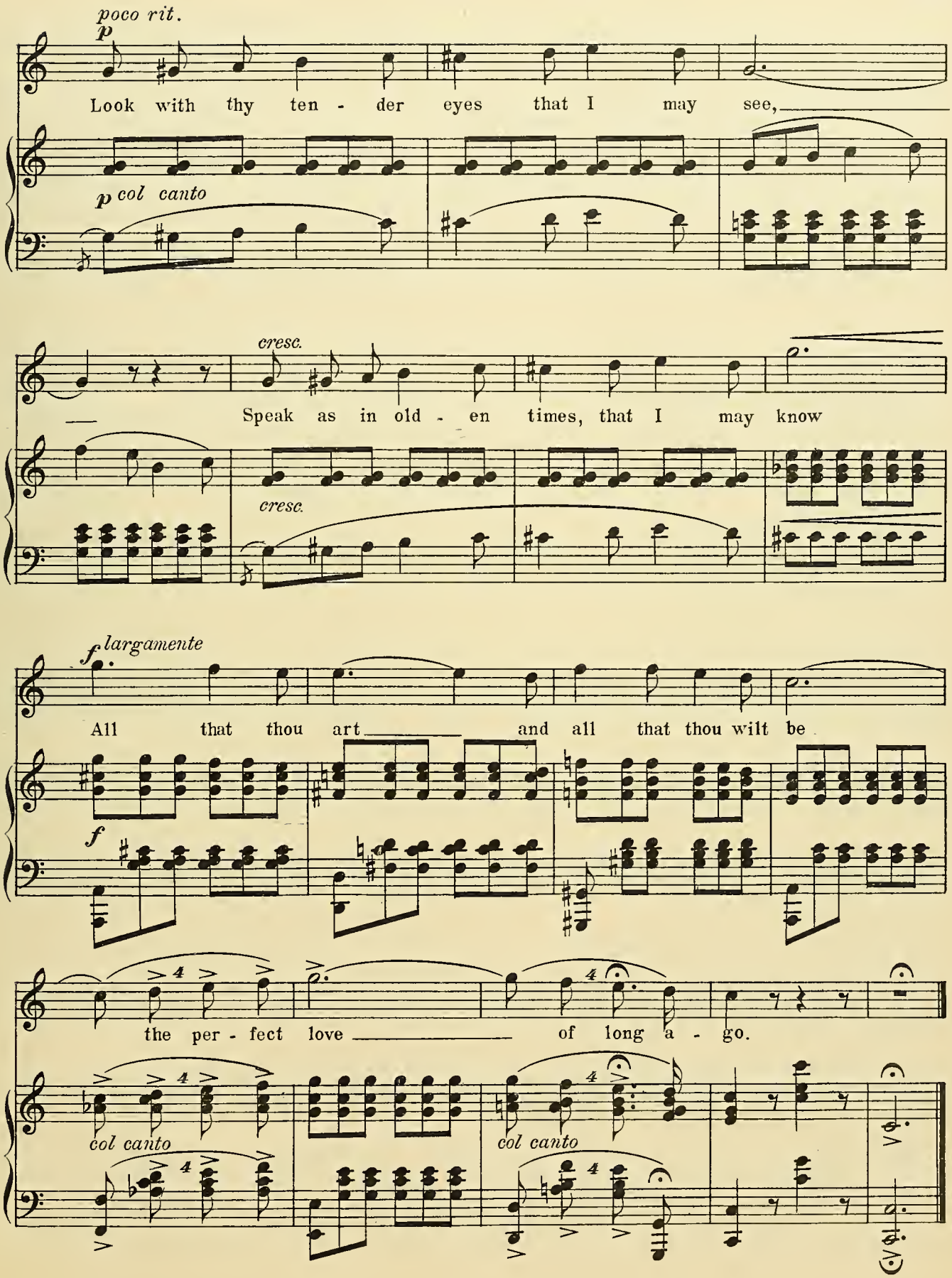
Andante sostenuto.




will, and kiss the flow'rs for me ___ speak for the love ___ of yes - ter - year ___ O love, thro'
col canto
all the lone-ly days to be, ___ my heart will hear, ___ my heart will hear. ___
p
If, as you
p
slum - ber, dreaming soft and low ___ you hear a sound that is not rain or
pp


sea. It is my tears that must for-ev-er flow re-member thee, re-member
cresc.
dim.
pp rit.
thee. Weep in your dreams a lit-tle while with me, call back the
pp col canto
rit.
words of yes-ter-year O love thro' all the lone-ly days to
col canto
f
be, my heart will hear, my heart will hear!
f
p

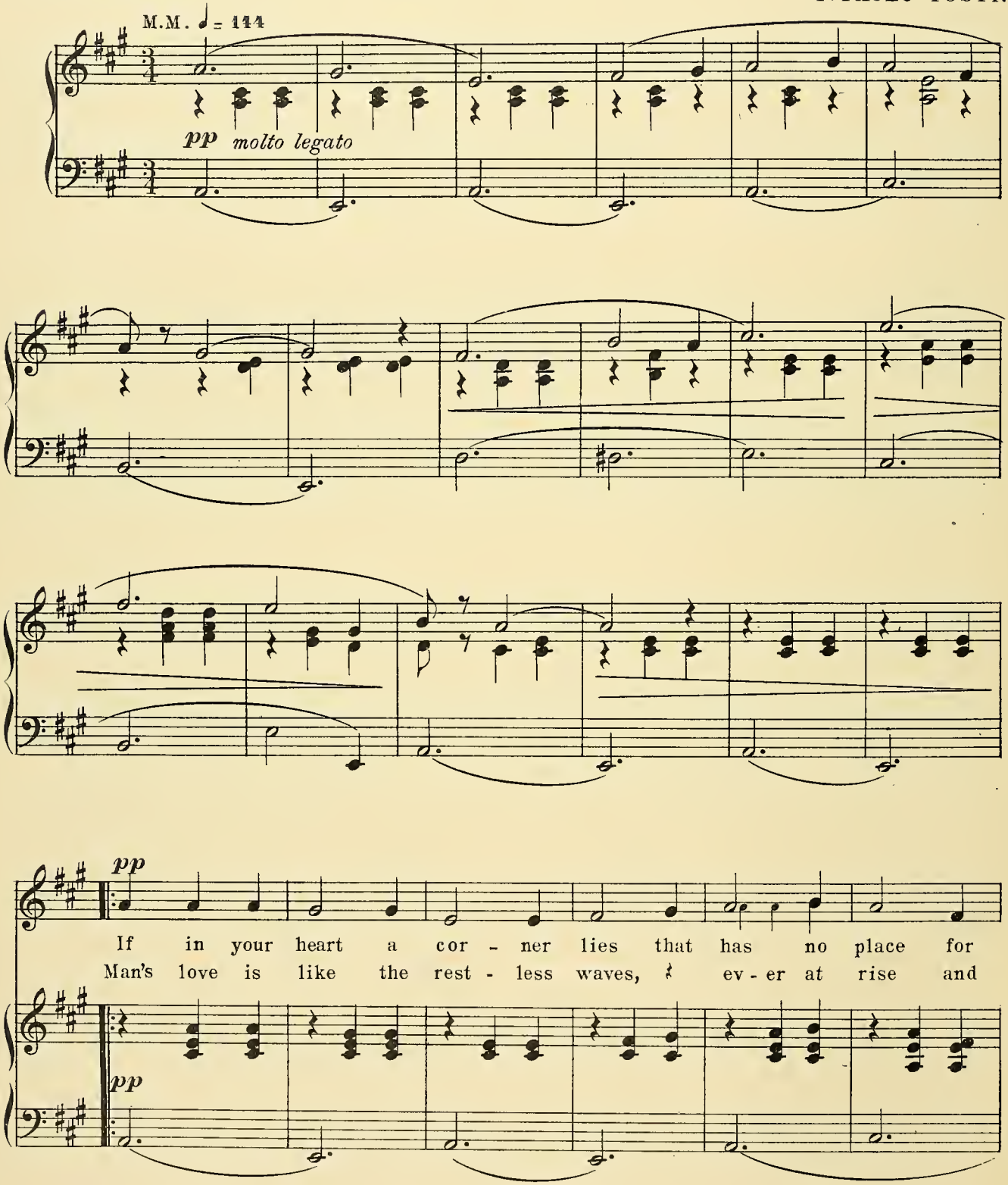

pp
Hap - py one day who knows when it will be?
pp
Old love will wake from out the gold - en past;
cresc. ed animato
Then in the twi - light call me back to thee;
cresc. ed animato
f
Stretch out thy hands and take me home at last.
f

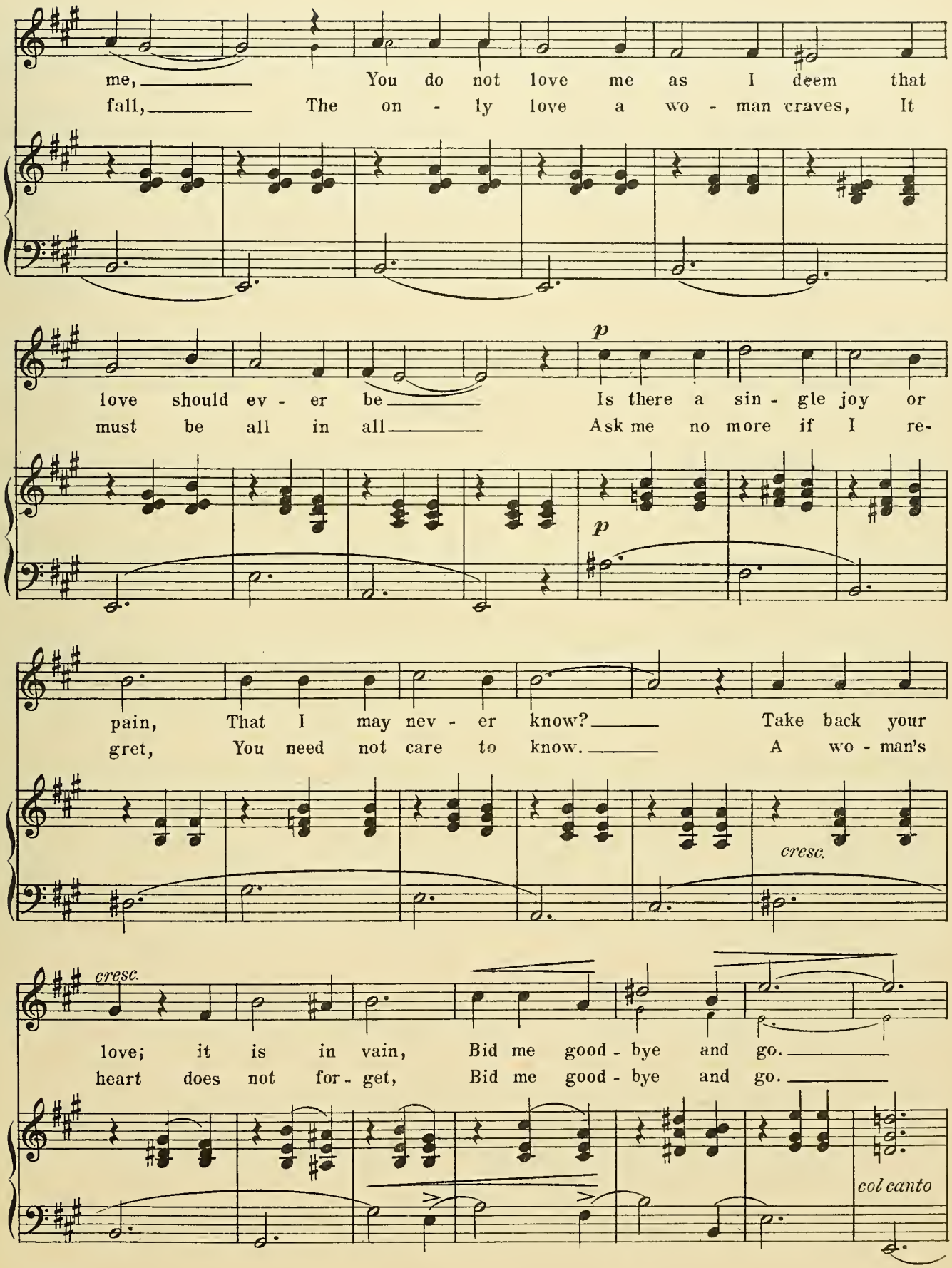

poco rit.
p
Look with thy ten - der eyes that I may see,
p col canto
cresc.
Speak as in old - en times, that I may know
cresc.
f largamente
All that thou art and all that thou wilt be
f
the per - fect love of long a - go.
col canto
col canto

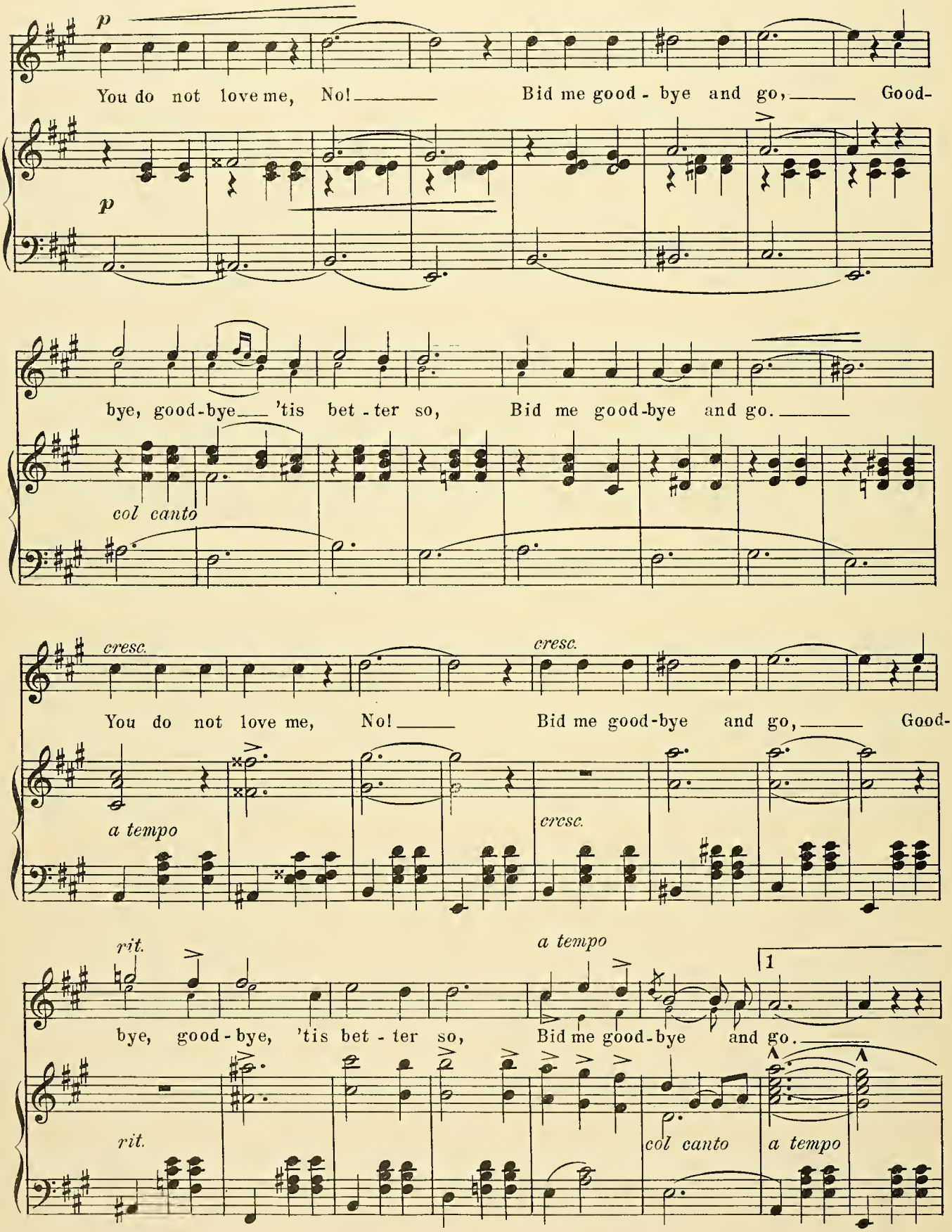
BID ME GOOD BYE.

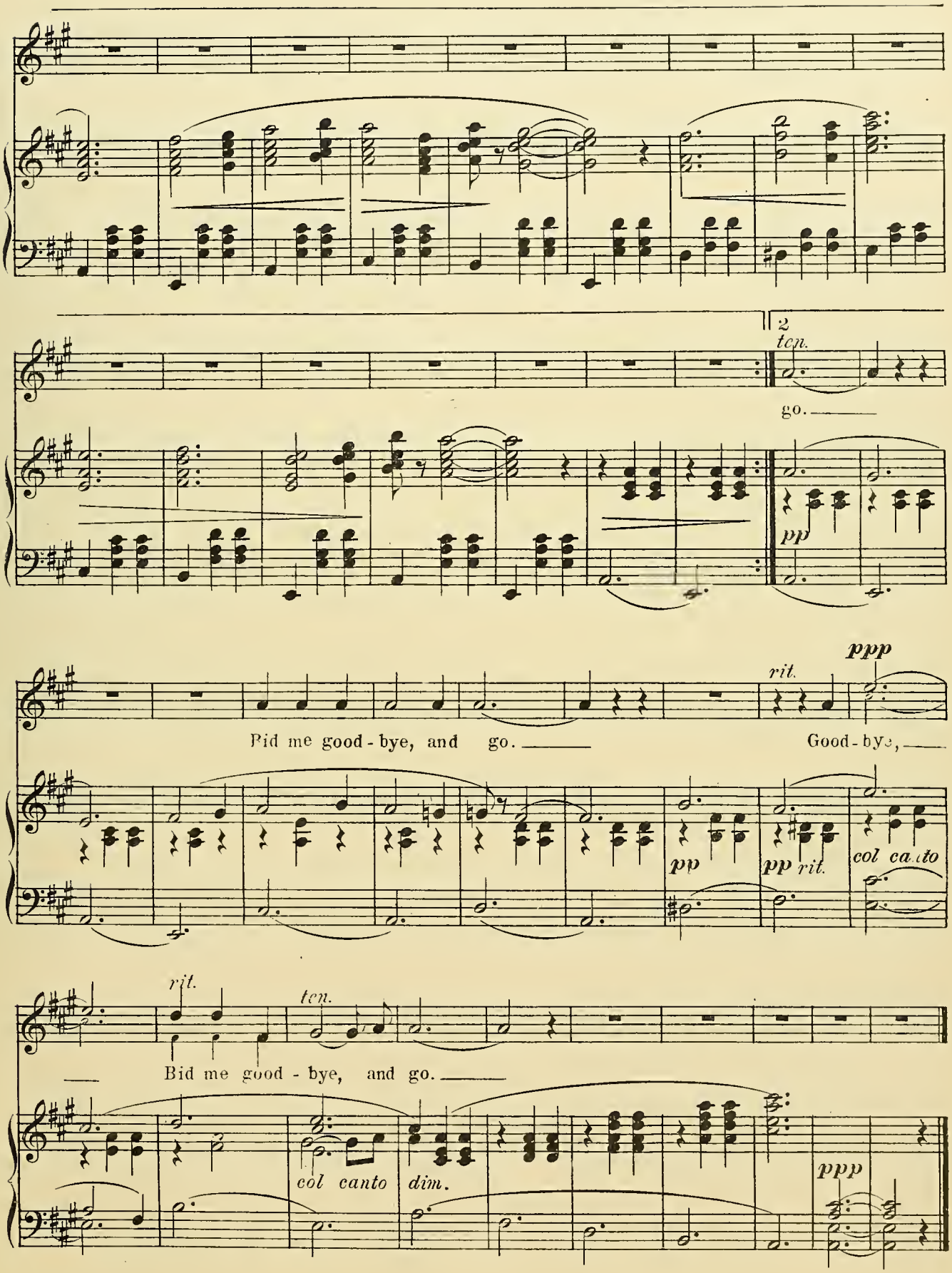
Words by
F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by
F. PAOLO TOSTI.




me, You do not love me as I deem that
fall, The on - ly love a wo - man craves, It
p
love should ev - er be Is there a sin - gle joy or
must be all in all Ask me no more if I re-
p
pain, That I may nev - er know? Take back your
gret, You need not care to know. A wo - man's
cresc.
cresc.
love; it is in vain, Bid me good - bye and go.
heart does not for - get, Bid me good - bye and go.
col canto

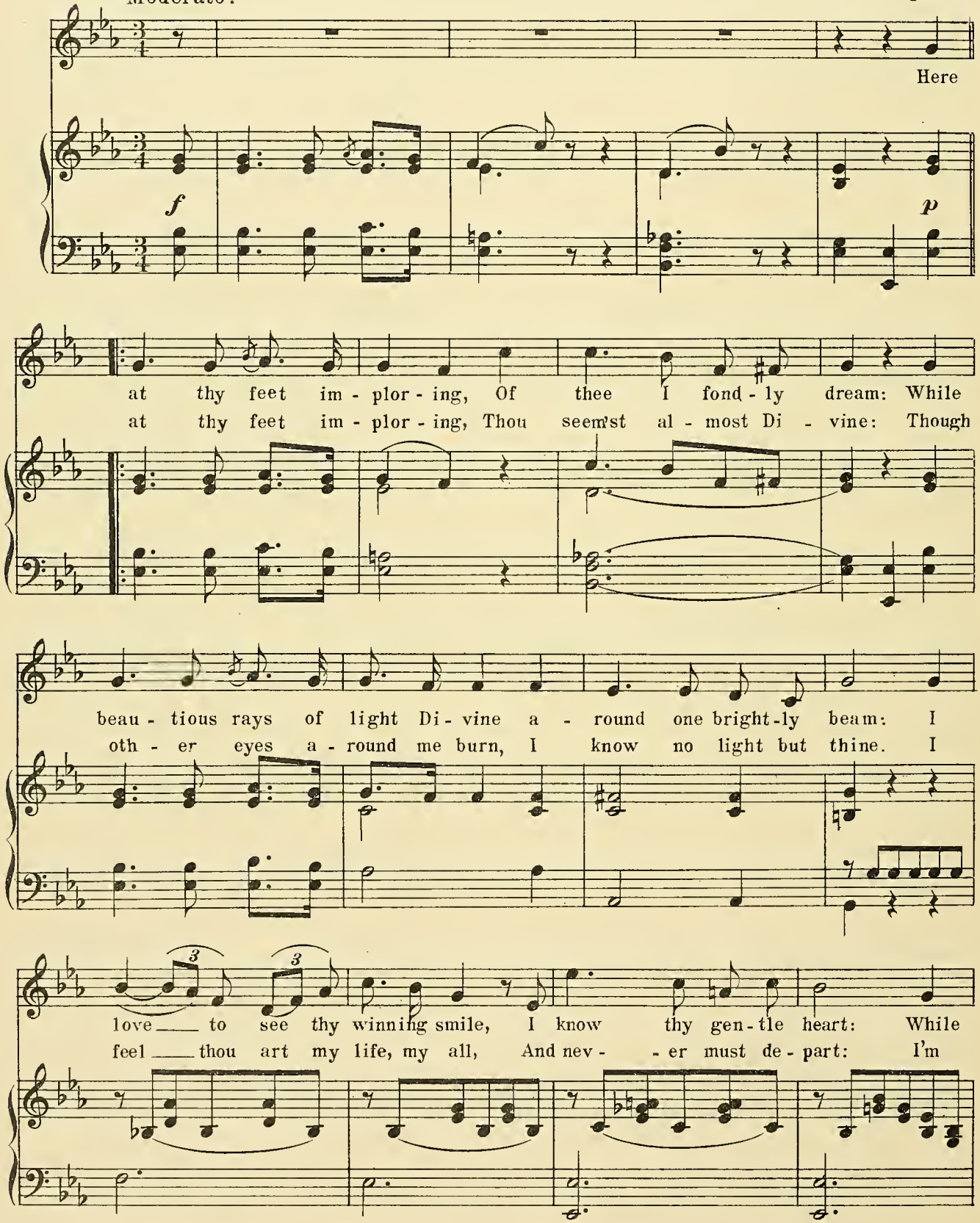

p
You do not love me, No! Bid me good - bye and go, Good-
p
bye, good-bye 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good-bye and go.
col canto
cresc.
cresc.
You do not love me, No! Bid me good-bye and go, Good-
a tempo
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
1
bye, good - bye, 'tis bet - ter so, Bid me good-bye and go.
rit.
col canto
a tempo

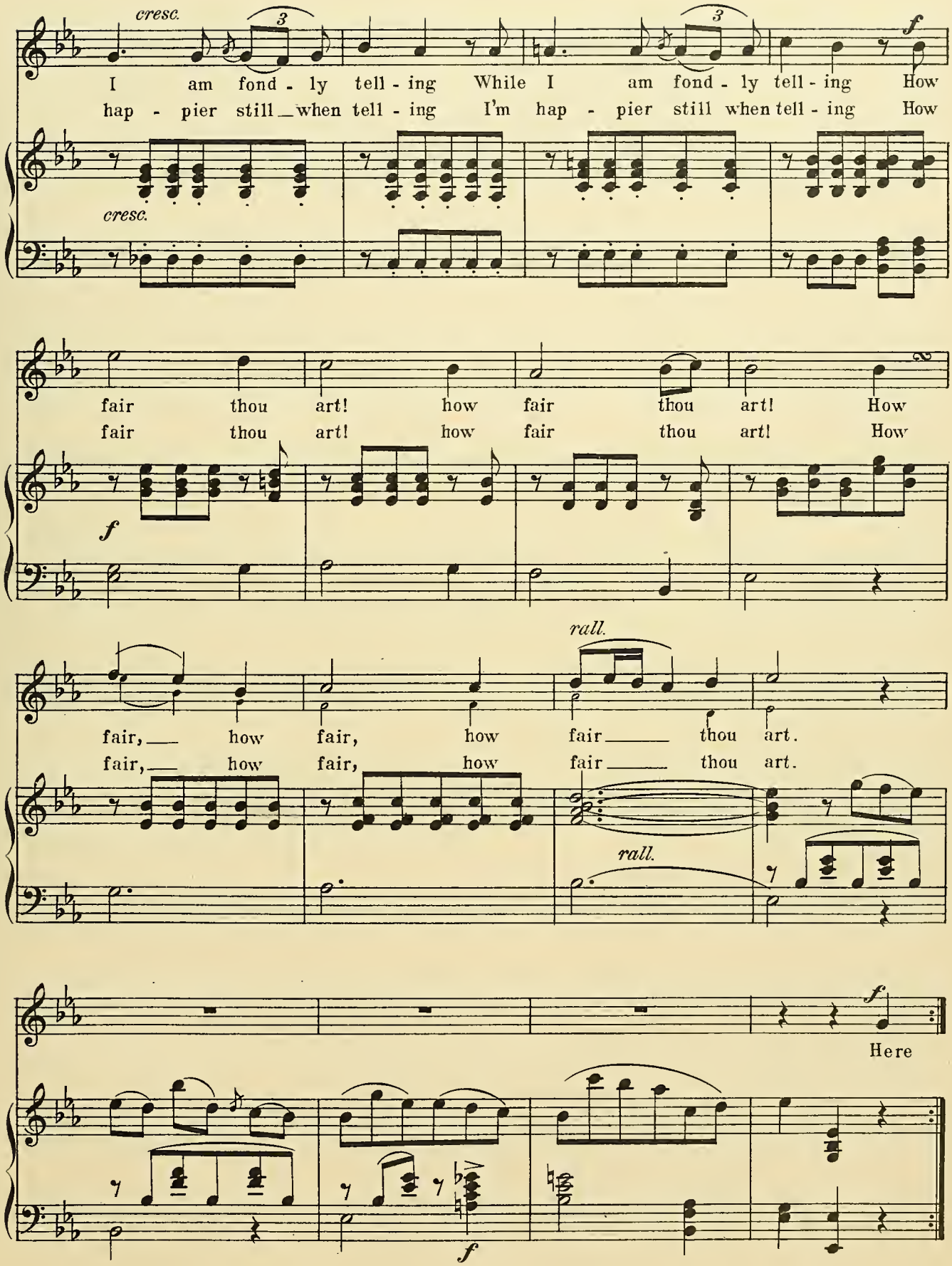

2
ten.
go.
pp
ppp
rit.
Bid me good - bye, and go.
Good - bye,
pp
pp rit.
col canto
rit.
ten.
Bid me good - bye, and go.
col canto
dim.
ppp

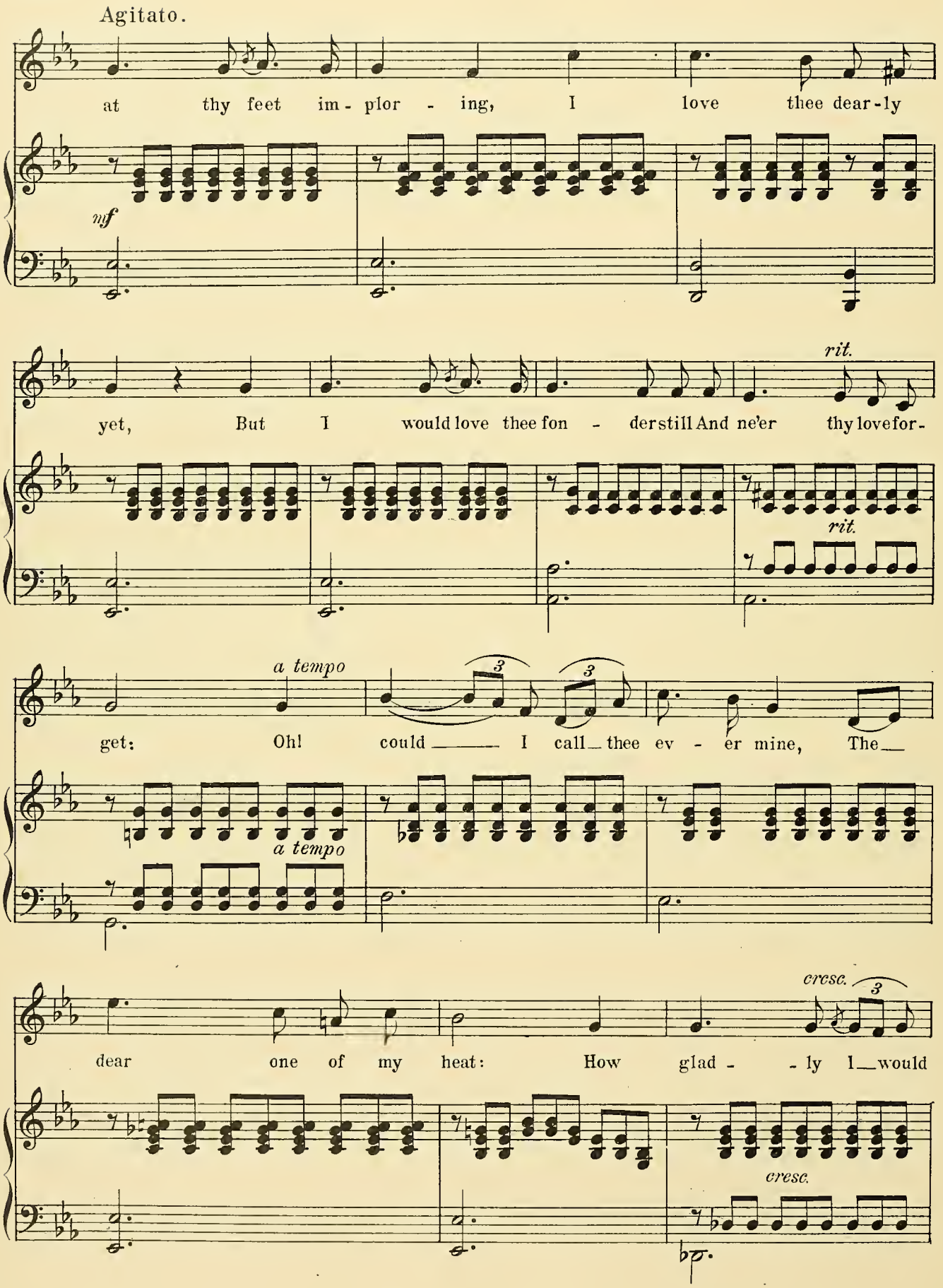
HOW FAIR THOU ART.

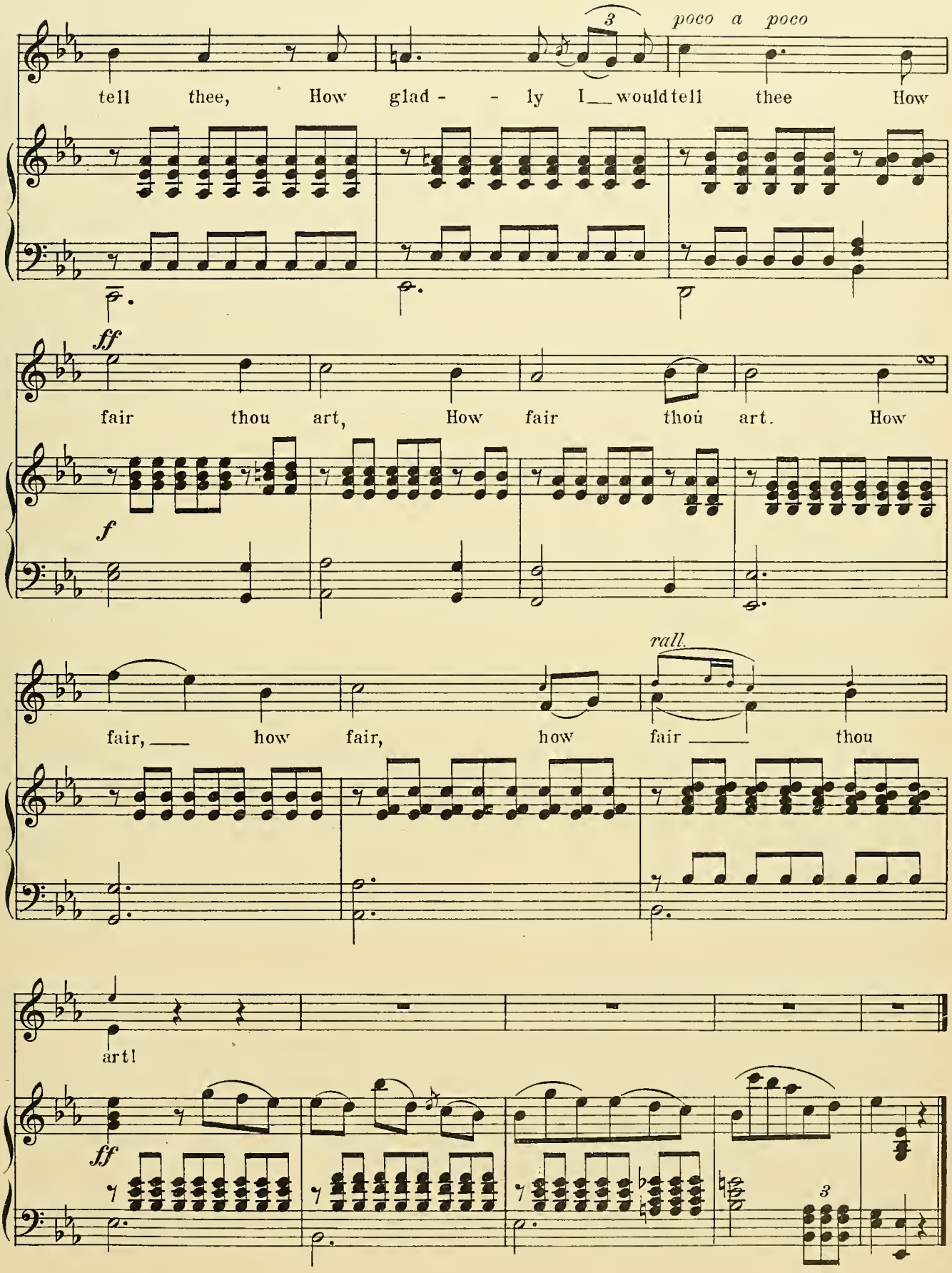
Moderato.

H. WEIDT. Op. 36.




cresc.
3
I am fond - ly tell - ing While I am fond - ly tell - ing How
hap - pier still when tell - ing I'm hap - pier still when tell - ing How
f
cresc.
fair thou art! how fair thou art! How
fair thou art! how fair thou art! How
f
rall.
fair, how fair, how fair thou art.
fair, how fair, how fair thou art.
rall.
f
Here
f


Agitato.
at thy feet im - plor - ing, I love thee dear-ly
mf
yet, But I would love thee fon - der still And ne'er thy love for-
rit.
rit.
a tempo
get: Oh! could I call thee ev - er mine, The
a tempo
dear one of my heat: How glad - - ly I would
cresc.
cresc.

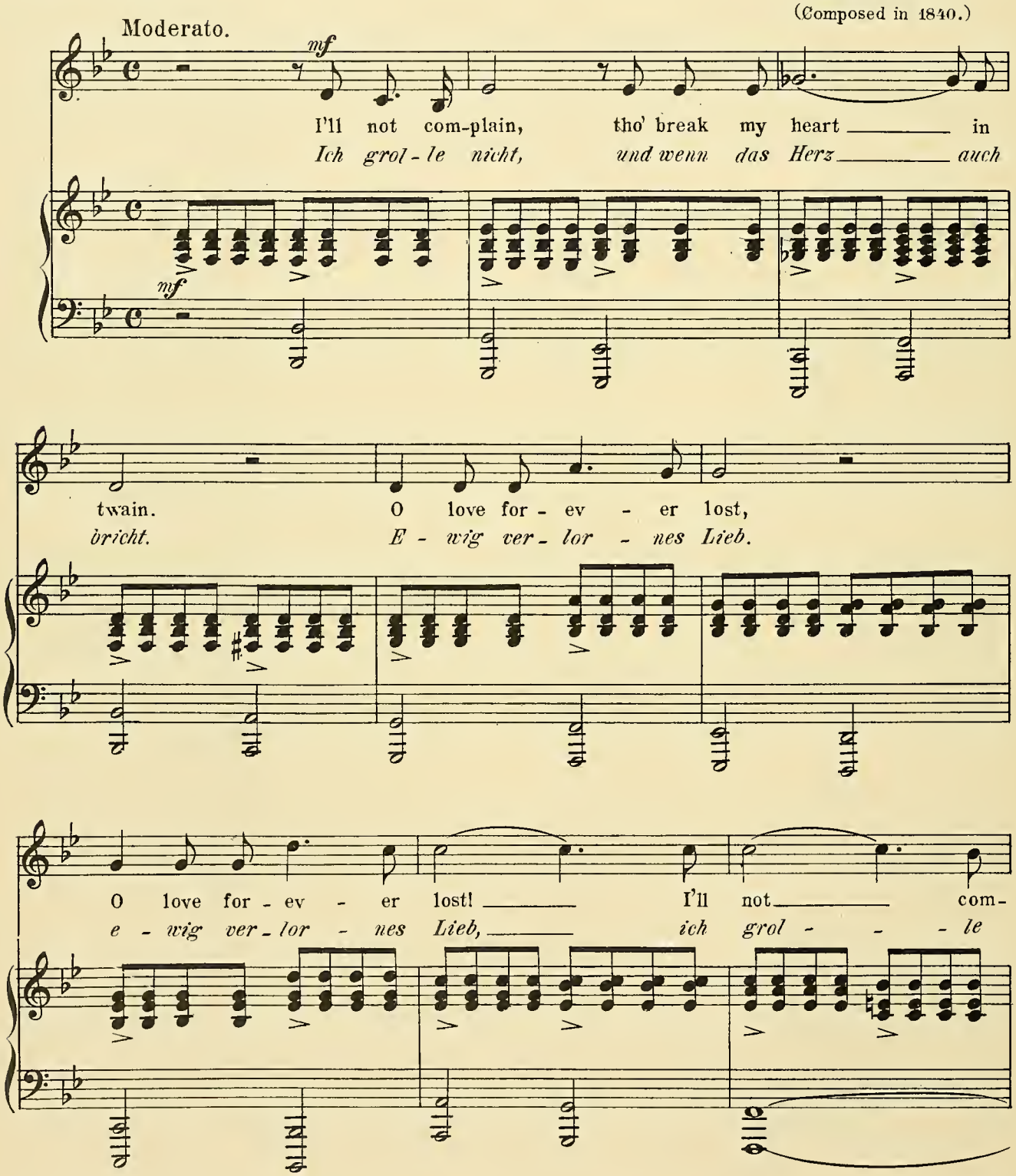

poco a poco
tell thee, How glad - - ly I would tell thee How
ff
fair thou art, How fair thou art. How
f
rall.
fair, how fair, how fair thou
art!
ff

I'LL NOT COMPLAIN.

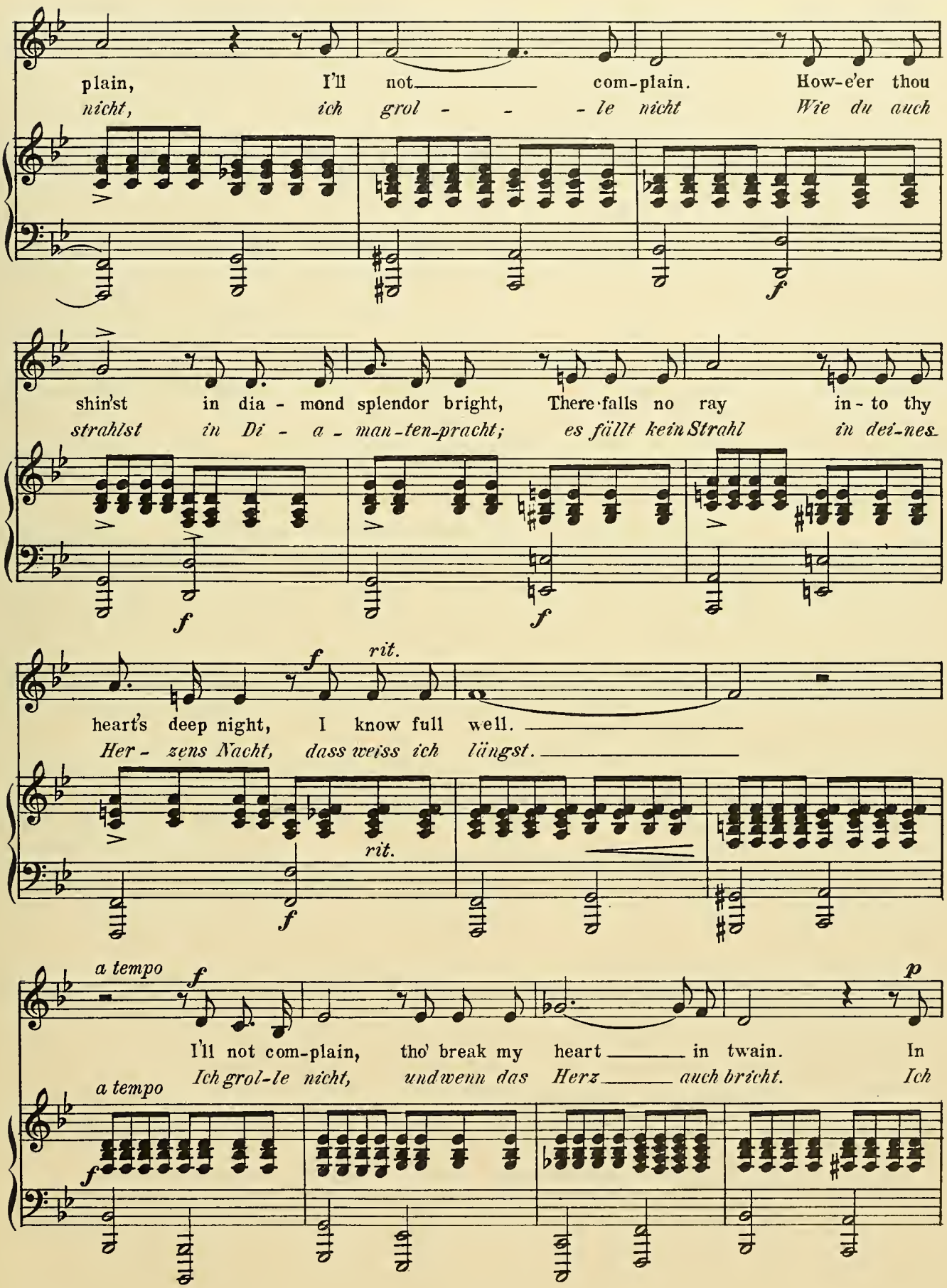
Ich grolle nicht.

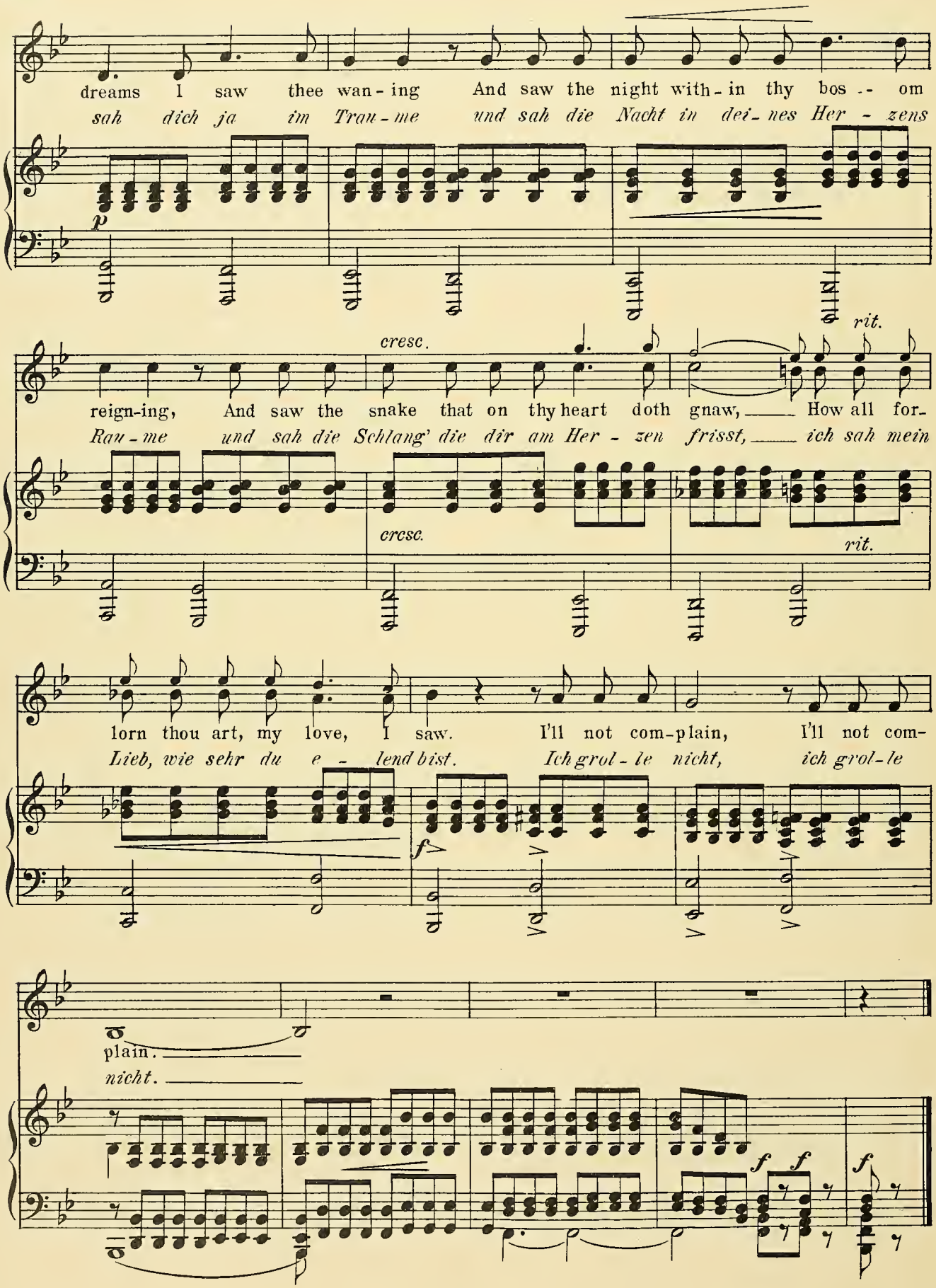
HEINRICH HEINE.
English version by
JOHN S. DWIGHT.

ROBERT SCHUMANN
Op. 48. № 7.
(Composed in 1840.)



Note: The small notes in bars 10, 9 and 8 before the close of the song were not in the original manuscript but were inserted in the engraver's proof by Schumann..

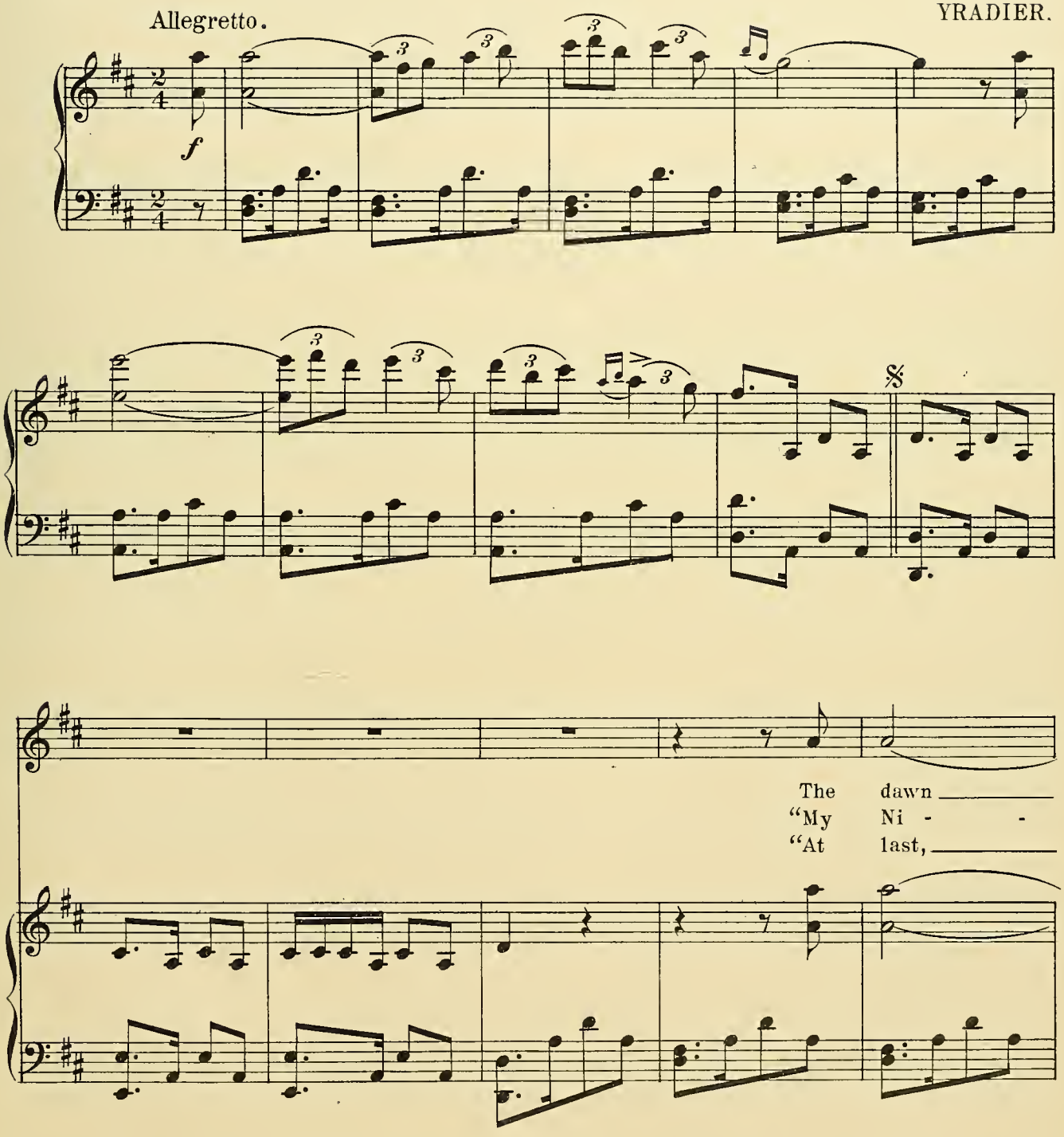

plain, I'll not com-plain. How-e'er thou
nicht, ich grol - - - le nicht Wie du auch
shin'st in dia - mond splendor bright, There falls no ray in - to thy
strahlst in Di - a - man-ten-pracht; es fällt kein Strahl in dei-nes
heart's deep night, I know full well.
Her - zens Nacht, dass weiss ich längst.
rit.
a tempo
I'll not com-plain, tho' break my heart in twain. In
Ich grol-le nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht. Ich


dreams I saw thee wan - ing And saw the night with - in thy bos - - om
sah dich ja im Trau - me und sah die Nacht in dei - nes Her - zens
p
cresc.
rit.
reign-ing, And saw the snake that on thy heart doth gnaw, How all for-
Rau - me und sah die Schlang' die dir am Her - zen frisst, ich sah mein
cresc.
rit.
lorn thou art, my love, I saw. I'll not com-plain, I'll not com-
Lieb, wie sehr du e - lend bist. Ich grol - le nicht, ich grol - le
f
plain.
nicht.
f f f

THE DOVE.

La Colombe.

English version by
GEORGE COOPER.



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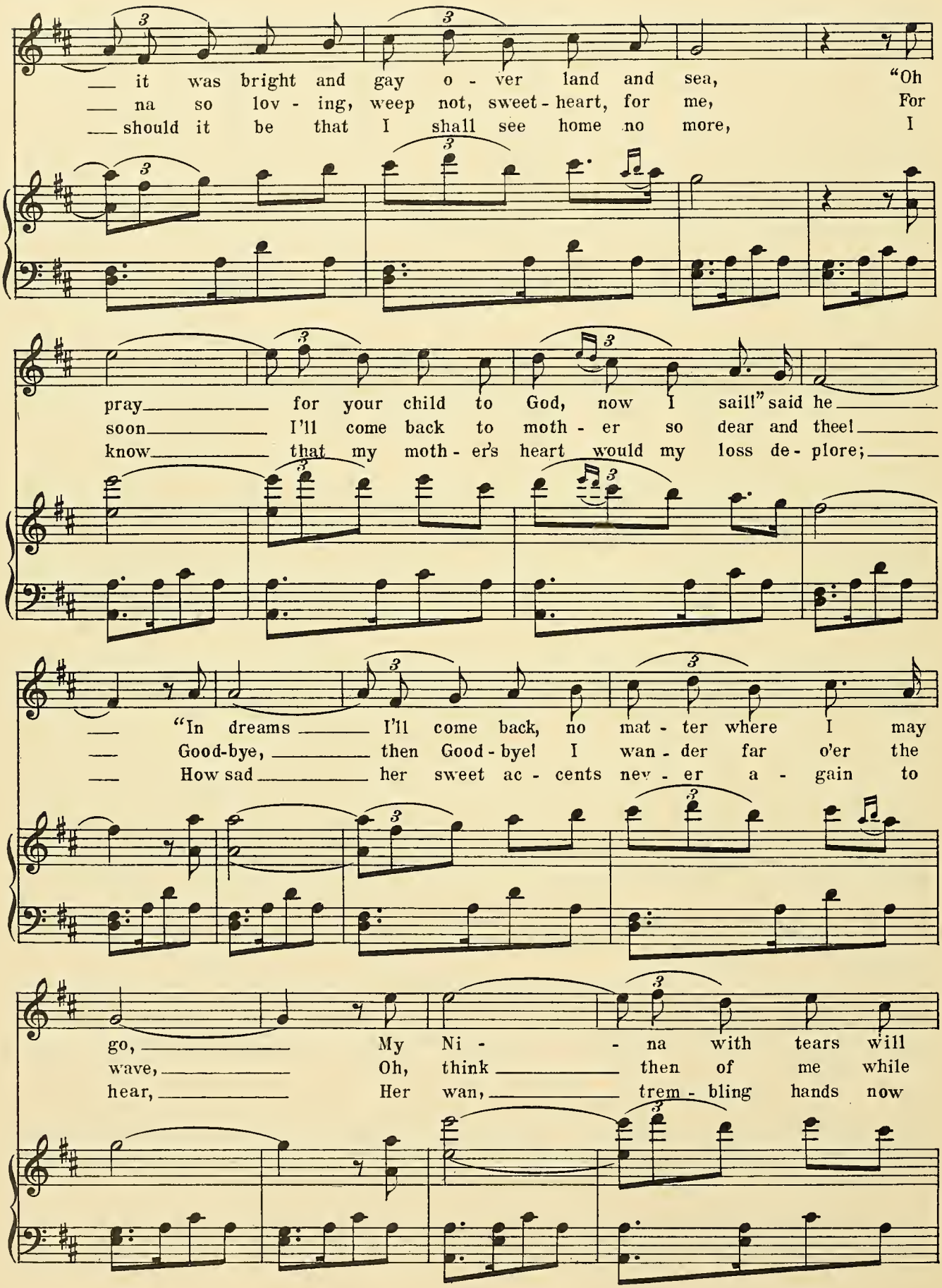
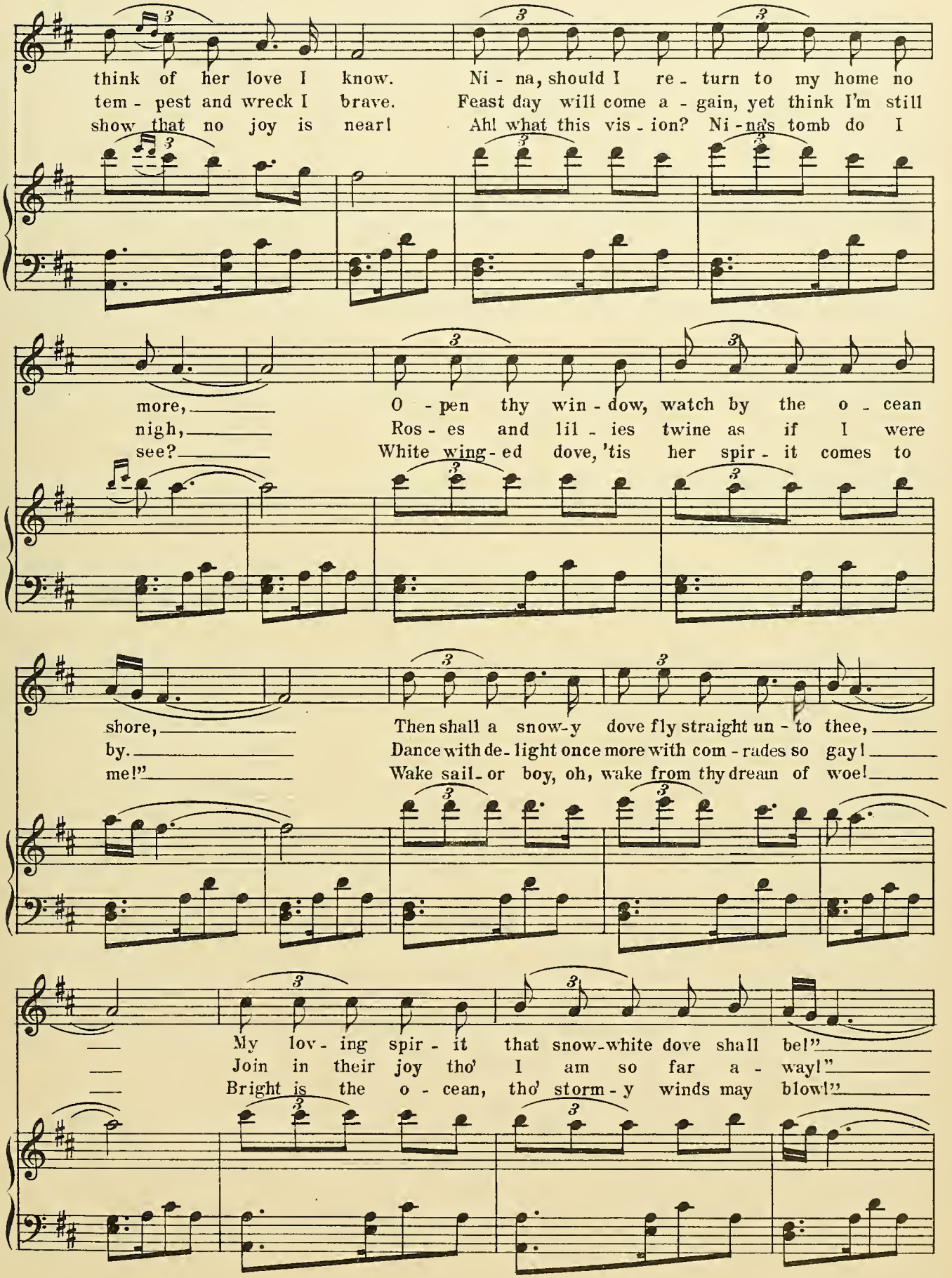
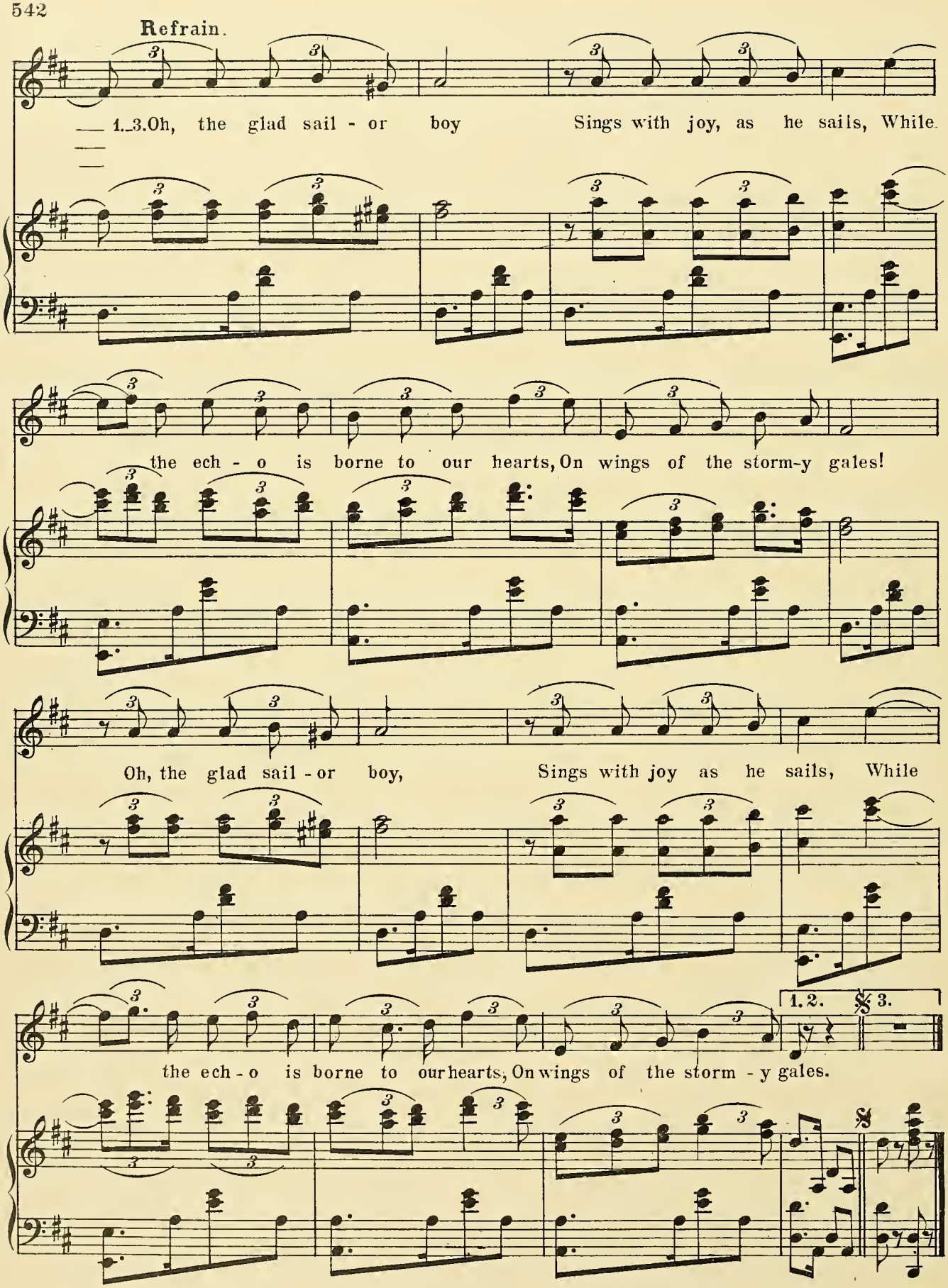
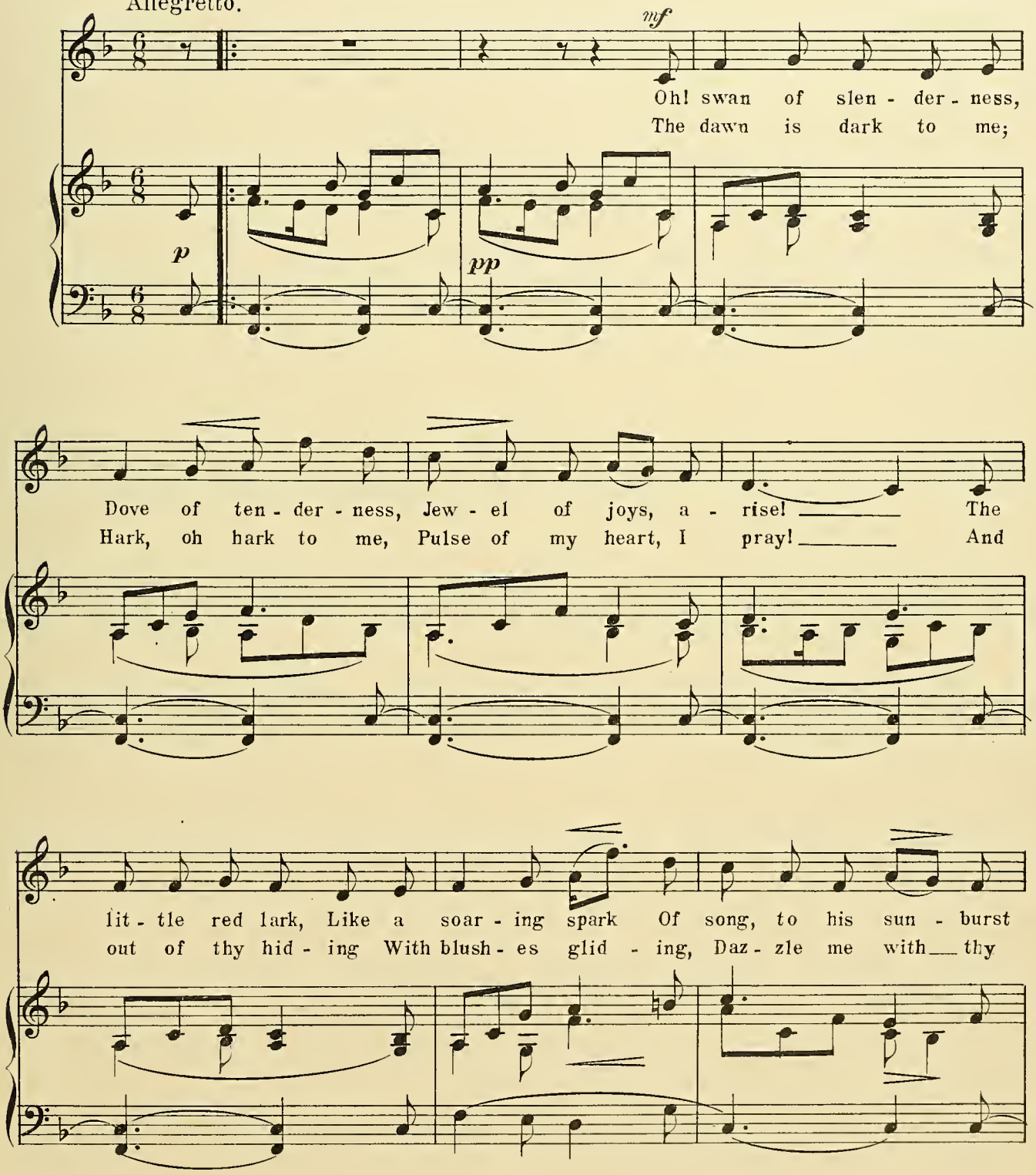

it was bright and gay o - ver land and sea, "Oh
na so lov - ing, weep not, sweet - heart, for me, For
should it be that I shall see home no more, I
pray for your child to God, now I sail!" said he
soon I'll come back to moth - er so dear and thee!
know that my moth - er's heart would my loss de - plore;
"In dreams I'll come back, no mat - ter where I may
Good-bye, then Good - bye! I wan - der far o'er the
How sad her sweet ac - cents nev - er a - gain to
go, My Ni - na with tears will
wave, Oh, think then of me while
hear, Her wan, trem - bling hands now

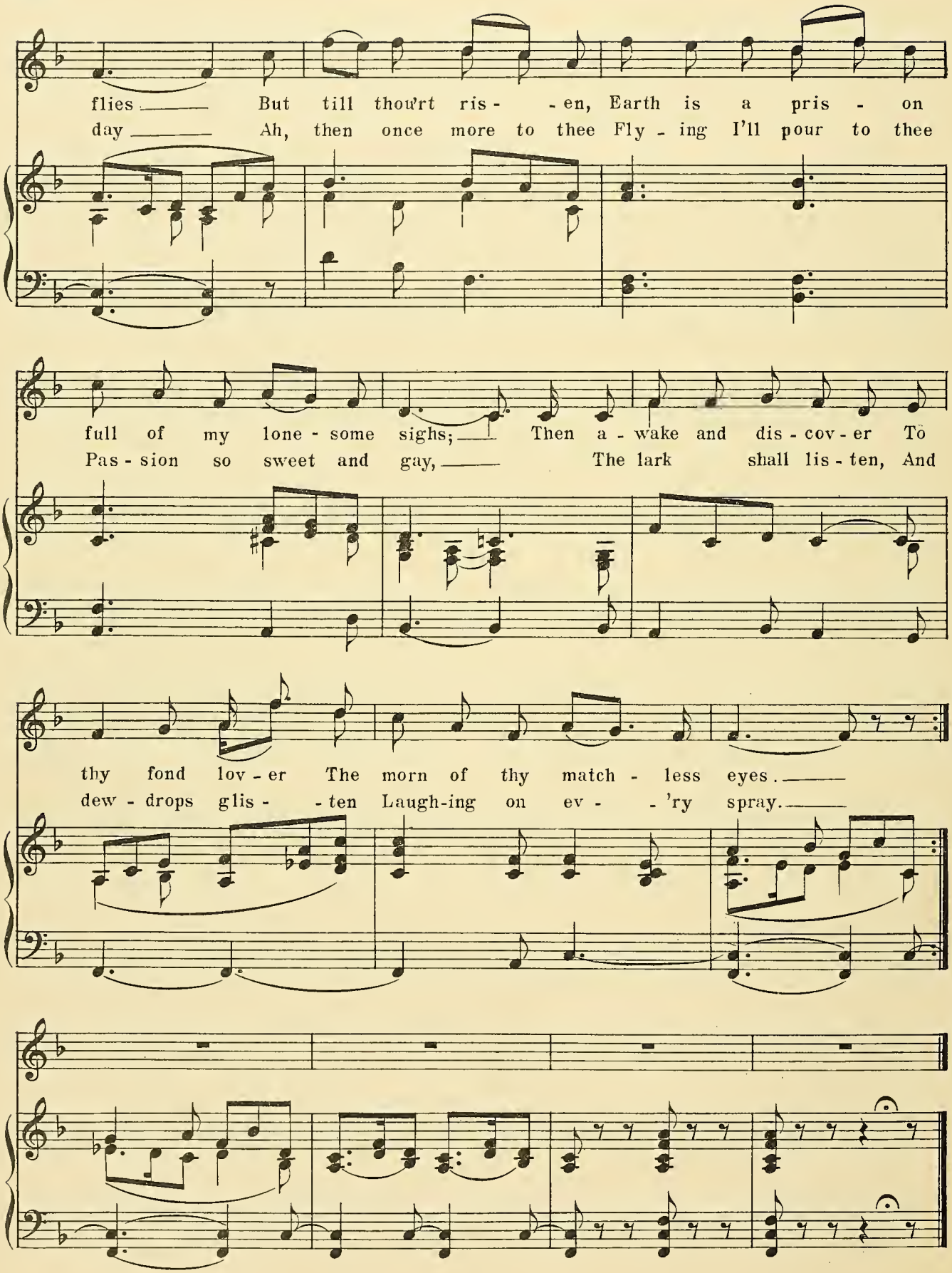

think of her love I know. Ni - na, should I re - turn to my home no
tem - pest and wreck I brave. Feast day will come a - gain, yet think I'm still
show that no joy is near! Ah! what this vis - ion? Ni - na's tomb do I
more,
nigh,
see?
O - pen thy win - dow, watch by the o - cean
Ros - es and lil - ies twine as if I were
White wing - ed dove, 'tis her spir - it comes to
shore,
by.
me!"
Then shall a snow-y dove fly straight un - to thee,
Dance with de - light once more with com - rades so gay!
Wake sail - or boy, oh, wake from thy dream of woe!
My lov - ing spir - it that snow-white dove shall be!"
Join in their joy tho' I am so far a - way!"
Bright is the o - cean, tho' storm - y winds may blow!"


Refrain.
1.3. Oh, the glad sail - or boy Sings with joy, as he sails, While
the ech - o is borne to our hearts, On wings of the storm-y gales!
Oh, the glad sail - or boy, Sings with joy as he sails, While
1.2. 3.
the ech - o is borne to our hearts, On wings of the storm - y gales.

THE LITTLE RED LARK.

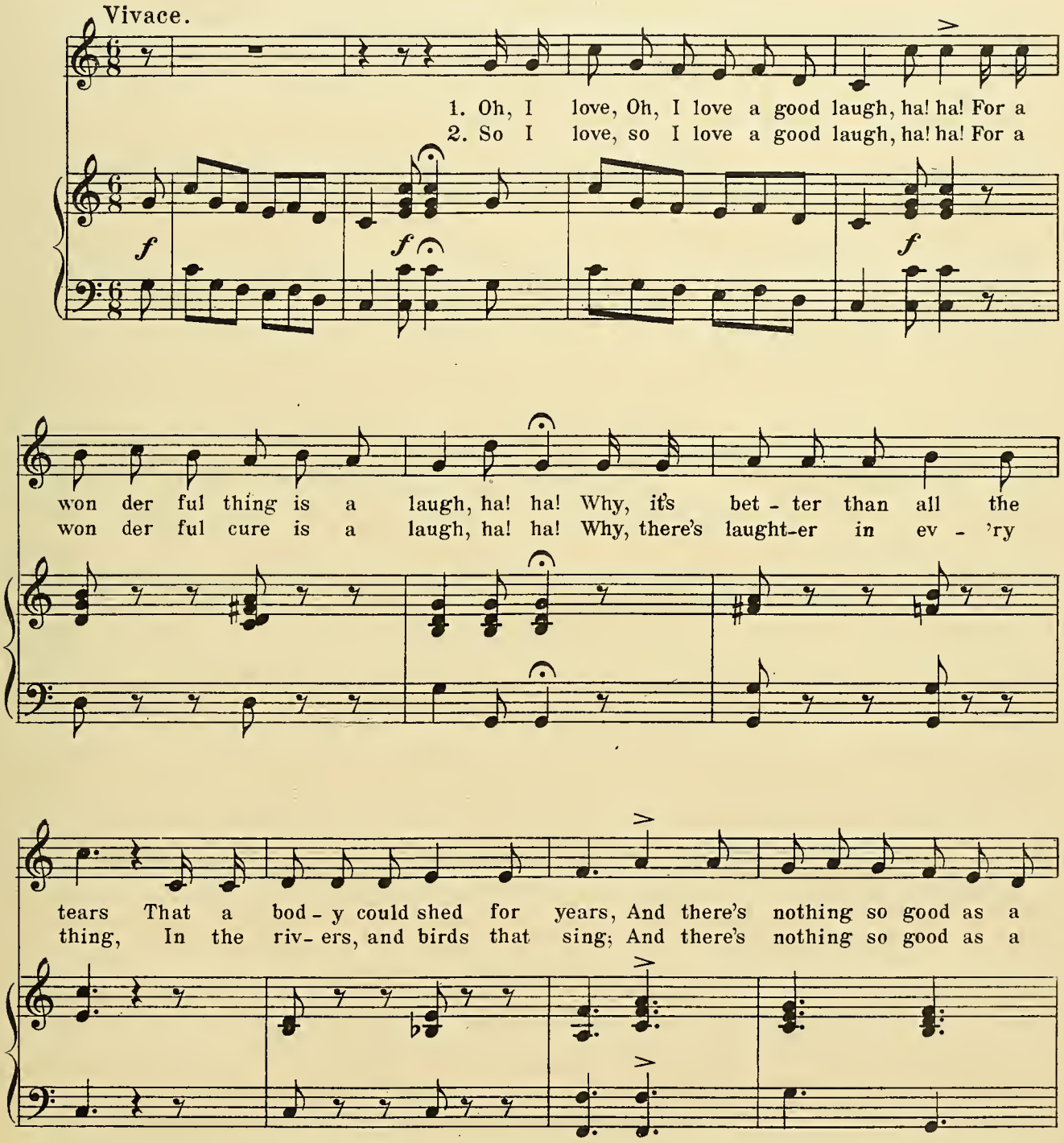
C. V. STANFORD.




flies — But till thou'rt ris - - en, Earth is a pris - on
day — Ah, then once more to thee Fly - ing I'll pour to thee
full of my lone - some sighs; — Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To
Pas - sion so sweet and gay, — The lark shall lis - ten, And
thy fond lov - er The morn of thy match - less eyes. —
dew - drops glis - - ten Laugh-ing on ev - - 'ry spray. —

A JOLLY GOOD LAUGH.

GEORGE COOPER. J. R. THOMAS.



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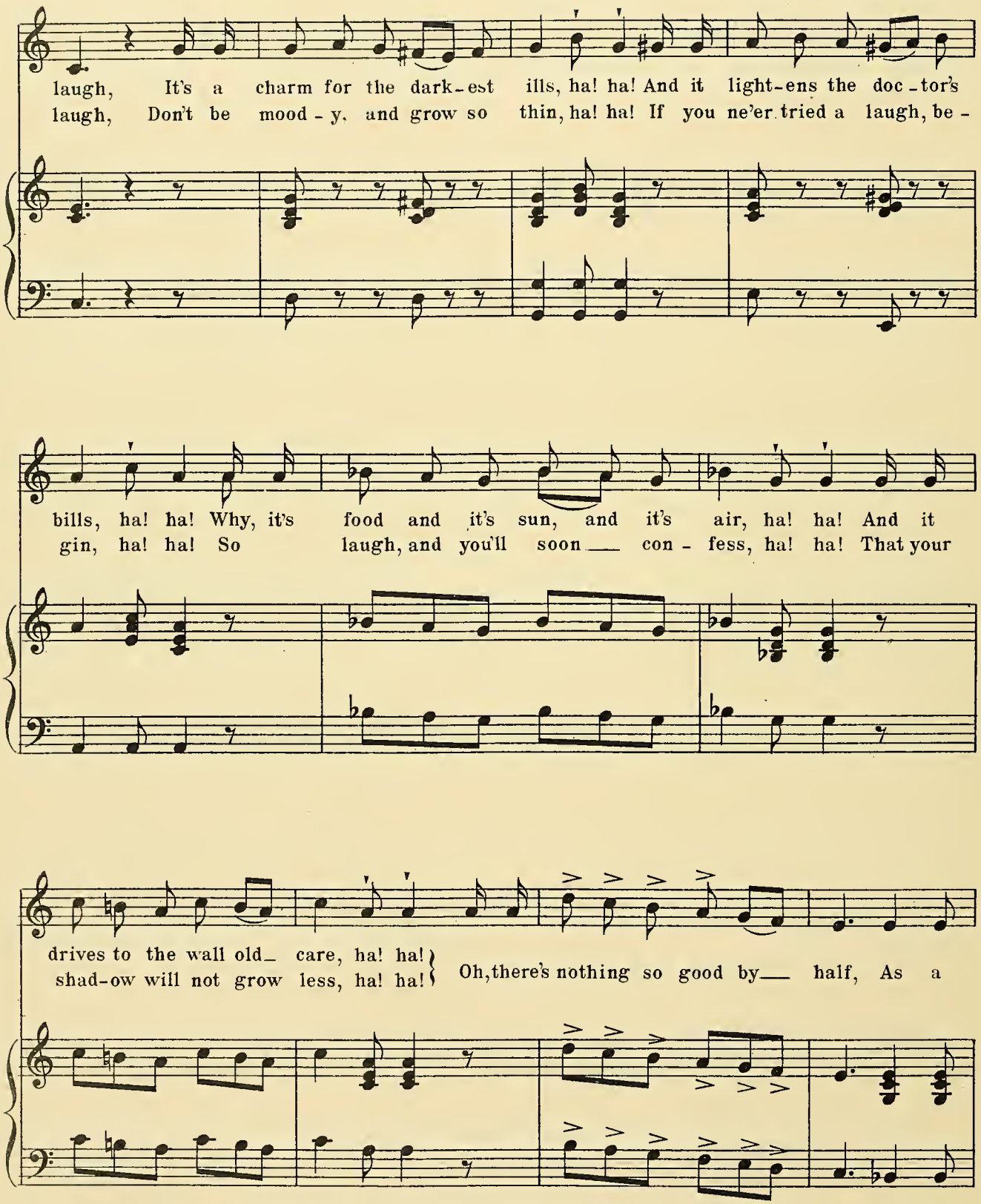
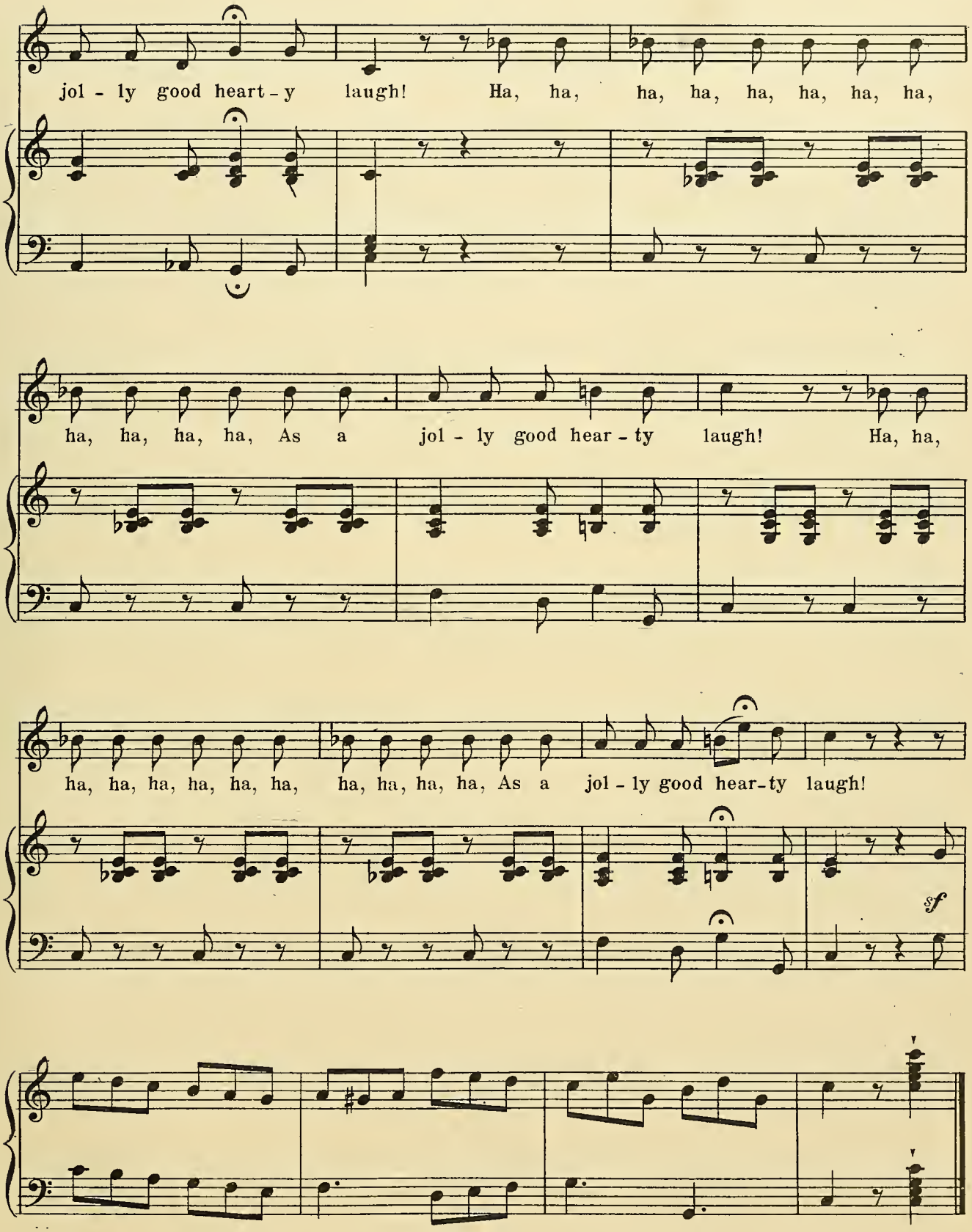
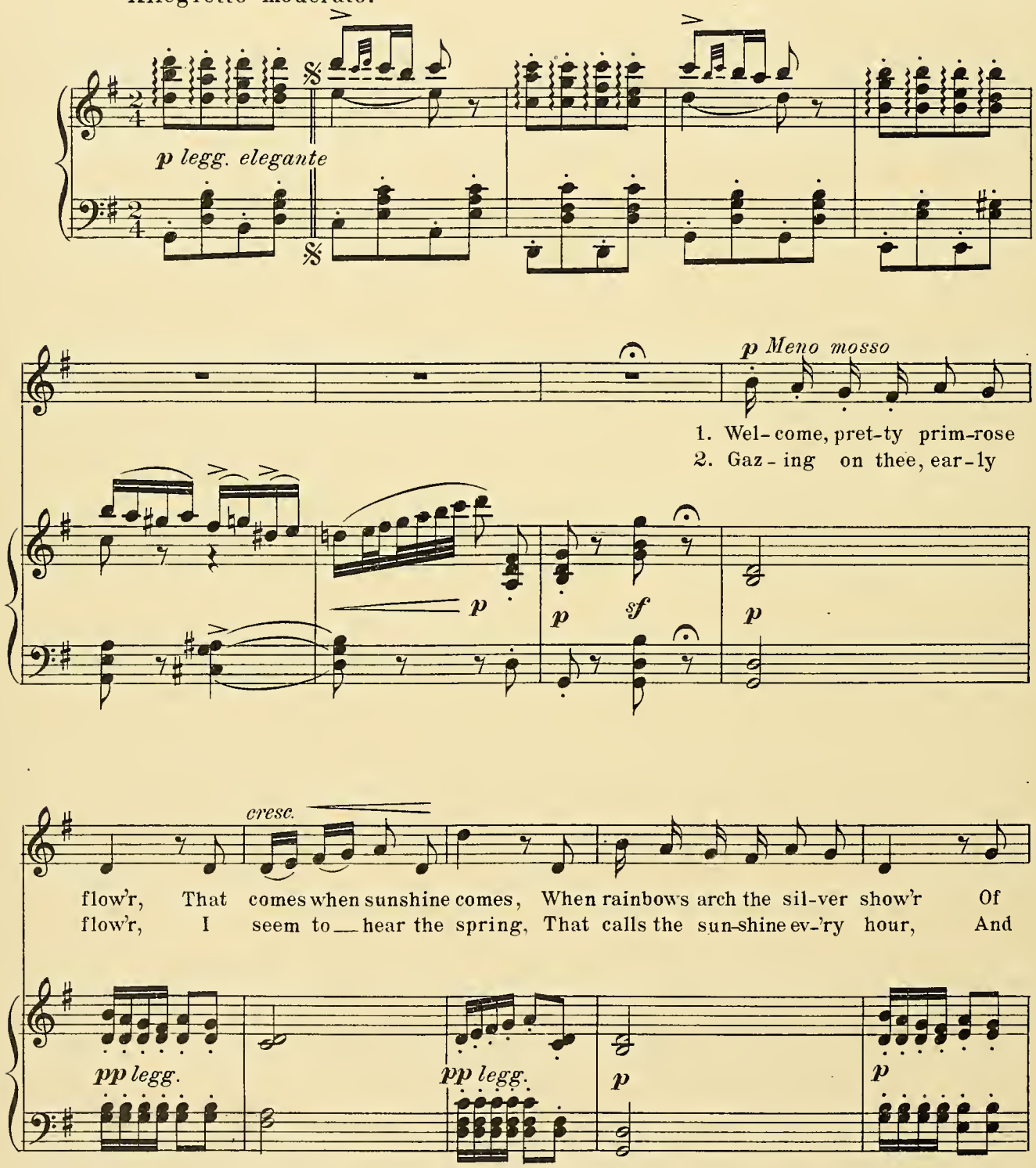
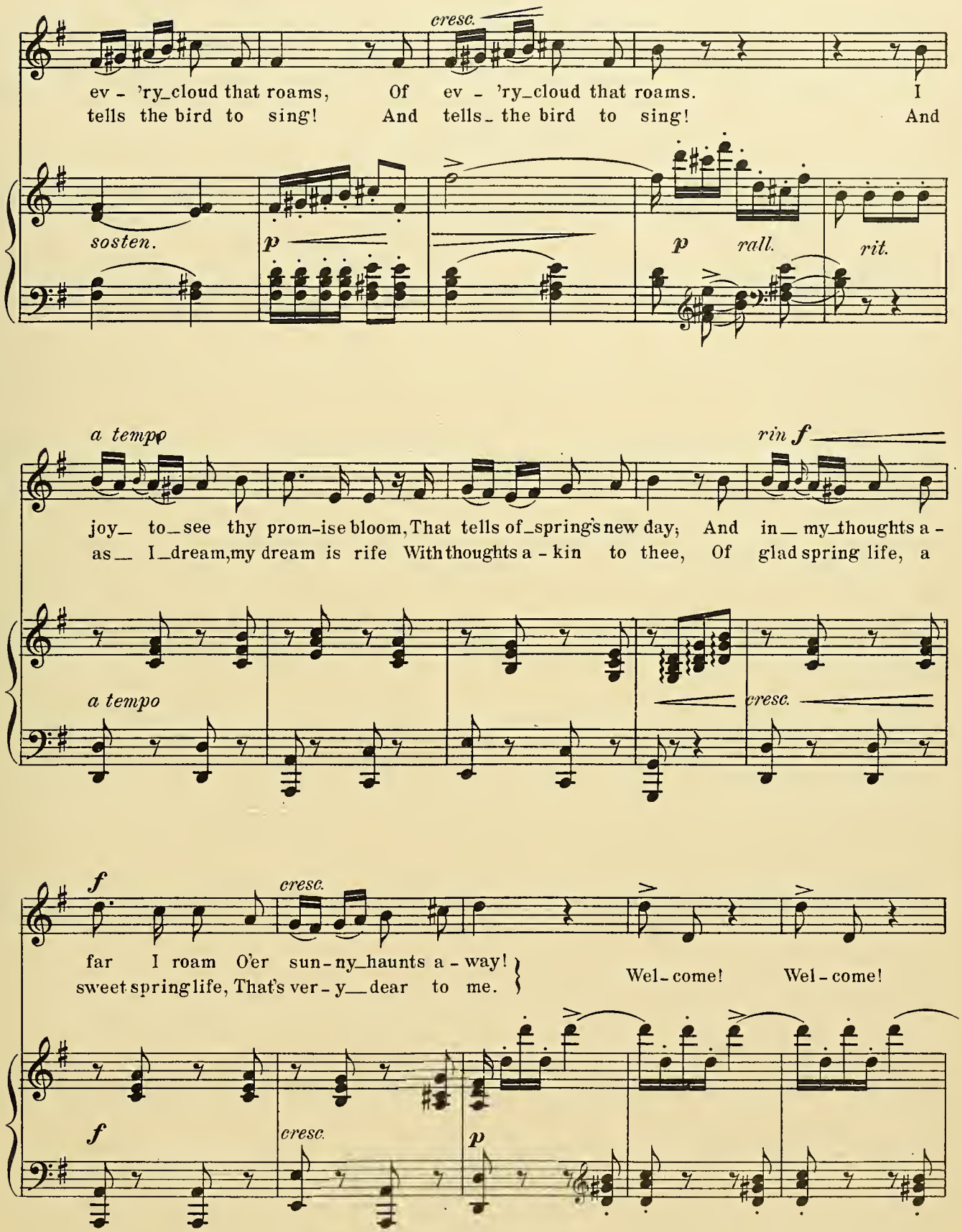

laugh, It's a charm for the dark-est ills, ha! ha! And it light-ens the doc-tor's
laugh, Don't be mood-y, and grow so thin, ha! ha! If you ne'er tried a laugh, be-
bills, ha! ha! Why, it's food and it's sun, and it's air, ha! ha! And it
gin, ha! ha! So laugh, and you'll soon — con-fess, ha! ha! That your
drives to the wall old- care, ha! ha!
shad-ow will not grow less, ha! ha!
Oh, there's nothing so good by— half, As a

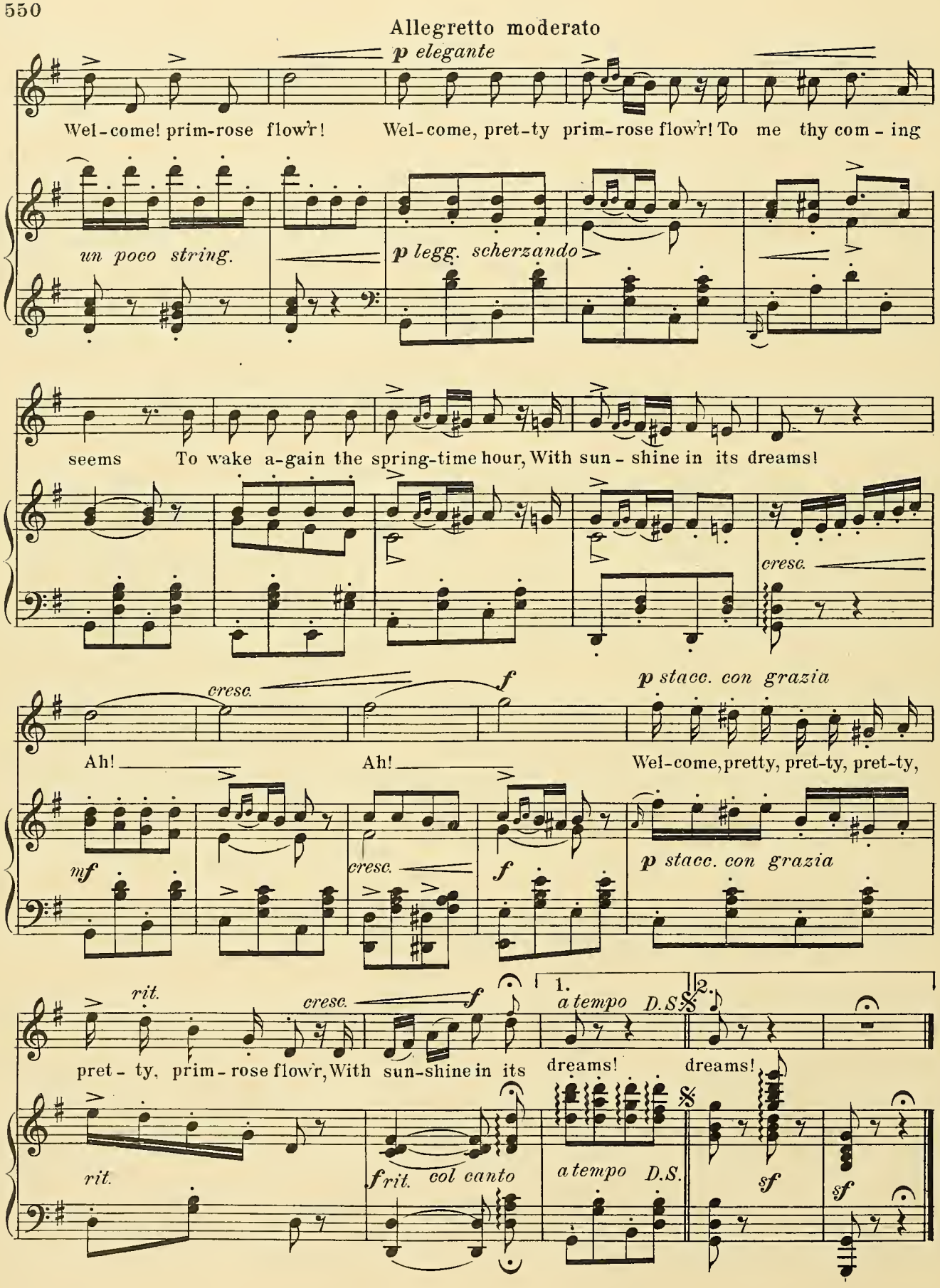

jol - ly good heart - y laugh! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol - ly good hear - ty laugh! Ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, As a jol - ly good hear-ty laugh!
sf

WELCOME PRETTY PRIMROSE.

Allegretto moderato. CIRO PINSUTI.

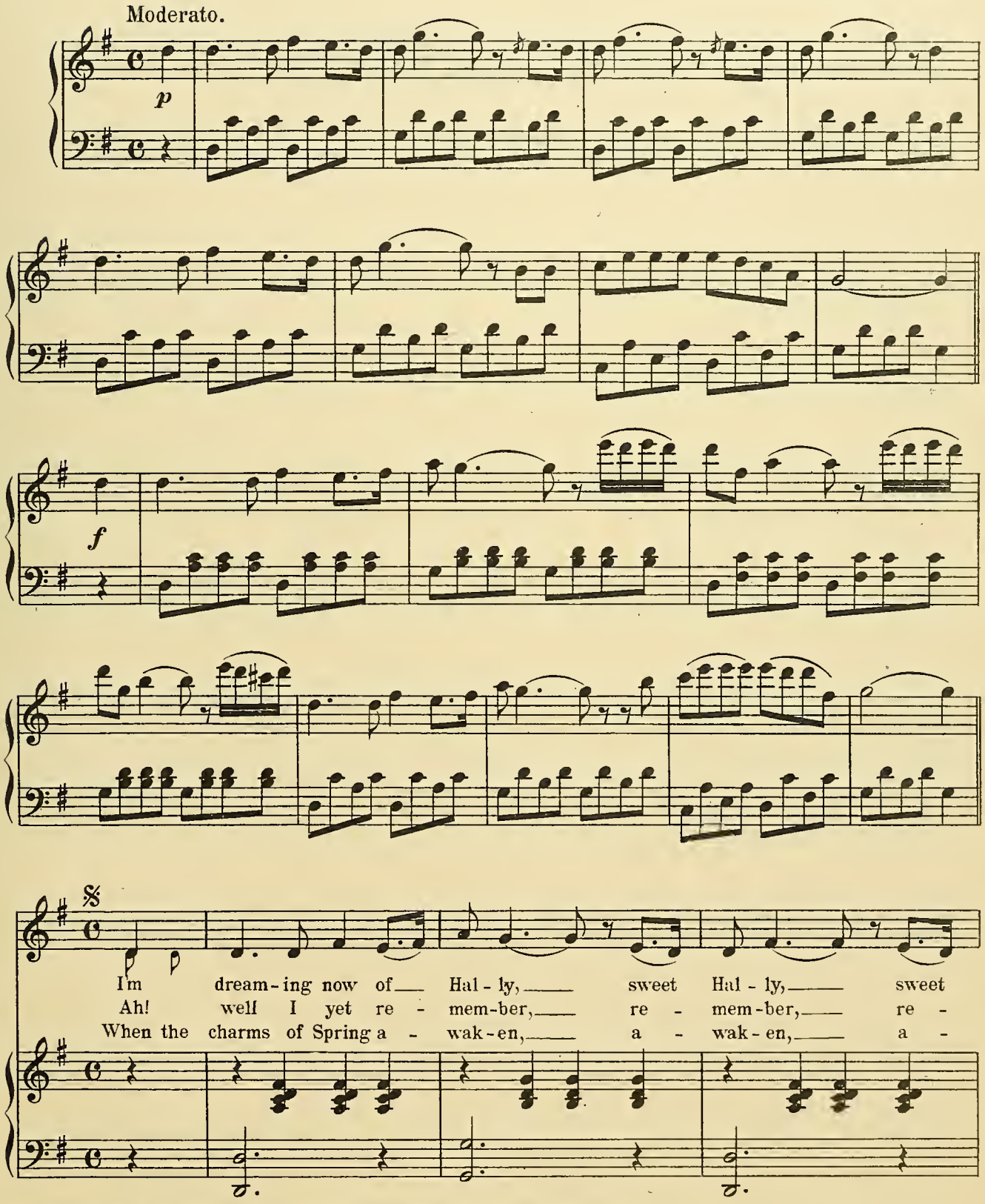



cresc.
ev - 'ry_cloud that roams, Of ev - 'ry_cloud that roams. I
tells the bird to sing! And tells_ the bird to sing! And
sosten.
p
p
rall.
rit.
a tempo
rin f
joy_ to_see thy prom-ise bloom, That tells of_spring's new day; And in_ my_thoughts a -
as_ I_dream, my dream is rife With thoughts a - kin to thee, Of glad spring life, a
a tempo
cresc.
f
cresc.
far I roam O'er sun-ny_haunts a - way!
sweet spring life, That's ver - y_dear to me.
Wel - come! Wel - come!
f
cresc.
p


Allegretto moderato
p elegante
Wel-come! prim-rose flow'r! Wel-come, pret-ty prim-rose flow'r! To me thy com-ing
un poco string.
p legg. scherzando
seems To wake a-gain the spring-time hour, With sun-shine in its dreams!
cresc.
cresc.
f
p stacc. con grazia
Ah! Ah! Wel-come, pretty, pret-ty, pret-ty,
mf
cresc.
f
p stacc. con grazia
rit.
cresc.
f
1.
a tempo D.S.
2.
pret-ty, prim-rose flow'r, With sun-shine in its dreams! dreams!
rit.
f rit. col canto
a tempo D.S.
sf
sf

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Arr. by ALICE HAWTHORNE.



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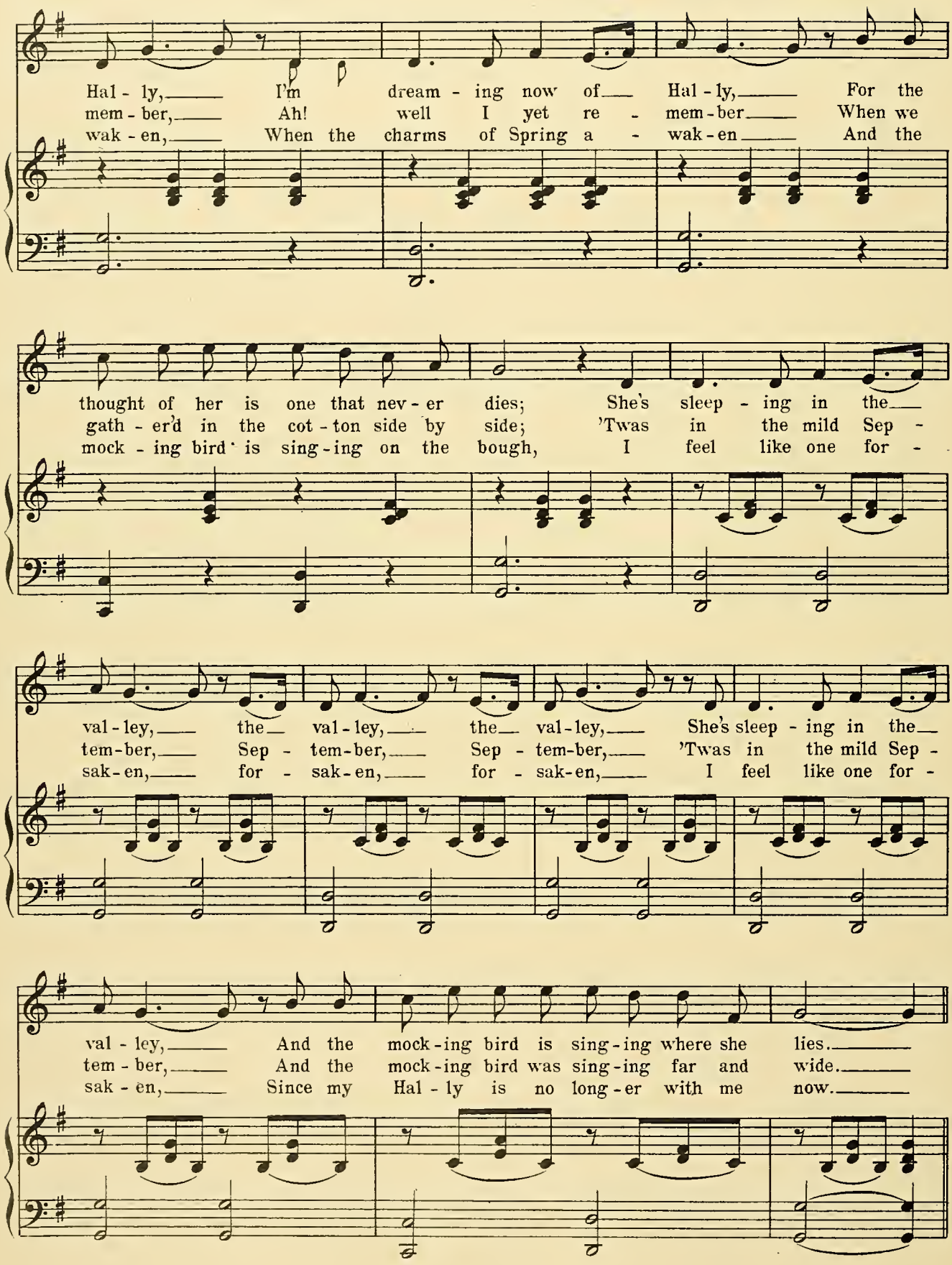
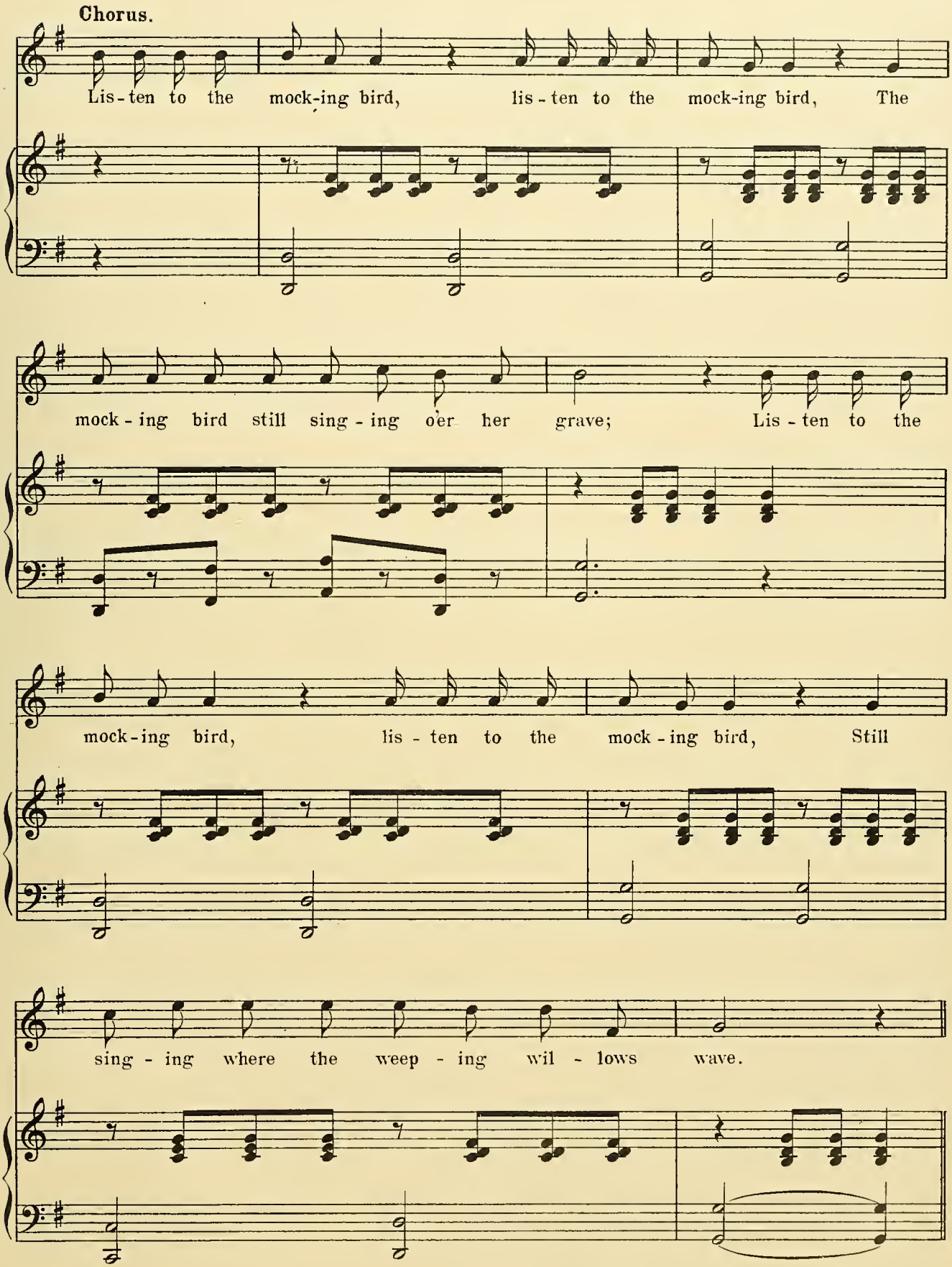

Hal - ly, I'm dream - ing now of Hal - ly, For the
mem - ber, Ah! well I yet re - mem - ber When we
wak - en, When the charms of Spring a - wak - en And the
thought of her is one that nev - er dies; She's sleep - ing in the
gath - er'd in the cot - ton side by side; 'Twas in the mild Sep -
mock - ing bird is sing - ing on the bough, I feel like one for -
val - ley, the val - ley, the val - ley, She's sleep - ing in the
tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, Sep - tem - ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep -
sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en, I feel like one for -
val - ley, And the mock - ing bird is sing - ing where she lies.
tem - ber, And the mock - ing bird was sing - ing far and wide.
sak - en, Since my Hal - ly is no long - er with me now.


Chorus.
Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The
mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave; Lis-ten to the
mock-ing bird, lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still
sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

Quartet.

SOPRANO.

Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The

ALTO.

TENOR.

Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The

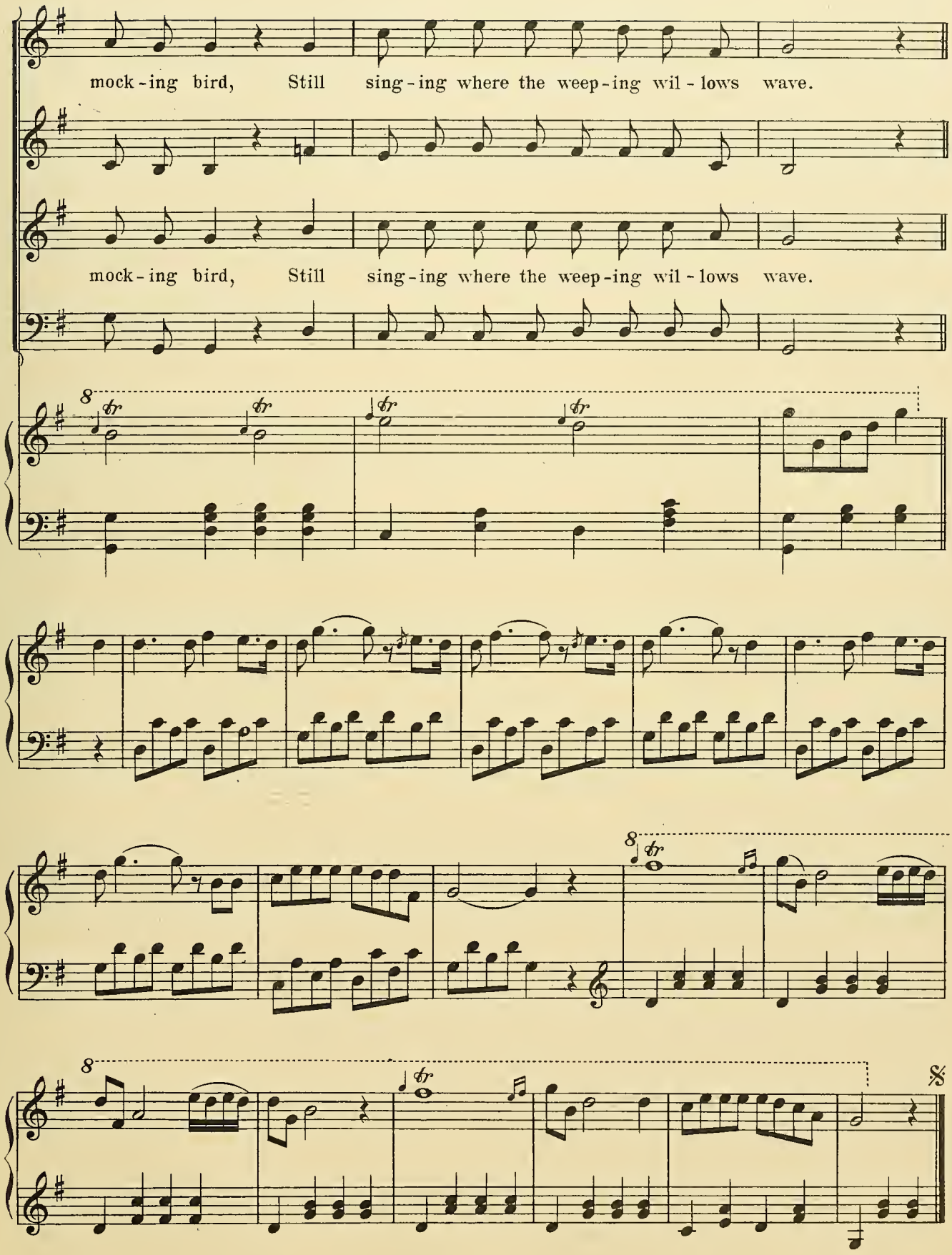
BASS.

8 tr tr tr tr

mocking bird still singing o'er her grave; Lis-ten to the mocking bird, lis-ten to the

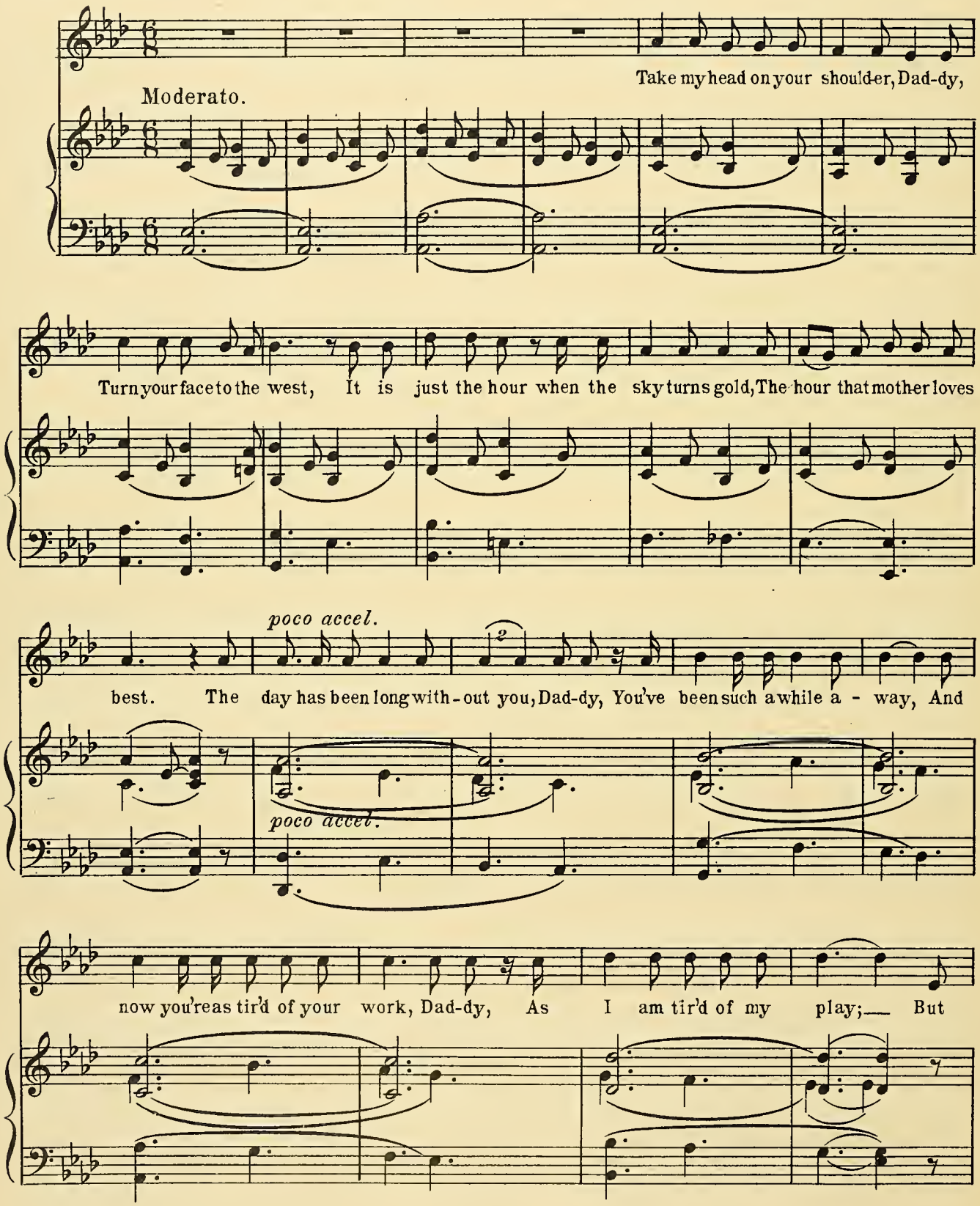
mocking bird still singing o'er her grave; Lis-ten to the mocking bird, lis-ten to the

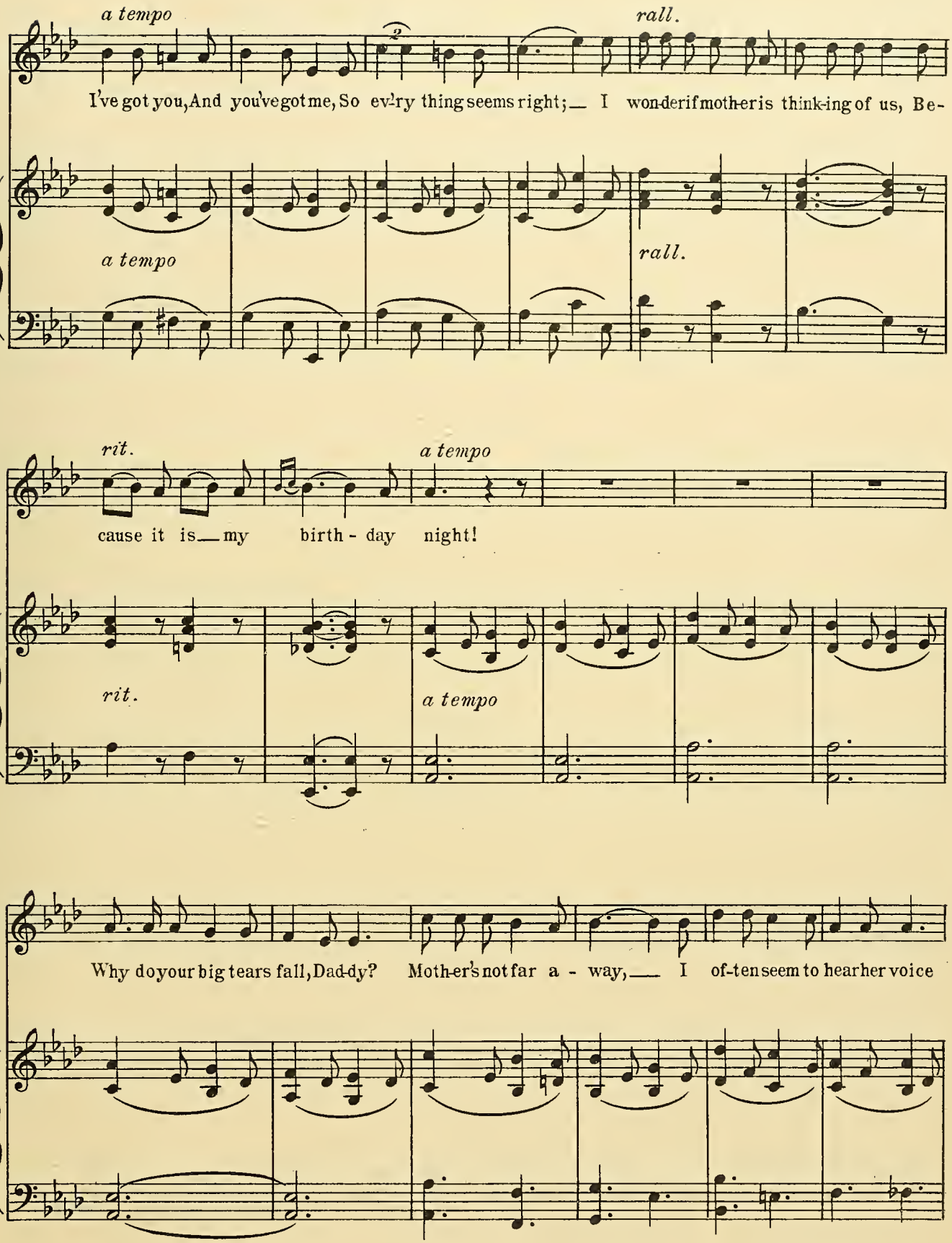
8 tr tr tr tr

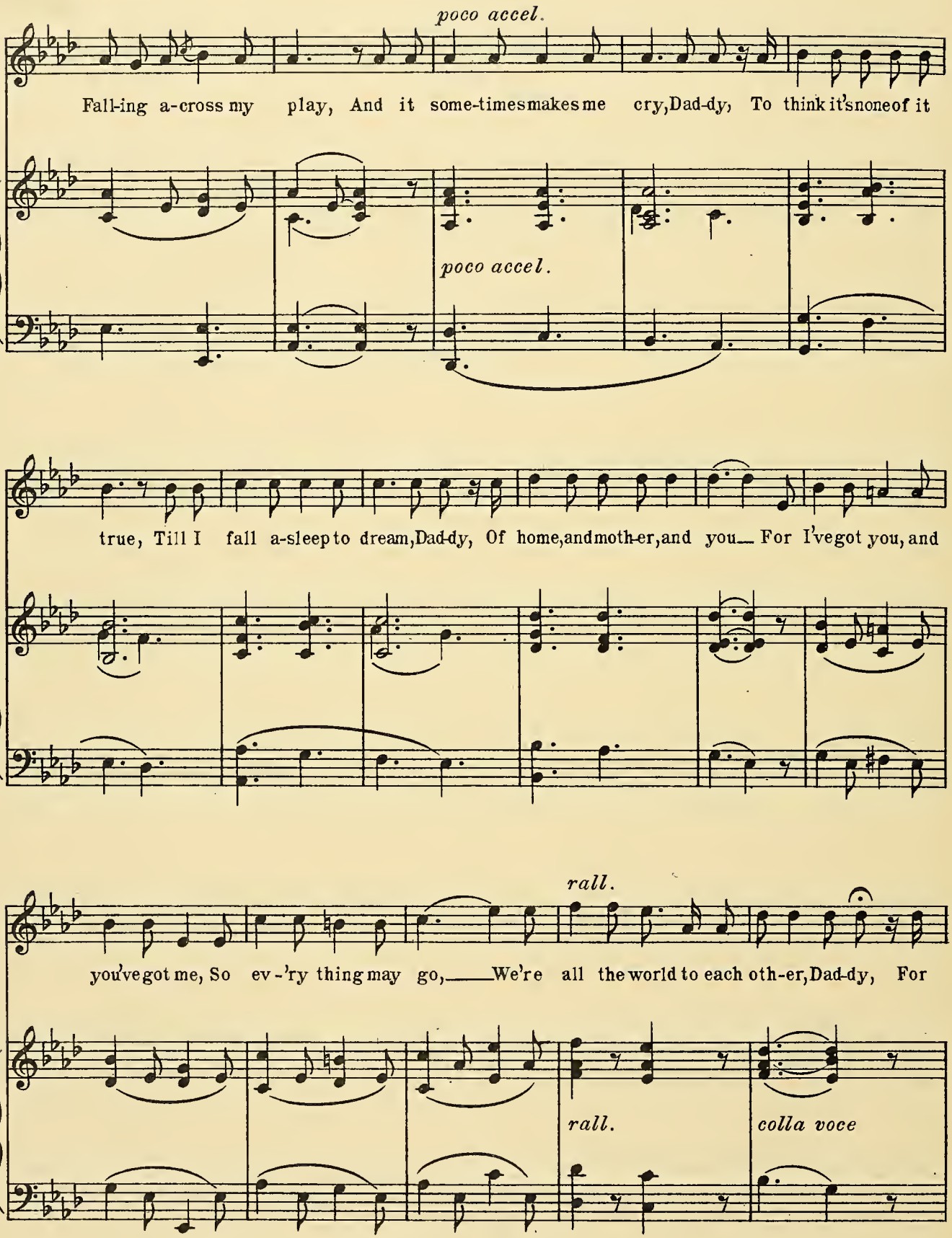

mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.
mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

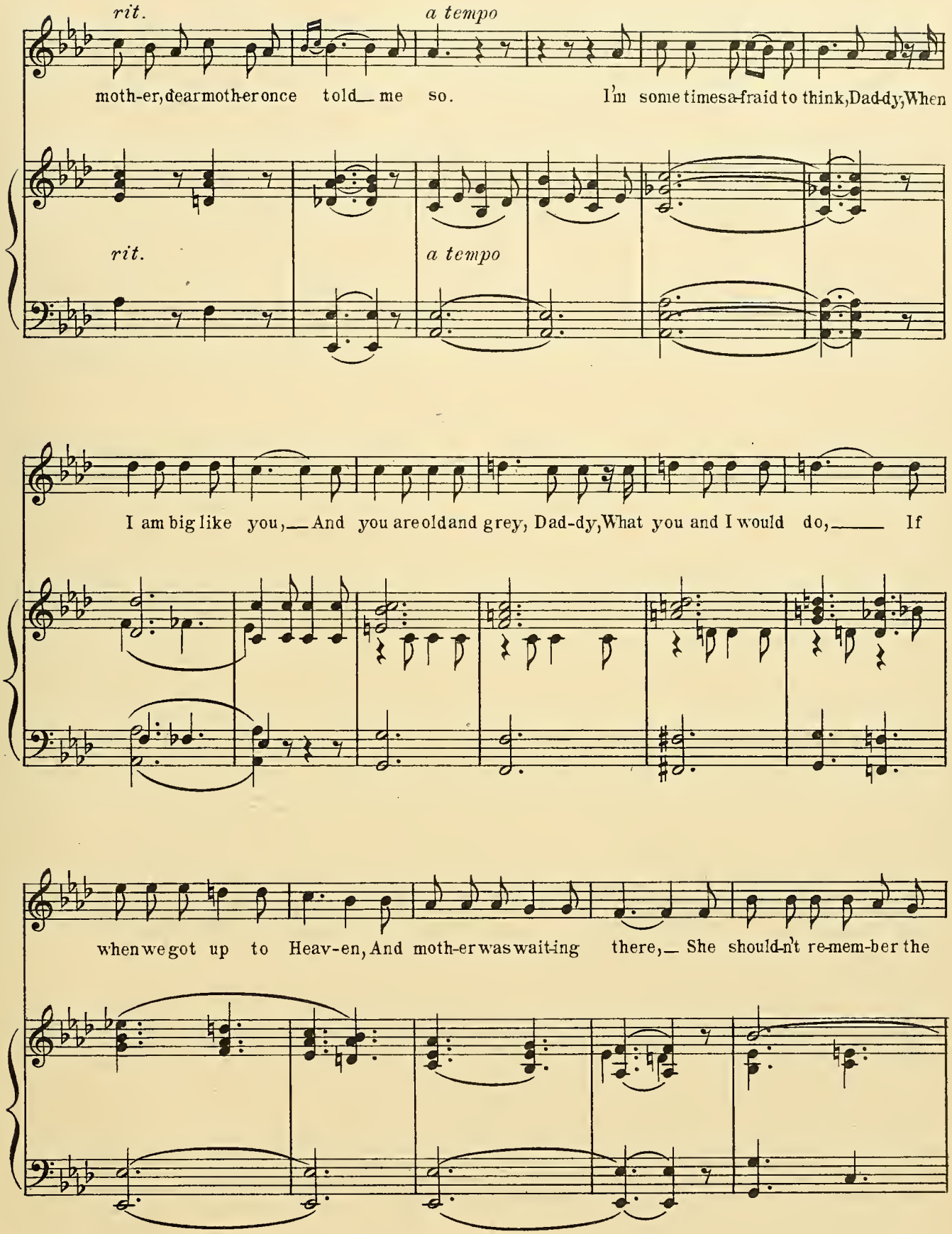
DADDY.

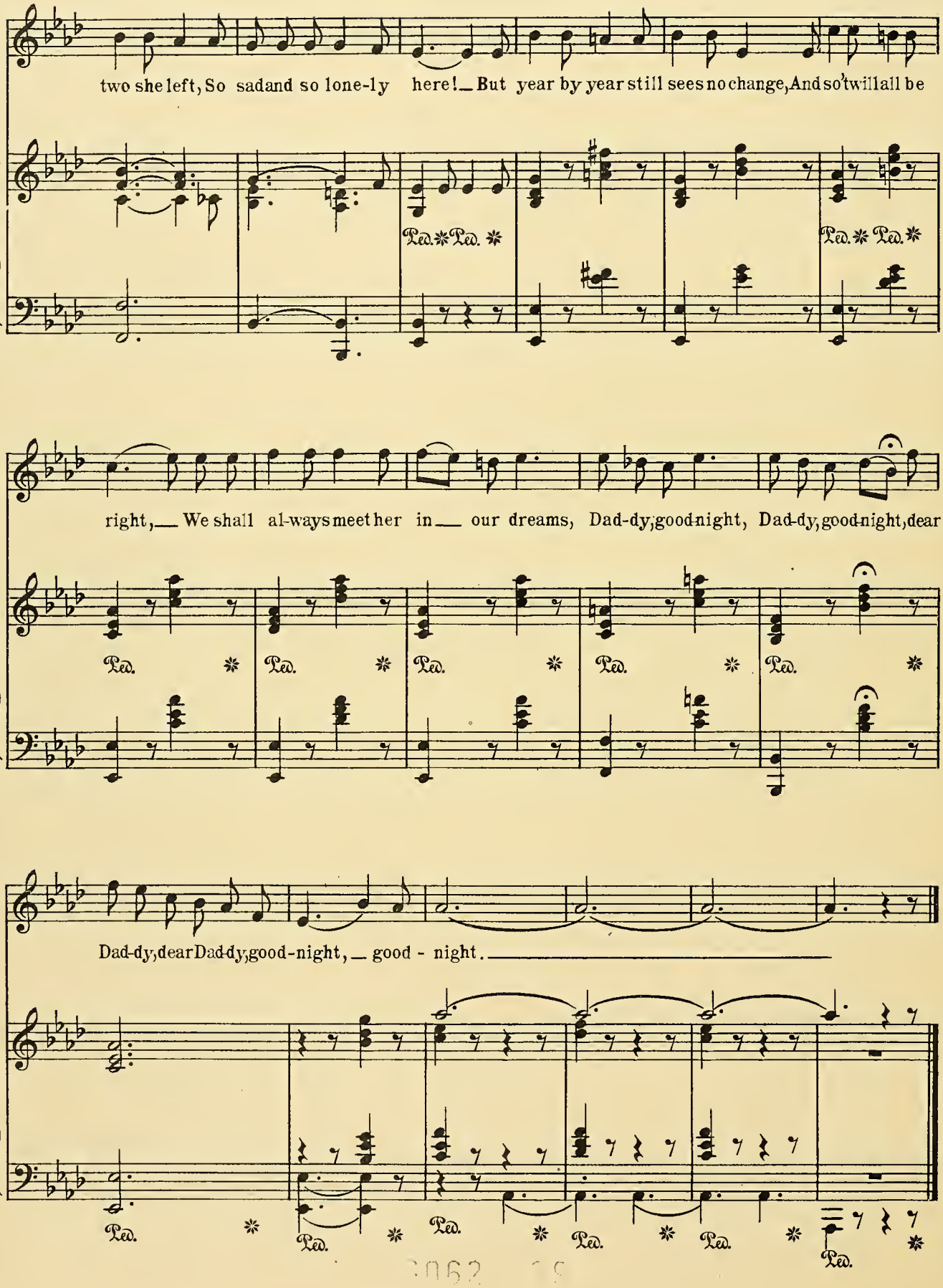
MARY M. LEMON. A. H. BEHREND.




a tempo
rall.
I've got you, And you've got me, So ev'ry thing seems right; I won-der if moth-er is think-ing of us, Be-
a tempo
rall.
rit.
a tempo
cause it is my birth - day night!
rit.
a tempo
Why do your big tears fall, Dad-dy? Moth-er's not far a - way, I of-ten seem to hear her voice


poco accel.
Fall-ing a-cross my play, And it some-times makes me cry, Dad-dy, To think it's none of it
poco accel.
true, Till I fall a-sleep to dream, Dad-dy, Of home, and moth-er, and you For I've got you, and
rall.
you've got me, So ev-'ry thing may go, We're all the world to each oth-er, Dad-dy, For
rall.
colla voce


rit.
a tempo
moth-er, dear moth-er once told me so. I'm some times a-fraid to think, Dad-dy, When
rit.
a tempo
I am big like you, And you are old and grey, Dad-dy, What you and I would do, If
when we got up to Heav-en, And moth-er was wait-ing there, She should-n't re-mem-ber the


two she left, So sad and so lone-ly here! But year by year still sees no change, And so 'twill all be
Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. *
right, We shall al-ways meet her in our dreams, Dad-dy, good-night, Dad-dy, good-night, dear
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Dad-dy, dear Dad-dy, good-night, good - night.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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